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PREFACE ON "HOBBIES" BY DR. BENJ. S. ABESHOUSE

It is inspiring and consoling to contemplate that many physicians possess not only noteworthy talent but also the will despite the busy demands of a work-a-day world, to give expression to their finer instincts in the field of art; in painting, drawing, architecture, sculpture or other form of art, i.e., literature, music, drama, craftmanship. The public is no longer surprised but rather has come to appreciate the cultural refinements of the men and women who serve as their doctors.

These artistic manifestations should be considered as safety valves offering an outlet to the nervous tension of those constantly walking in the footsteps of death. A romantic expression may be just the thing to remove the embitterment.

Every physician has it within his power to develop an appreciation for fine art in any form, for from the very beginning of his training he is constantly taught to exercise powers of observation, develop imagination, sympathy, understanding inculcated with a sound philosophy of life and respect and reverence for the finer things of life, all of which are also the very essence of art in its broadest sense. Moreover his very work is constantly centered about the most exquisite form of divine art and beauty; the human body. Most doctors have a latent artistic sense which may be developed to a remarkable degree by constant practice and effort.

Dr. Charles A. Dana has emphasized the value of cultural medicine and advised the physician: "Be a collector - for example, of stamps, automobiles, old books, neckties, pins or find diversion in some collateral branch of science viz: the love of birds, or fishing and shooting. Make a garden, or cultivate shrubs and flowers. These kind of activities make your life happier and your professional character more attractive and effective."

Every individual should have a sense of achievement and a means of self-expression to attain and remain in sound mental health. A hobby provides a way of obtaining this feeling of accomplishment. In this manner, emotions, frustrations, energies, ideas and ideals stored within a troubled mind or tired body, might be entirely sublimated in some less desirable forms, i.e.,

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tension status, anxiety, neuroses, depressions.

The professional man in medicine, law, pharmacy, chemistry, is more or less forced to confine his efforts and endeavors to a narrow segment of a wide and interesting field. The infinite variety once enjoyed is lost or overwhelmed by the monotony of routine and a broad whoesome view is impossible.

In this age of specialization in arts, science and industry, the tendency is to have the individual confine his attention and efforts to one detail of complex operation. The tempo and manner of his work is governed by factors over which he has no control. There is often no satisfaction or opportunity of completing the job from beginning to end - consequently no genuine sense of accomplishment. While specializing may make for greater efficiency, better service, greater benefits to consumer or public, it extracts a tremendous toll on the individual in form of tension, anxiety, neuroses etc.. - This is where hobbies come in and bring relief.

Dr. Benjamin S. Abeshouse was born February 7th, 1901 in New Haven, Connecticut. He graduated New Haven High School; attended Yale University Sheffield Scientific School, graduated 1921, Ph. B. then entered Yale Medical School graduating 1924, M.D. Interned at Sinai Hospital, Baltimore, Md. 1924-25; Assistant Surgical Resident 1925-26; Surgical Resident 1926-27.

Married the former Carolyn Kehrman of New York City on June 19th, 1927. Had three children; Ellen A. Garfinkle of Baltimore, Md.; Dr. George A. Abeshouse, Urologist, Baltimore, Md. and Jane A. Feiler of Savannah, Georgia.

Was in private practice, as Urologist since 1927. He was Instructor in genito-urinary pathology at U niversity of Maryland Medical School. He served as attending Urologist at Sinai Hospital until 1945 when he became Chief of the Urological Service and remained so until his death, Nov. 7, 1961.

He was a fellow of the American and International Colleges of Surgeons, a Diplomate of the American Board of Urology, and a member of the American Urological Association and the American Medical Association.

He was the author of over 120 articles relating to Urology in medical literature. He had various hobbies, i.e., collecting antiques, miniature ivories and statues; but his pride was the largest collection of epitaphs which he and Mrs. Abeshouse accumulated over a period of thirty years from all parts of the world.

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Introductory
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HIC JACET SACRUM MEMORIAE

Earth's highest station ends in HERE HE LIES!

And DUST TO DUST concludes her noblest song.

EMIGRAVIT Is the insciption on the tombstone where he lies:
Dead he is not, but departed, for the Christian never dies.

A hieroglyph formed by the first two letters of the Greek word - "Christos", intersecting the CHI longitudinally by the RHO, - a palm leaf, or a wreath of palm leaves, indicating victory; - a crown, which speaks of the rewards of the saints, - an immortelle or a vessel supporting a column of flame, indicating continued life; - an anchor, which indicates hope; - a ship under sail, which says "Heavenward bound", the letters ALPHA AND OMEGA, the Apocalyptic title of Christ; - the dove, the emblem of innocence and holiness; - the wing insect escaping from the chrysalis, typical of the resurrection; - the cross, the Christian's true and only glory in life and death, by which he is crucified to the world, and the world to him; these are the emblems that speak to the Christian's heart of faith, hope, and love, and humility.

EARTH TO EARTH

Few persons have met with the following poem, now nearly four centuries old; but many will recognize in some of the stanzas, particularly the first four and the last four, the source of the familiar monumental inscriptions. The antiquary can refer to many a dilapidated stone on which these quaint old lines can yet be traced

Vado mori Rex sum, quid honor quid gloria mundi,
Est vita mors hominum regia - vado mori.
Vado mori miles victo certamine belli,
Mortem non didici vincere vado mori.
Vado mori medicus, medicamini non relevandus,
Quicquid agunt medici respuo vado mori,
Vado mori legicus, aliis concludere novi,
Concludit breviter mors in vado mori.

Earth out of earth is worldly wrought;
Earth hath gotten upon earth a dignity of nought;
Earth upon earth has set all his thought,
How that earth upon earth might be high bought.

Earth upon earth would be a King,
But how that earth shall be earth he thinketh no thing;
When earth biddeth earth his rent home bring,
Then earth from earth have a hard parting.

Earth upon earth winneth castles and towers,
Then saith earth unto,earth this is all ours;
But when earth upon earth has builded his bowers,
Then shall earth upon earth suffer hard showers.

book 1
Benjamin Samuel Abbott
Epitaphs

L. (con't)

Earth upon earth hath wrought wealth upon mould;
Earth goeth upon earth glittering in gold,
Like as he unto earth never turn should;
And yet shall earth unto earth sooner than he would.

Why that earth loveth earth wonder I think,
Or why that earth will for earth sweat and swink.

For when earth upon earth is brought within the brink,
Then shall earth for earth suffer a few stink.

As earth upon earth were the worthies nine,
And as earth upon earth in honor did shine;
But earth list not to know how they should incline,
And their gowns laid in the earth upon death hath made his fine.

As earth upon earth full worthy was Joshua,
David, and worthy King Judas Maccabee,
They were but earth none of them three;
And so from earth unto earth they left their dignity.

Alisander was but earth for all his renown,
No more was King Charles nor Godfrey of Boulogne;
But now earth hath turned their nobleness upside down,
And thus earth goeth to earth by short conclusion.

Who so reckons also of William Conqueror,
King Henry the First that was of Knighthood flower,
Earth hath closed them full straitly in his bower, -
So the end of worthiness, - here is no more succor.

Now ye that live upon earth, hath young and old,
Think how ye shall to earth, be ye never so bold;
Ye be unslker, whether it be in heat or cold,
Like as your brethren did before, as I have told.

Now ye folks that be here, ye may not long endure,
But that ye shall turn to earth I do you ensure;
And if ye list of the truth to see a plain figure,
Go to St. Paul and see the portaitture.

All is earth and shall to earth as it showeth there,
Therefore are dreadful death with his dart you dare,
And for to turn into earth no man shall it forbear,
Wisely purvey you before, and there of have no fear.

Now sith by death we shall all pass, it is to us certain
For of earth we come all, and to earth shall turn again;
Therefore to strive or grudge it were but vain,
For all is earth and shall be earth, - nothing more certain.

Now earth upon earth consider thou may.
How earth cometh to earth naked alway,
Why should earth upon earth go stout alway,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array?

I counsel you upon earth that wickedly have wrought,
That earth out of earth to bliss may be brought.

2. 10. DEATH's Final Conquest

(Among the poetic legacies that will "never grow old, nor change, nor pass away" is the noble dirge of Shirley, in his "Contention of Ajax and Ulysses". Doubtless it was by the fall, if not by the death, of Charles I, that the mind of the royalist poet was solemnized to the creation of these imperishable stanzas. Oliver Cromwell is said, on the recital of them, to have been seized with great terror and agitation of mind.

The glories of our mortal state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on Kings:
Sceptre and crown
must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the fields,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But there strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captive, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb:-
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust. -Shirley-

3. The Common Heritage

THERE IS NO DEATH: WHAT SEEMS SO IS TRANSITION:
THIS LIFE OF MORTAL BREATH
IS BUT A SUBURB OF THE LIFE ELYSIAN
WHOSE PORTAL WE CALL DEATH.

-Longfellow*

4. Holmes INSCRIBED ON A STATUE TO SLEEP

Somno levis, quunquam certissima mortis imago,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori
Alma quies, optata, veni, num sic sine vita.
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori. -Wharton-

Light sleep, though death's strong image, prythee give
Thy fellowship while in my couch I lie;
O Gentle, wished for rest, how sweet to live.
Thus without life, and without death to die!

4. (con't) Come gentle sleep! attend thy votery's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet though lifeless, yet with life to lie
And, without dying, oh, how sweet to die.

Wolcot's Translation.

5. Let's talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs.

(Shakespeare - Richard II, ActIII, Scene II)

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful feverfmmxx he sleeps well.

(Shakespeare - Macbeth, Act III, Scene II)

6. Eaton Let there be no inscription upon my tomb;
Let no man write my epitaph. - Robert Emmet

7. Eaton Friend, in your epitaphs I'm griev'd
So very much is said,
One half will never be believ'd
The other never read.

8. John E. Rosser As general thing, the writer of epitaphs is a monumental liar.

9. Chas. Lamb I conceive disgust at these impertinent and misbecoming familiarities inscribed upon your ordinary tombstone.

EARLIEST EPITAPHS

1. Suffling — The first burial attended with certainty of detail is that Chufu, Second King of the fourth dynasty of Egyptian monarchs, who reigned from 3733 to 3666 B.C. This tomb is the Great Pyramid, which is one of the wonders of the world. The Second Pyramid was built for Chafra (or Chephren) who reigned from 3666 B.C. to 3633 B.C. The Third Pyramid was built by Menkaura (or Mycerinus) in 3633 B.C. In the latter was found a sarcophagus of whinstone containing a coffin of wood upon which was written the first authenticated epitaph in hieroglyphics which is translated thus.

Osiris, King of the North and South,
Men-Kau-ra, living for ever!
The heavens have produced thee
Thou wert engendered by Nut (the sky)
Thou art the offspring of Seb (the earth).
Thy mother Nut spreads herself over thee
In her form as a divine mystery.
She has granted thee to be a god.
Thou shalt never more have enemies.
O King of the North and South,
MEN^KAU-Ra,
Living for ever!

2. Another ancient epitaph and companion to the above, (although separated by 3000 years) composed for Sardanapalus, King of the Assyrian who after unsuccessfully sustaining the siege of Nineveh by Arbaces, is said to have destroyed himself and his palace by fire.

Epitaph cited by Strabo, Greek geographer.

SARDANAPALUS
(son of Anacyndaraxes)
Caused the towns of Anchiales and Tarsus to be built in one day
Pass on stranger: Eat, drink and amuse thyself
For nothing else is worth a fillip.

This unworthy philosophy is perpetuated in Byron's couplet:

Eat, drink and sleep, what will the rest avail us?
So said the royal sage, Sarandpalus.

4. Three centuries later, came the great Greek conqueror, Alexander. He began his conquests at age of 20 and later fell into dissipations. Four times he married but had only one son, who was assassinated at an early age. Satiated with a conquered world he became a drunkard which caused him to perform many atrocious acts, one of which was to stab his most intimate friend, Clytus, to whom he gave a magnificent funeral and tomb. He died at 33 yrs a miserable wreck. By his own orders he was carried to Alexandria & deposited in a golden coffin, which one of his successors changed to glass. He died in 325 B.C.

His epitaph: ALEXANDER THE GREAT
Sufficit hinc Tumulus.
Cui nol sufficerot orbis.
(Here a mound suffices for one for whom the world was not large enough)

PETTIGREW - ON GREEK EPITAPHS

Introductory

Greek sepulchral monuments are not so numerous as those by the Romans. The Greek epitaphs are characterised by a peculiar beauty and fertility of expression. The Greeks wrote their epitaphs in elegiac verse and afterwards in prose. They were commonly epigramatic. The collections publishhed by various hands are well known to scholars. The Anthologia Graeca, edited by H.G. Bohn in 1854 and by Brunck and later by Jacobs offers abundance of inscriptions of the finest order of excellence. The translations by Bland, Merivale and others are worthy of the originals.

Most of the following are taken from Jacob's edition of Greek anthology 4 vol. Leipsic 1813-17.

1. Hesiod (first Ancient Greek poet - "Work and Days"

Crown of wide Hellas, of all song the grace
I cover Hesiod, of Ascraean race. (Major MacGregor)

2. Orpheus (early lyric poet)

No more bewitched by magic song
The oaks, the rocks, the brutish throng
Shall them, sweet orpheus lead;
No more o'er billow, blast and hail,
Nor driving snows thy spells prevail,
And force their wills to heed.
For lost art thou! full oft for thee
The daughters of Mnemosyne,
And most thy mother, weep:
Why mourn we, friends, for children dead?
Not o'en the gods from offspring's head.
Can death and Hades keep. (Rev. G. Davis)

3. Booth Homer (Jac. Bk VII Ep. 3. Antipater of Sidon)

Small though thy tomb, O Trav'ller! pass not by;
But pay due homage to the Gods on high.
I hold, most loved of the Pierian Nine
The epic poet, Homer the divine - (Major MacGregor)

4. Homer (Jac. BK VII Ep. 7)

Here lieth Homer the divine, he sung
All Greece, from hundred-gated Thebe's sprung - (Major MacGregor)

5. Homer (Antip. Sid. Jac Bk VII, Ep. 6)

Bard of brave deeds, that doth the gods' will speak,
Light of the muses, voice that never dieth;
In life another sun to every Greek,
Here in the sea-wash'd earth great Homer lieth. (Rev. James Davis)

6. Booth — <u>The celebrated Grecian poet - Saphocoles</u> - written by Simonides Simmias the Theban, Jac. Bk. VII Ep. II

Wind, gentle evergreen, to fomm a shade.
Around the tomb where Saphocele is laid.
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs and intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine;
So shall thy lasting leaves, with beauty hung,
Prove grateful emblem of the lays, he sung.
Whose soul, exalted by the god of wit,
Among the muses and the Graces writ - (Anon - From the Spectator)

7. Booth — <u>Oh Archilachus</u> - great satirist (B.C. 700) First Greek poet composing iambic versesaccording to fixed rules.

Tarry and look on old Archilochus,
The weaver of iambics. East and West,
His fame, that knew no limit, have confest.
His art, so skillful and melodius
To link sweet words, then sign them to his lyre
The muse was fain to love. Rev. J. Davies.

8. Booth — <u>Sappho</u> - a native of Lesbos (B.C. 610) - Poetess often called the tenth muse. "Ode to Venus - Aphrodite")

This tomb has Sappho's bones and idle name;
But her wise words have won immortal fame. R.G.M.

9. Booth — <u>Anacreon</u> - Poet famous for his odes

Friends, who Anacreon's simple tomb pass by,
If ever my lays your profit didsupply,
Pour wine upon my bones; bedew'd with wine,
Old joys ~~shall~~ once more shall thrill this dust of mine:
So I, on earth, in Bacchus' revels versed,
Whom bright wine and glad music, mingling, nursed,
May, with its flow endure, e'en dead, the place,
Last home appointed for the human race. RGM

10. Booth — <u>Anacreon</u>

Grow, clustering ivy, where Anacreon lies;
There may soft buds from purple meadows rise:
Gush, milky springs, the poet's turf to lave,
And fragrant wine flow joyous from his grave.
Thus charm'd, his bones shall press their narrow bed
If aught of pleasure ever reach the dead. - Bland.

11. Booth — <u>Pindar</u> - greatest pyric poet of Greece (B.C. 520) by Leonidas or Plato

Pindar, to strangers kind, to country dear,
Priest of the sweet. Pierian choir, sleeps here. R.G.M.

12. Booth — Aristophanes - wrote comedies (B.C. 440) caricatures & choruses. by Diodorus)

God-like Arisphanes beneath me is laid in his last sleep,
Famous in comedy, and memorial of choruses ancient. R.G.M.

13. Booth — <u>Callimachus</u> - epigramist, versifier & prose "De Coma Beroncies"

Thou by ambrosial muses blest, associate lov'd of all
Hail! our own old Callimachus, even in Hades hall.

14. Booth — <u>Herodotus</u> - surnamed "Father of History", born 484 B.C. Nine books of history - given name of Nine Muses

Herodotus, of lyxes son,
Is buried in this mound:
The prince was he, and parent of
Ionia's hist'ry old;
His birth amid the Dorians was,
But thence obliged to roam
By envy's tooth insatiate, he
chose Thyrea for his home. RGM

15. Booth — <u>Plutarch</u> - wrote "Lives of Illustrious Men - by Agathias Plamuclean)

Chaeronean Plutarch! to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise,
Because both Greece and she thy fame have ~~fxmxd~~ shared,
Their heroes written and lives compared.
But thou thyself couldst never write thy own -
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none - Dryden.

16. Booth — <u>Epictetus</u> - (by Leonidas) - moralist

A slave was epictetus, who before thee buried lies,
And a cripple, and a beggar, and a favorite of the skies.
Prof. Goldwin Smith

17. Booth — <u>Leonidas</u>

Far from Tarentum's native soil I lie,
Far from the dear land of my infancy.
'Tis dredful to resign this mortal breath,
But in a stranger-land 'tis worse than death!
It is not life to pass our fever'd age
In ceaseless wanderings on the world's wide stage;
But me the muse has ever loved, and given
Sweet joys to counterpoise the curse of heaven,
Nor lets my memory decay, but long
To distant times preserves my deathless song. Bland

18. Booth — The above prompted Pope to write the following:

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd; and by strangers mourn'd.

19. Booth

Hippocrates - much celebrated physician of antiquity B.C. 460

Hippocrates of Thessaly lies here;
His family, in Cos, from Phoebus drew
Immortal root. To young Hygeia dear,
Aided by her best weapons, well he knew
Trophies to win o'er many a human ill,
Great fame obtaining, not by chance, but skill. R.G.M.

20. Booth

Marathon - Athenians gained victory over Persians in B.C. 490
(by Simonides)

At Marathon for Greece the Athenians fought;
And low the Medians gilded power they brought.
(Sterling)

21. Booth

Miltiades

The Persians all the deeds well know of thy war daring life,
Miltiades! and Marathon with thy valour's praise is rife. R.G.M.

22. Booth

Miltiades! thy valor best
(Although in every region known)
The men of Persia can attest
Taught by thyself at Marathon.

23. Booth

For those who fell at Thermopylae - (by Simmonides)

Tell the Spartans, passer-by,
At their bidding, here we lie. J. Riddell

24. Booth

Stranger, to Lacedaemon go, and tell
That here, obedient to her words, we fell. (George Burgess)

25. Booth

On the Athenians who fell at Salamis:

The sons of Athens here laid Persia low,
And saved their native land from slavery's woe. (J. Sterling)

. Pettigrew

On those who fell at Thermonylae

By Aeschylus

These too, defenders of their country, fell;
These mighty souls to gloomy death betray'd:
Immortal is their fame, who suffering well,
Of Ossa's dust a glorious garment made. (Merivale)

27. Pettigrew

By Simonides

In dark Thermopylae they lie;
O death of glory, there to die!
Their tomb an altar is, their name
A mighty heritage of fame:
Their dirge is triumph - cankering rust,
And time that turneth all to dust -
That tomb shall never waste nor hide, -
The tomb of warriors true and tried.
The full voic'd praise of Greece around:
Where Sparta's King, Leonidas,
In death eternal glory has!

28. Pettigrew — By the same author - on a column at Thermopylae

Stranger! to Sparta say, her faithful band
Here lie in death, remembering her command. (Hodgson)

29. Pettigrew — By the same author

Greatly to die - if this be glory's height -
For the fair good we own our fortune kind.
For Greece and Liberty we plung'd to night
And left a never dying name behind.

30. Pettigrew — By the same author

These for their native land, through death's dark shade,
Who freely passed now deathless glory wear
They die not; but by virtue's sovereign aid,
Are borne from Hades to the upper air. (Merivale)

31. Pettigrew — By Simonides On the Men Tegea

'Twas by their valour that to heav'n ascended
No curling smoke from Tegea's ravaged field;
Who chose - so as the town their arms defended
They to their song a heritage might yield
Inscribed with freedom's ever-blooming name
Themselves to perish in the ranks of fame.

(merivale)

By same author On Cymon's Naval Victory

Never since that olden time when Asia stood
First torn from Europe by the ocean flood,
Since horrid mars first pour'd on either shore
The storm of battle and its wild uproar,
Hath man by land and sea such glory won,
As for the mighty deed this day was done.
By land, the Medes in myriads press the ground,
By sea, a hundred Syrian ships are drown'd,
With all their martial host: while Asia stands
Deep groaning by, and wrings her helpless hands. (Merivale)

By same author On those who fell at the Eurymedon

These by the streams of fam'd Eurymedon
Their envied youth's short brilliant race have run;
In swift wing' d ships, and on th' embattl'd field,
A like they fore'd the Median bows to yield,
Breaking their foremost ranks, now here they lie
Their names inscribed on rólls of victory - (Merivale)

By the same author on the same

In life-blood streaming from those stubborn hearts,
The lord of war once bath'd his barbed darts
Where are those warriors, patient of the spear?
Dust - soulless, lifeless dust - alone lies here.

32. Booth — Themistocles by Diodorus

The people of Magnesia here this empty tomb decreed
To great Themistocles, who saved his country from the Mede;
He sank 'neath foreign shore and stone; for such, alas! the will
Of envious fate, that small reward waits on virtue still.

33. — On the Tomb of Themistocles

By the sea's margin, on the wtnery strand,
Thy monument Themistocoeles, shall stand.
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquers with this tomb in sight.

34. Booth

By the sea's margin, on the wtagry strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stabd,
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted shore,
And when our fleet's are summoned tothe fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.

35. — By Dioscorides

Eight sons Demeneta at Sparta's call.
Sent forth to fight; one tomb received them all.
No tear she shed, but shouted "Victory!"
Sparta, I bore them but to die for thee. Goldwin Smith

36. Booth — Adrimantus

Here Adrimantus rests: The same was he
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of liberty.
J.H. Merivale

37. Booth — Thales - "father of Greek Philosophy"

Miletus of Ionia, the birth of Thales nurst,
Wisest in knowledge, and of all astrologers the first! R.C.M.

38. Booth — Timon - (Immortalised by Shakespeare - subject of ridicule in comedies of Aristophanes - because he declared himself an enemy of mankind after being deceived in many friendships.

Sharp thorns and stakes beset this tomb all around:
Stranger, approach it not, your feet'll you'll wound.
Timon the misantrope dwells here. Pass on,
And vent your curses as you pass. Begone!
(Dr. Wellesley)

39. Booth — <u>Another epitaph on Timon</u> (by Zenodotus or Rhianus)

Twist round me, thou rough earth, the prickly thorn;
Let the crooked savage bramble-branch adorn
My tomb, that birds of spring may shun the place,
And I may rest alone in perfect peace.
Unloved of all, the misanthrope am I,
Timon, of whom e'en Pluto's self is shy. (Hay)

40. Booth — <u>Plato</u> - by Speusippus. Jac. Bk. VI Ep. 61

Earth hides this, Plato's body, in her breast
His soul immortal ranks among the blest,
Viewing whose Godlike life, to lastest times
The Goodman honours him in distant climes. R.G.M.

41. Booth — <u>Plato</u> by Diogenes Laert. Bk. VII Ep. 108

To Greece of Phoebus had not Plato brought,
How had his lessons to mankind been taught?
As Aesulapius of the mortal frame,
So Plato of the soul a healer came. R.G.M.

42. Booth — <u>Plato</u> by Speucippus

Plato's dead form this earthly shrouds invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests. J.H. Merivale

43. Booth — <u>Aeschylus</u> - father of Athenian tragedy. by Antipater Thes. Jac. Bk. VII Ep. 59

The tragic style, the pomp of song sublime,
Who first built up in strong and stately rhyme,
Aeschylus of Euphorian, far from home,
Here lies, trinacria honouring with his tomb. R.G.M.

44. — <u>Aykeaeylus</u> - <u>Epitaph for himself</u>

Athenian Aeoylus, Euphorio's son,
Buried in Gela's fields, these lines declare:
His deeds are register'd at Marathon,
Known to the deep hair'd Mede who met him there. (Merivale)

45. — <u>Aeschylus</u> (525-456 B.C.) self composed - Translation by Hugh Macnaghten (epitaph refers to his soldiery and not his piety)

Athenian Aeschylus, Euphorion's son,
In fertile Gela lies, beneath this stone,
His might the sacred grove of Marathon
Has witnessed, and the deep-tressed Mede had known.

46. Booth — Euripides by Ion. Wrote tragedies

In lono Pieria's darksome dell thy bed
In endless night, Euripides, is spread;
But know, though laid in dust, thy deathless praise
Shall equal live with Homer's heavenly lays. R.G.M.

47. Booth — Hipponax by Theocritus

Hipponax the verse-satirist lies here,
If thou'rt a worthless wretch, approach not near;
But of well-bred, and from all evil pure,
Sit here with confidence, and sleep secure. Fawkes

48. Howe — Hipponax, a Satirist

(N.B. Three epitaphs viz the first is by Leonidas of Tarentum, the second by Theocritus was in answer to the first and the third by Alcaeus of Messene. First two translated by Merivale and the third by Bland.)

1. Pass gently by this tomb - lest while he doses,
Ye wake the hornet that beneath reposes;
Whose sting, that would not his parents spare,
Who will say risk - and touch it those who dare!
Take heed then - for his words like fiery darts,
Have e'en in Hell the power to pierce our hearts.

2. Here lies Hipponax, to the Muses dear.
Traveller! if conscience sting, approach not near!
But if sincere of heart, and free from guile,
Here boldly sit, and even sit awhile.

3. Thy tomb no purple clusters rise to grace,
But thorns and briars choke the fearful place;
These herbs malign, and bitter fruits supply
Unwholesome juices to the passers-by;
And as, Hipponax, near thy tomb he goes
Shuddering he turns, and prays for thy repose.

49. Pettigrew / Howe — Timocritus by Anacreon

Timocritus adorns this humble grave;
Mars spares the coward, but destroys the brave. J.H. Merivale

50. Booth — Solon - 600 B.C. One of Seven Sages (Solon, Thales, Pittacus, Periand compose a judicious code of laws for Athens. (
by Diogenes Laertes

To Cyprian flames in foreign land was Solon's body borne,
But Salamis retain'd his bones which turn her dust to corn;
The tablets of his laws, wherein so light a burthen he
Set Athens, instantly upbore his soul in heaven to be
(MacGregor)

51. Booth — Xenophon - Athenian general, historian & philosopher (by Diog. Laertes) 401 B.C.

Not into Persian lands alone
A t Cyrus' call went Xenophon:
His is it now the skies to climb,
Where sits high Zeus on throne sublime,
Recounting - rich in varied lore -
The mighty deeds of Helas o'er,
Or loving the wise words to tell
Of Socrates remebered well - Major MacGregor

52. Booth — Philip, King of Macedon - great military leader. (by Addaeus Mac)

I, Phillip, first to lead Aemathia's hosts,
By the deep soil of Aegae shrouded lie,
No King hath done such deeds or if one bŵsts
Might more than mine, he is my progeny. Rev. J. Davies

53. Booth — Alexander the Great (by Addaeus) conquered continents of Europe & Asia.

"Sufficit huic tumulus, cui non sufficerat orbis"
Here a mound suffices for one
For whom the world was not large enough.

§

If thou would'st Alexander's tomb fitly in verse present,
Say that two continents unite to bear his monument.

Rev. J. Davi

For him, who loving, deem'd a world but small
Six feet of earth in death are all-in-all. J. Booth

54. Booth — Crethon

The name of Crethon and his state to show,
This stone is placed; he lies in dust below;
Who erst like Cype's did in wealth abound;
Who erst behold his herds and flocks around;
Who erst - why longer idly talk? this man,
Envied by all, now holds of earth a span. Miss M.A. Stodart

55. Booth — Megistias - the soothsayer - predicted battle of Thermopylae died fighting alongside Leonidas (by Simonides)

This tomb records Megistias' honour'd name,
who, holding fighting in the ranks of fame,
Fell by the Persians near Spercheus' tide.
Both past and future well the prophet knew;
And yet, though death was open to his view,
He chose to perish at his general's side. J.H. Merivale

56. Booth

Achilles

The tomb of brave Achilles this, which Greeks beside the sea
Rear'd up in ancient days to scare the Trojans yet to be.
The son of ocean - Thetis sleeps, where ocean's sleepless surge.
May pour for him all lovingly an everlasting dirge.

Rev. J. W. Berger

57. Lewes' Biographical History of Philosophy

B.C. 500-428 Anaxagoras - illustrious philosopher of Ionian School & the friend of Pericles. on his tombstone in Lampascus

This tomb great Anaxagoras confines,
whose mind explored the heavenly paths of truth.

58. Howe

Timocreon (by Simonides and translated by Merivale)

After much eating, drinking, lying and slandering
Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.

59. Howe

Epitaph on a Physician named Pausanias written by Empedocles, a celebrated philosopher and naturalist who lived about 455 B.C. He employed the Paranomasia or pun in this epitaph which is translated by Merivale.

Pausanias - not so nam'd without a cause,
As one who oft has given pain a pause -
Blest son of Aesculapius, good and wise,
Here in his native Gela, buried lies;
Who many a wretch one rescued by his charms
From dark Persephones' constraining arms.

60. Pettigre

By Archilochus

Jove sits in highest heav'n and opes the springs,
To man, of monstrous and forbidden things.
Death seals the fountains of reward and fame;
Man dies, and leaves no guardian of his name.
Applause awaits us only while we live,
While we can honour take, and honour give:
Yet were it base for man of woman born,
To mock the naked ghost with jests or scorn. (Merivale)

61. Pettigrew

By Simonides

Human strength is unavailing;
Boastful tyranny unfailing;
All in life is care and labour;
And our relenting neighbour;
Death, forever hovering round;
Whose inevitable wound,
When he comes prepared to strike,
Good and bad will fall alike.

62. Pettigrew , By Archilochus - on some people who were shipwrecked

Loud are our griefs, my friend; and vain is he
Would steep the sense in mirth and revelry.
O'er those we mourn, the hoarse resounding wave
Hath clos'd and whelm'd them in their ocean grave.
Deep sorrow swells each breast. But Heaven bestows
One healing med'cine for severest woes -
Resolved endurance - for affliction pours
To all by turns - today the cup is ours.
Bear bravely, then, the common trial sent
And cast away your womanish lament! (Morivale)

63. Bombaugh Howe — By Amyte — On a virgin - Antibia

Drop o'er Antibia's grave a i us tear;
For virtue, beauty, wit, lie buried here.
Full many a suitor sought her father's hall,
To gain the virgin's love: but death o'er all
Claim'd due precedence: who shall Death withstand?
Their hopes were blasted by his ruthless hand. (Keen)

64. Bombaugh Howe — By Leonidas of Tarentum — By a mother on her son

Unhappy child! Unhappy I, who shed
A mother's sorrows o'er thy funeral bed!
Thou'rt gone in youth, A myntas, I, in age,
Must wander through a lonely pilgrimage,
And sigh for regions of unchanging night,
And sicken at the day's repeated light.
O! guide me hence, sweet spirit, to the bourn.
Where, in thy presence, I shall cease to mourn. (Bland)

65. Pettigrew — By Callimachus — on a minstrel

Beside the tomb where Battus' son is laid,
Thy heedless feet, O Passenger, have strayed.
Well skill'd in all the minstrel's lore was he,
Yet had this hour for sport and jollity. (Morivale)

66. Pettigrew — By same - Epitaph on his father

Know thou, this tomb who passest by,
At once both sire and son am I
To a name most dear to us
Cyrenean Callimachus.
One of his country was the shiled
In many a glorious battle field ;
The other sang so sweet a strain,
That Envy listen'd with disdain,
But strove to vanquish him in vain,
For Him on whom the Muses smil'd,
Ev'n at his birth - their favorite child -
In age they never will forsake,
But his gray hairs their temple make. (Morivale)

67. Pettogrew — By Tymnes

Grieve not, Philoenis, though condemn'd to die
For from thy parent soil and native sky;
Though strangers' hand must raise thy pile,
And lay thy ashes in a foreign isle:
To all on Death's last dreary journey bound,
The road is equal, and alike the ground. (Merivale)

68. Pettigrew — By Meleager on Heliodora (Bland's translation)

Tear's o'er my Heliodora's grave I shed,
Affection's fondest tribute to the dead.
Oh flow, my bitter sorrows, o'er her shrine,
Pledge of the love that bound her soul to mine!
Break, break my heart, o'erchargèd with bursting woe,
An empty offering to the shades below.
Ah! plant regretted! Death's remorseless power
With dust unfruitful chok'd thy full-blown flower.
Take, earth, the gentle inmate to thy breast,
And, soft entomb'd, bid Heliodora rest.

69. Pettigrew — By same author on Charixenus

Thee, poor Charixenus, in youth's first bloom,
Thy mother's hands - an offering to the tomb!
Deck'd with the martial stole! The very stone
Made to thy moaning friends responsive moan,
As with the houseless corpse they sorrowing went,
No hymeneal strain - but loud lament.
"Ah me! that gentle bosom's bounteous store,
How ill repaid! how vain the pangs she bore!"
O fate unf[illegible]tful! Maid of ruthless mind!
That giv'st a mother's yearning to the wind!
Here, friends can only wish, and parents weep,
And pitying strangers sanctify thy sleep. (Merivale)

70. Bombaugh — On Heliodora by Meleager

Tears, Heliodora! on thy tomb I shed,
Love's last libation to the shades below;
Tears, bitter tears, by fond remembrance fed,
Are all that fate now leaves me to bestow.

Vain sorrows! vain regrets! Yet, loveliest, thee,
Thee still they follow in the silent urn,
Retracting hours of social converse free,
And soft endearments never to return.

How thou art torn, sweet flower, that smiled so fair!
Torn, and thy honored bloom with dust defiled;
Yet, holy earth, accept my suppliant prayer,
And in a mother's arms enfold thy child.

Merivale translation
See Blands

71. Pottigrew

By Meleager On Meleager of Gadara

Tyre was my Island nurse - an Attic race
I boast, though Gadara my native place, -
Herself an Athens. Eucrates I claim
for sire, and Meleager is my name.
From childhood, in the Muse was all my pride:
I sang with Menippus, side by side,
Urg'd my poetic chariot to the goal.
And why not Syrian? to the free born soul
Our country is the world; and all on earth
One universal chaos brought to birth.
Now old, and heedful of th'approaching doom,
These lines, in memory of my parted bloom,
I on my picture trace, as on my tomb. Merivale

72. Pottigrew

By an uncertain author On Prote

Thou art not dead, my Portel though no more
A sojourner on earth's tempestuous shore;
Fled to the peaceful islands of the blest,
Where youth an love, for ever beaming rest;
Or joyful wandering o'er Elysian ground,
Among sweet flowers where not a thorn is found!
No winter freezes there, no summer fires,
No sickness weakens, an no labour tires;
No longer poverty, nor thirst oppress
Nor envy of man's boasted happiness;
But spring forever glows serenely bright,
Anf bliss immortal hails the heavenly light. Merivale

73.

By Theocritus Epitaph on Eurymedon

Thou art dead, Eurymedon,
And hast left thy infant son.
Thou cut off in manhood's bloom,
Hast achiev'd a speaking tomb,
And a glorious seat on high,
With the souls that never die.
He shall live a citizen,
Worshipp'd by his fellow men,
Who in him will glory take,
For his honour'd father's sake. Merivale

74.

By Simonides

Shame, glorious shame, beside Thearus' wave
Brought Cleodamus to his honour'd grave
'Mid Thracian lances: for his father's name
The warrior's son hath gained immortal fame. (R)

75. By same author

Here Adeimanthus rests - the same was he.
Whose counsels won for Greece the crown of Liberty. (Merivale)

76. Bombaugh, Pettigrew

On Two neighboring tombs by Plato

This is a sailor's - that a ploughman's tomb;-
Thus sea and land abide one common doom. (Hodgson)

77.

My lot was meagre fare, disease and shame.
At length I died - you all must do the same. (Bland) - unknown author

78.

Fortune and hope, farewell! I've found the port: (Unknown author)
You've done with me, - go now, with others sport. (Merivale)

79.

From the Alcestis of Euripides

We will not look on her burial sod.
As the cell of sepulchral sleep:
It shall be as the shrine of a radiant god,
And the pilgrim shall visit this blest abode
To worship and not to weep.
And as he turns his steps aside,
Thus shall he breathe his vow:-
Here slept a self-devoted bride;
Of old, to save her lord she died,
She is an angel now.

80.

On a Young Bride

Not Hymen, - it was Adog' self alone
That loosened elearista's virgin zone:
The morning 'spousal song was raised, - but oh!
At once 'twas silenced into threnes of woe;
And the same torches which the bridal bed
Had lit, now showed the pathway to the dead.

81. Booth

On a bride (by Meleager)

The morne which saw me made a bride,
That evening witnest that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Served but as tapers for to burne,
And light my reliques to their urne,
The epitaph which here you see
Supplied the Epithalamie.

82. Bombaugh, Booth

On a Bachelor

At threescore winter's end I died,
A cheerless being, sole and sad;
The nuptial knot I never tied,
And wish my father never had. (W. Cowper)

83. Bombaugh, Booth

(By Paulus)

My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether base or proud my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all - what then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb;
Thou know'st its use, - it hides, - no matter whom. (W. Cowper)

84. Booth

I've found a port: Fortune and Hope, adieu!
Mock others now; for I have done with you. (Burton)

85. Norfolk, Booth

On a rich man. by Leonidas of Tarentum. B.C. 280 (translated by Merivale)

I am the tomb of Crethon; here you read
His name; himself is numbered with the dead;
Who once had wealth, not less than Gyge's gold;
Who once was rich in stable, stall and fold;
Who anyonce was blest above all living men -
With lands, now narrow now! so ample then!

86. Booth

On a Sailor (by Plato)

This is a sailor's - that a ploughman's tomb;
Thus sea and land abide one common doom. (F. Hodgson)

87. Booth

On a Fowler (by Isidorus)

With seeds and birdline, from the desert air,
Eumelus gather'd free, thou scanty fare,
No lordly patron's handhe deign'd to kiss,
Nor luxury knew, save liberty, nor bliss.
Thrice thirty years he lived, and to his heirs
His seeds bequeath'd, his birdlime, and his snares. (Wm. Cowper)

88. Booth

On a wife (by Heraclides) - died after bearing twins

In Cnidus born, the consort I became
Of Euphron. Aretimias was my name.
His bed I shared, not proved a barren bride,
But bore two children at a birth, and died.
One child I leave to solace and uphold
Euphron thereafter, when infirm and old.
And one for his remembrance sake I bear
To Pluto's realm, till he shall join me there. (Wm. Cowper)

89. Mr Booth — <u>On a slave</u> (by Demascius)

Zosma, in body only once a slave,
No o'en for it finds freedom in the grave. (Major MacGregor)

90. Booth — <u>On a youth</u> (by Julianus)

Cruel is death? Nay, kind. He that is ta'en,
Was old in wisdom, though his years were few.
Life's pleasure hath he lost, - escaped life's pain -
Nor wedded joys, nor wedded sorrows knew. (Rev. Goldwin Smith)

90. Booth — <u>To Death</u>

Sweeter than life thou com'st, who from disease
From painful gout and trouble giv'st no ease. (Dr. Wellesley)

91. Booth — <u>To Death</u> (by Palladas)

Death to expect brings much of grief and pain;
Which not to feel the dead may count again.
For him lament not, who yields up his breath;
There is no second suffering after death. (G. Burges)

92. Booth — <u>On a kinsman</u>

Hail, universal mother! Lightly rest
On that dead form,
Which, when with life invested, ne'er oppress'd
Its fellow worm. (J H Morivale)

93. Booth — <u>On a mother</u> (by Eulolmius)

Menippe watch'd her darling infant die,
Then pour'd her soul in one heart-rending sigh:
Nor sorrow'd more! that burst of inward strife
Ended at once her anguish and her life. (Rev. J.W. Burgon)

94. Booth — <u>On a Goodman</u> (by Callimachus)

Beneath this tomb Acanthian Saon lies
In holy sleep: the good man never dies. (F. Hodgson)
<u>Imitation of above on tomb of Madan, D.D. Bishop of Peterborough</u>
ob. 1813

In sacred sleep the pious bishop lies,
Say not in death - a good man never dies.

95. Booth — <u>On an infant</u> (by Palladas)

Naked I entered at my birth;
Naked I hie me back to earth:
Why then should I so anxious be?
Since naked still the end I see. (Rev. J..W. Burgon)

96. Booth — On another infant

Insatiate grave! we are all due to thee.
Then why such haste? Why seize a babe like me? (dr. Wellesley)

97. Booth — On the heroes of the Iliad - Hector and Achilles

O mete not Hector's greatness by his grave;
This single arm erewhile all Greece could brave.
The Iliad, Homer, Greece, and Greeks that fled,
These are my tomb, all these enshrine me dead.
(Prof. Goldwin Smith)

98. Booth — On a penurious man. (by Asclepiades of Samos)

Keep off, rude sea, if but eight cubits' ⅄ length;
And roar and rage, and swell with all thy strength.
The grave of Bumare's should'st thou take, thy gains.
Are but the bones and ashes it contains. (Dr. Wellesley)

99. Booth — On a murdered man

Though here you laid my corpse when none were nigh,
One saw thee, murderer, one all-seeing eye. (F. Hodgson)

100. Booth — On twins

One grave these twins entombs: one day their breath
They both received, and both one day their death. (Dr. Wellesley)

101. Booth — On a young child

A child of five short years, unknown to woe,
Callimachus my name, I rest below.
Mourn not my fate. If few the joys of life
Few were it ills, its conflicts; brief its strife. (T. Farley)

102. Booth — Euphemius a minstrel. (by Gregory of Nazianzen)

Euphemius slumbers in this hallow'd ground,
Son of Amphilocus, by all renowned:
He whom the Graces to the muses gave,
Tuneful no more, lies mouldering in the grave.
The minstrels come to chant the bridal lay;
But swifter envy bore the prize away. (Hugh Boyd)

103. Booth — On an old man

Harass'd by age and want, without a friend,
One helping hand, my needs support, to lend,
Hither I crept with tottering step and slow,
And in the grave at length found peace from woe;
Buried ere dead; for me's reversed the doom
Assign'd to men, whose death precedes the tomb.
(Archdeacon Wrangham)

104. Booth

<u>On a Daughter</u> (by Antipes

Here sleeps a daughter by her mother's side;
N or slow disease nor war our fates allied,
When hostile banners over Corinth waved,

Preferred death, we left a land enslaved.
Pierced by a mother's steel in youth I bled;
She nobly joined me in my gory bed.
In vain ye forge your fetters for the brave,
Who fly for sacred freedom to the grave. (Bland)

105. Booth

<u>Another epitaph on Timon</u> (by Zenodotus or Rhianus)

Twist round me, thou rough earth, the prickly thorn;
Let the crook'd savage bramble-branch adorn
my tomb, that birds of spring may shun the place,
And I may rest alone in perfect peace.
Unloved of all, the misanthrope am I,
Timon, of whom e'en Pluto's self is shy. (Hay)

106. Booth

<u>On a female sot</u> (by Antipes)

This rudely sculptured porter pot
Denotes where sleeps a female sot;
Who pass'd her life, good easy soul,
In sweetly chirping o'er her bowl.
Not for her friends or children dear
She mourns, but only for her beer.
E'en in the very grave they say,
She thirsts for drink to wet her clay;
And, faith, she thinks it very wrong
This jug should stand unfill'd so long. (Bland)

LATIN EPITAPHS

1. Booth — Quintus Ennius (self composed epitaph. 1st epic poet of Rome - called himself the Homer of Latium)

Nemo me decoret lacrum is, nec funera, fletu
Faxit. Cur? Volito vivu' per ora virum.

To me no tears, no funeral give;
For why? in all en's mouths' I live.

Let none bemoan my death, or deck my tomb
With show of sorrow, weak and unavailing.
Dof why? I live, and feel no stint of room,
For ever on men's mouths thrpugh ether sailing. (rev. J. Davies)

2. Booth — On Virgil and Tibullus. (Virgil - died B.C. 19, aged 51; Tibullus - died B.C. 17, aged about 29)

He, who sublime in epic number's roll'd,
And he who struck the softer lyre of love,
By death's unequal hand alike contrill'd
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move. (Lord Byron)

3. Booth — Virgil - author of Aeneid" modeled after Homer's "Iliad"

Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc. Parthenope. Cecini pascua, rura, duces.

In Mantua born; Calabria took me hence;
At last Parthenope became my residence.
Of Shepherds I have sung, of fields, of rural life,
Of heroes known to fame, who led the battle's strife.
(rev. JHC Wright)

4. Booth — P. Scipio Africanus - by Quintus Ennius)

Hic est ille situs, cui nemo civi'nesque hostis quivit
pro factis reddere operae pretium.
Here he lies whose deeds no countrymen or stranger could ever recompense.

5. Booth — Epitaph by Catullus - first Roman to imitate Greek writers

I f e'er in human grief there breathe a spell
to charm the silent tomb and soothe the dead;
When soft regrets on post affections dwell,
And der fond friendships lost, our tears, are shed;
Sure, a less pang must touch Quintilia's shade
While hov'ring o'er her sad, untimely bier,
Than keen-felt joy that spirit pure pervade,
To witness that her Calvus held her dear. - Elton -

6. Booth — Epitaph by Catullus

O'er many a realm, o'er many an ocean tost,
I come, my brother, to salute thy ghost!
Thus on thy tomb sad honour to bestow,
And vainly call the silent dust below.
Thou, too, art gone! Yes, thee I must resign.
My more than brother - ah, no longer mine.
The funeral rites to ancient Romans paid,
Duly I pay to thy lamented shade.
Take then - these tears their heart-felt homage tell;
And now - all hail forever, and farewell! F. Hodgson.

7. Booth — On a Freedman — by Martial - author ofFemous epigrams - epigrams, Lib. VI, Ep. 29

Not basely born; nor bought at mart
But worthy all a master's love;
Freed - but too young to lay to heart
The boon - or freedman's joys to prove:
In him, fair form, mild manners meet,
Apollo's source a face more fair;
Such gifts fore show life short and fleet:
Ye who love such fow grief prepare.

A.B. Rowan, D.D.

8. Booth — On a courtier and his wife — Martial, Ep. Lib. VII, Ep. 40

Here lies that good old man, in court well knowne,
For's equal temper in both fortunes showne:
His sacred bones here with his wife's are mixt
By filial care; their souls in heav'n are fixt.
She dyed first, her youthful prime much spent:
Near ninety yeeres the Fates unto him lent.
Yet him in haste snatch'd hence all would believe,
Who knew how much the world did for him grieve.

(Old MS. 18th Cent.)

9. Booth — On a Child beloved by the poet. Martial Ep. Lib. V Ep. 53

May the turf lie lightly on her delicate bones; you ought not, O Earth, to be heavy to her; she was not so to thee.

The converse of its concluding line is the point in the epigram & epitaph on Sir J. Van Brugh, architect of the Blenheim palace.

Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
Laid many a heavy stone on thee. (Dr. Evans)

10. Booth — Salathiel Pary. who acted in Cynthia's Revels and in the Poetaster about 1600 & died in 1601.

He is regarded as "one of Shakespeare's children of the chapel"
This epitaph is modelled after Martial, lib. X , Ep. 35.

Years he number'd scarce thirteen,) And did act (what now we
When Fates turn'd cruel: mourn)
Yet three fill'd zodiacs had been) Old men so duly,
The stagest jewel.) As, sooth, the Parcae thought him ere,
He play'd so truly.

Ben Jonson.

11. Booth — Martial, Ep. Lib. VI. Ep. 29

Johnson adverts to the last line of this epigram in his elegy on the death of his first son i.e. "whatever you love, take not in it too intense a pleasure.

12. — Jonson's elegy on his first son

Farewell! The child of my right hand and joy;
My sin was too much hope of thee, lov'd boy:
Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy fate, on the just day.
O , could I lose all father now! for why
Will man lament the state he should envy?
To have so soon 'scaped world's and flesh's rage,
And if no other misery, yet age.
Rest in soft peace, and ask'd, say here doth lie
Ben Jonson, his best piece of poetry.
For whose sake hence forth all his vows be such
As what he loves may never like too much.

15. Booth — On a daugther. Martial. Ep. Lib. 1. Ep. 88

Sweet innocent, whom wishes could not save,
Light be the turf that rests upon thy grave!
No Parian marble thine, whose pomp might prove
The sculpture's labour, not the parents' love.
The humble box, and festil vine thy bier,
Thy home the mead, thy monument a tear.
O early lost, accept my votive lay,
The last fond tribute which the muse can pay:
And when too ling'ring age has closed my doom,
My heart's asylum be - a daughter's tomb.

E.B. Greene 1774.

14. Booth — On Aquinus and Fabricius, famous soldiers. Martial Lib. 1, Ep. 95

Here with Aquinus is Fabricius laid,
Rejoiced to find him in the realms of shade.
Graved on this tomb is either soldier's name;
Alike their friendship, and alike their fame (Hodgson)

15. Booth — <u>On a women who had seven husbands</u>

<u>An epitaph fashioned after Martial Lib. IX Ep. 15</u>

In Stepney churchyard seven tombs in a row
For the reader's soft sympathy call;
On each - "My dear husband lies buried below."
And Chloe's the widow to all. (Westminster Review, April, 1853)

16. Booth — <u>On the death of a girl</u> Marti l, Ep. Lib. X, Ep. 53

Censure no more the hand of death
That stopp'd so early Stella's breath,
Nor let an easy error be
Charged with the name of cruelty.
He heard her sense, her virtues told,
And took her (well he might) for old. (Josiah Ralph)

17. Booth — <u>On a young girl of six years</u> Martial, Lib. X, Ep. 61

Underneath this greedy stone
Lies little sweet Erotion;
Whom the Fates, with hearts as cold,
Nipp'd away at six years old.
Thou, whoever thou mayest be,
That hast this small field after me,
Let the yearly rites be paid
To her little slender shade;
So shall no disease or jar
Hurt thy house, or chill thy Lar;
But this tomb be here alone
The only melancholy stone. (Leigh Hunt)

18. Booth — <u>On a noble matron</u> (Martial, Lib. X Ep. 65)

By this small stone a s great remains are hid,
As sleep in an Egyptian pyramid.
Here lies a matron, for her years revered,
Who through them all with spotless honours steered.
Five sons, as many daughters, nature gave,
Who dropp'd their pious tears into her grave.
Nor her least glory, though too rarely known,
One man she held most dear, and one alone. (Hay)

19. Booth — <u>Epitaph by Ausonius, a famous Latin poet, Ep. 30</u>

Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito,
Hoc morionte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.
Two lords, in vain, unlucky Dido tries,
One dead, she flies the land; on e fled, she dies.

20. Booth — <u>To Niobe</u> by Ausonius — Ep. 23. Niobe and her children, in mythology were slain by Apollo and Artemis. 13 statues of her sons and daughters by Praxiteles.

I lived til turned to flint - Praxiteles
In biting sculpture bids me live anew;
His touch gives back all else but wits; and these
I lacked, when at the gods my taunts I threw. (Rev. J. Davies)

21. 2. <u>By Ausonius</u>, op. 20

This sepulchre within no corpse encloses;
No tomb enfolds the corpse that here reposes.
For one same marble stone both corpse and tomb composes.
(Rev. J. Davies)

22. 3. <u>by Claudian</u> Ep. 41

By Fate's decree things beautiful are brief:
Things highest quickliest fall; things grand are frail.
A shape like Venus tempts the infernal thief,
'Gainst whom this fair one's grace could naught avail.
(Rev. J. Davies)

23. <u>Pope Alexander VI</u>

Nomen Alexandri ne te fortasse moretur
Hospes, abi. Jacet hic et scopus est vitium (Sannazaro)

Lest Alexander's name your eye detain,
Stranger, pass on! Here's nought but sin and stain. (Rev. J. Davies)

24. Booth — <u>Epitaphia Johannis Passertii Quae sibi ipse scripsit</u>
(Epitaph on John Passert, self-composed)

Qui sim, viator, quaeris? ipse nescio:
Qui sis futurus tu, tamen per me scies.
Ego, tuque pulvis, umbra, et umbrae somnium.

Stranger, thou askest who I am, I know not:
Yet can I tell what thou shalt be hereafter.
Thou and I - shadows! dust! a shadow's dream. (Sannazaro)

25. Booth — <u>In Infantem nondum, matre morionte, natum.</u>

This is a mother's grave; her babe's is she:
Earth is a tomb for her, but she for thee.

Hic tumulus matrem, natum tegit illa sepulchrum
Terra tunc matri est, nate, sed illa tibi. Daniel Heinsius)

26. Booth — <u>On a lawyer</u> by Sannazaro

O fickle fortune, cruel, heartless jade!
This brawler who his voice his fortune made,
Summoned to plead in Rhadamanthus' court.
Finds what he sold before what now must be bought.

27. Booth — <u>On a Glutton</u> by Sannazaro

Agutling paunch and thirsty throat do fill
This grave; thou dead, a thirst and hungry still.
What was it, ask you? It was no man. Then what?
A fleshy cask it was, a living pot.
It was alive then? No. But lest it stink.
A soul was given to salt it, not to think.

28. Booth — <u>On a mendicant</u> by Jovianus Pontanus

Nulla mihi vivo domus, at nunc certa sepulto est,
Vitaque paupertas, mors mihi divitiae.
Vita mihi exilium, requies et certa sepulchrum:
Nudus eram vivus, mortuus ecce tegor.

Alive no home I had; I have one here.
My life brought poverty, but wealth my bier.
In life I wandered, but in death I rest:
Naked in life, in death at last I'm drest.

(called Actius Sincerus)

29. Booth — <u>Giacopo Sannazaro</u> (1456-1530) distinguished Latin & Greek scholar & poet. Protege of Pope Leo X

Da sacro cineri flores. Hic ille Maroni,
Sincerus, musa proximus ut tumulo (Cardinal Bembo)
For Actius' dust strew flowers of fairest bloom,
The next in fame to Maro as in tomb. (J. Booth)

30. Booth — <u>Pauperis senis.</u> a senile pauper by Julius Capilupius

Pauper eram; mihi parva domus, mihi vilis agellus,
Et tenui in mensa parva salina mihi.
Non stomacho ortivo meo dolor obfuit unquam;
Nec secuit vetulos tarda podagra pedes.
Nec sollicitae vexerunt tempora curae;
Nec timui parco mixta venena mero.
Sic vixi, et perii; Croeso felicior ipso:
Namque deo esse nihil, nec superesse dixi.
I t fuit ad victum jam vivo terra, sepulto
Sic erit ad tumulum nunc parva satis.

30. (con't.)

Poor I, poor house I had, and garden poor,
And on my table poor, poor fare was spread,
Yet never ached my belly or my head.
Nor gout tried my sore old feet: secure
From poison's fear I drained my sober glass,
My throbbing brain no anxious cares oppressed,
Happier than Croesus lived I, happier rest.
Taxing nor want nor surplus. So I pass
Living on what my garden gave, and, dying,
Within my narrow grave contented lying.

31. Suffling — Roman epitaph (see epitaphs in Chap. of Women on son-in-law and stepmothers)

Maximus, who lived twenty-three years, friend of all men.
Nicephorus, a sweet soul in refreshment
Drucilla, sleeps peacefully
Petrus, in peace sleeps here
Camella, our beloved lies here
} Brief aphorisms

32. Three epitaphs from Roman Christian burial ground - usually martyrs

Primitus in peace, a most valiant martyr, after many torments, a ged 33. His wife raised this to her dearest, well deserving husband.

2. In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear husband and daughter, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God.

3. Buried in peace on the 3rd Nones of May in the Consulate of Potrus (A.D. 372)

In subterranean chapel in church of St. Maria Scala Coeli, Rome

St. Zebo &12,200 Christians, survivors of 40000 employed for 7 yrs. in building baths of Diocletian and were slaughtered after completing job.
"Here lies the bodies of St. Zeno and his twelve thousand two hundred soldiers."

33. On Neighboring tombs

This is a sailor's - that a ploughman's tomb,
Thus sea and land abide one common doom. - by Plato.
Translated by Hodgson

34. On Firmus, a pleasure-~~seeker~~ loving man. Gallatine Way, Rome

To the Gods, Manes of Sextus Perpenna Firmus, I lived as I liked;
But why I died, I can give no reason.

35. Gm — On a lamp adjacent to a tomb

Adieu, Septina; may the earth lie light upon thee:
Whoever places a burning lamp before this tomb,
May a golden soil cover his ashes.

36. — On a Priest's wife

Petronia, a priest's wife, the type of modesty, in this place, flay my bones,
Spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden ti weep for one who lives in God.
Buried in peace, on the 3rd Nones of October in the consulate of Festus (AD 472)

37. Howe — In catacombs of Rome

Hic vεῤus qui semper vera locutus
(Here lies Verus (truth), who always spoke truly).

1. Pettigrew

King Kenelmo, son of Kenelphus, said to be murdered at the instigation of his sister Quendreda, called by some Heskebert, and hid in a wood in the county of Stafford. Quoted by Arthur Agard in Hearne's Discourses Vol. i, p. 248 from an old MS. of St. Augustine of Canterbury.
This is presumably the most ancient epitaph belonging to England.

"In dene sub spina jacet in convalte bovina,
Vertice privatus Kenelmus fraude necatus."

This epitaph also quoted by Sir Jas Ley from Mathew of Westminster
"In clene kau bath Kenelin Kyne bearne,
Lith under thorne heaved byreaved."

2. Pettigrew

Katherine Swinford, wife of John of Gaunt - Lincoln Cathedral.

Ici gist Dame Katherine, duchesse di Lancastre, jadys femme de la tres noble et tres gracious prince John duc le Lancaster; fils a tres noble roy Edward la tierce. La quelle Katherine morcult le x jour de May l'an de grace mil. cccc. tierz. De quelle almes Dieu eyt mercy et pitee, Amen.

3. Pettigrew Loaring

King Arthur and his Queen Quinever, ob 542 (Glastonbury)

Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia.
Here lies the famous King Arthur buried in the Isle of Avalon (now Glastonbury)

Hic jacet Arturus, flos. regum, gloria regni,
Quem mores, probitas commendant laude perenni. } on King
Arturi jacet hic conjux tumulata secunda,
Quae meruit caelos virtutum prole & fecunda. } on Queen

4. Graham

Westminster Abbey

Sebert, King of the East Saxons,
who first built this church and died July 616 (AD)
and also of Athelgoda, his queen, who died, Sept. 13, 615

5. Howe, Pettigrew, Suffling

Ethelburga, Queen of the West Saxons - circ A.D. 617

I was, I am not; smil'd, that since did weep,
Labour'd, short best, I walk'd that now must sleep;
I play'd, I play not; sung, that now am still;
Saw, that am blind; I would, that have no will;
I fed that, which feed worms; I stood, I fell,
I bade God save you, that now bid farewell.
I felt, feel not; follow'd, was pursued;
I would, have peace; I conquer'd, am subdu'd;
I moved, want motion. I was stiff that bow
Below the earth; then something, nothing now.
I catch'd, am caught. I travell'd, here I lie;
Liv'd in the world; that to the world now die.

6. Loaring — Eadburga (epitaph with quaint expression - the first part of each phrase applies to her before death and second part to her status after death. Wife of Bithric (Bertric) King of West Saxons - daughter of Offa and Quendrida, a bloodthirsty and infamous queen.

I was, I am not; smiled, that since e did weep;
Labour'd, that rest; I waked, that now must sleep;
I play'd, I play not; sung, that now am still;
Saw, that am blind; I would, that have no will;
I fed that which feeds worms; I stood, I fell;
I bade God save you; that now bid farewell;
I felt, I feel not; followed, was pursued;
I warr'd, have peace; I conquer'd, am subdued;
I moved, want motion; I was stiff, that bow,
Below the earth; then something, nothing now;
I catch'd, am caught; I travell'd; here I lie;
Lived in theworld; that to the world now die.

7. Pettigrew, Loaring — Caedwalla, or Cedwall, King of the West Saxons, A D 689

N.B. In 689, he went to Rome, was baptised and renounced the pleasures and vanities of the world. This is alluded to in his epitaphs (Latin) of which the following is a translation:

High state and places, Kindred, a wealthy crown,
Triumphs, and spoils in glorious battles won,
Nobles, and cities walled, to guard his state,
High palaces, and his familiar seat,
Whatever honours his own virtue won,
Or those his great forefathers handed down,
Caedwall armipotent from heaven inspired,
For love of heaven hath left, and here retired;
Peter to see, and Peter's sacred chair,
The royal pilgrim travelled from afar,
Here to imbibe pure draughts from his clear stream,
And share the influence of his heavenly beam;
Here for...the glories of a future claim,
Converted, chang'd his first and barbarous name.
And following Peter's rule, he from his Lord
Assumed the name at Father Sergius' word,
At the pure font, and by Christ's grace made clean,
In heaven is free from former taints of sin.
Great was his faith, but greater God's decree,
Whose secret counsels mortals cannot see:
Safe came he, e'en from Britain's isle, o'er seas,
And lands, and countries, and through dangerous ways.
Rome to behold, her glorious temple see,
A nd mystic presents offer'd on his knee.
Now in the grave his fleshy members lie,
His soul, amid Christ's flock, a cends the sky.
Sure wise was he to lay his sceptre down,
And gain in heaven above a lasting crown.

7. (con't) Here was deposited Caedwalla, called also Peter, King of the Saxons, on the 12th day of the Kalends of May, the 2nd indication. He lived about 30 years, in the reign of the most pious emperor Justinian, in the 4th year of his consulship, in the 2nd year of our apostolic Lord, Pope Sergius.

8. Pettigrew, Suffling — Ethelbert (first Christian King of Kent, builder of St. Paul's Cathedral, London)

Rex Ethelbertus, hic clauditur in polyandro,
Fana pians, certus christomeat absque meandre.

King Ethelbert lieth here
Closed in his polyander,
For building churches sure he goes
To Christ without meander.

Another epitaph to him

Ethelbert cleped the Holy King of Kent,
In the yer of Grace six hundryd and sixteen.
Deide and of Christendome the XXIV wene
Six and fifty Wynter he had Regnyd her,
And after Edbald his son Regne gan ther.

9. Loaring — St. Martin's Cemetery, Canterbury

Bertha (the good) wife of King Ethelbert of Kent.

Adorned with virtues, here lies blessed Queen, Bertha, who was in favor with God, and greatly beloved by mankind.

10. Howe, Pettigrew, Suffling — Little Driffield, Yorkshire (see other epitaph on bottom of the back of this page.)

ALFRED
Within this Chancel
lies interred the body of
Alfred, King of
Northumberland, who
departed this life
Jan. 12 A'.
D. 705, in the 20th year
of his reign.
Statutum est omnibus
semel mori

11. Pettigrew, Howe — King Alfred, A.D. 901

(N.B. the following is a translation of his Latin epitaph)

Hail, warlike Alfred, high and noble birth,
Give labour to thine honour, honour to thy worth
Labour procured renown, but joys with grief
Are ever blended; to fear hope brings relief:
Today of victor, tomorroe sees thee armed,
The foe though victor, finds thee still unharmed;
Reeking with sweat thy garb, thy sword with gore,
Prove what a weight you felt the regal power.
No one but thee, through the wild world's domain
Under such toils could rise and breathe again.

11. (con't.)

Thy sword, though blunted by such bloody strife
Thou didst not sheathe, nor by it end thy life -
But after many a struggle for thy th$_r$one,
Thou found'st peace and life in Christ alone.

12 (Webb

Stow, Buckinghamshire. King Alfred

The mildest, justest, and most beneficent of Kings,
Who drove out the Danes, scour'd the seas, promoted learning
Established Juries, crush'd corruption, guarded liberty
And was the founder of the English Constitution.

13. Pettigrew

Duke Rollo (circa A.D. 930)

(N.B. in the "Histoire de Normandie", one finds "Par le bonne pair et justice que Rou le premier Duc de Normandie tint, advint q la gent apres so mort au besoigne crioient Ha Roi, Ha Roi," which gave rise to this epitaph:

Dux Normannoru cunctoru norma honorum
Rollo feru, fortis, quam gens Normanica mortis
Invocat articulo, clauditur in tumulo.

Valiant Duke Rollo stout and fierce,
Lyeth interred under this herce
Whom Norman people with frights afraid
And peril of death doe calle for ayde;
Crying Ha Rou, Ha Rou, with rueful voice,
And clapping of hands with striking noise.

14.

Another epitaph - original in Latin

Rollo the brave lies buried here,
A name to Normans ever dear:
They glory on his tomb to see
His style of Duke of Normandy.
In battle's front his followers shield,
His sword made boldest foeman yield:
In the far north his ancient sires,
From whom he boasted his martial fires,
To King or Lord he ne'er bowed the knee,
But held their lands from service free.
And first he fleshed his maiden sword,
With nods obedient to his word,
On kindred Danes, whose numerous hosts
Before him hushed their warlike boasts.
Then Hain ault's sand, and Frisia's fen,
And the coast of marshy Walcheren,
Poured forth their mingled bands to feel
The terrors of the Northmen's steel;

14. (con't)

But Frison's, spite their neighbor's aid,
Their tribute and their homage paid.
From firths and islets of the north,
Again he launched his galleys forth,
And boldly sailing o'er the main,
Burst like a tempest on the Seine.
The plains of France were stained with gore,
His bravest sons he backward bore;
Now Bayeux yielded to his arms,
And sweeping on with war's alarms,
In the full tide of victory,
Twice regal Paris grounded to see
The Northmen thundering at her gates.
For thirty years the cruel fates
Gave France to rapine, sword and fire,
Til helpless Charles the conqueror's ire
Soothed by his gifts, to stay the strife,
A province and a royal wife.
Then the fierce heathen humbly bent
Before the Christian sacrament;
And France on that happy day
Washed in the font his sins away.
The savage wolf a lamb became;
May God, propitious, cleanse his shame!

15. Pettigrew — <u>William Longespee</u> Circa A.D. 942 original in Latin

Duke William's friends who dared assail?
Against his arms who could prevail?
Princes and kings his will obeyed,
Imperial Henry's mind he swayed.
Five times five years his skill and might
The Normans led through field and fight.
He reared Jumiege's mouldering towers,
And raised again her cloistered bowers;
While to her shades his willing feet,
Fain would have turned in habit meet.
And, heaven taught, in that holy school,
Submitted to ST. BENET'S rule;
But wiser Martin checked his zeal,
And bade him seek his country's weal.
'Twas not for him in peaceful cell
But pious anchorites to dwell,
But still in arms to spend his life,
And end it by the assassin's knife.
There on the Somme's translucent stream
And islet's shadows softly gleam:
Arnold the Flemming planned the deed
May heavenly grace the victim speed
In the last awful day of need!

16. Howe, Pettigrew

Edgar (the peaceable)
ob. A.D. 975 (latin version in Pettigrew)

Who, with due honour, did his good actions crown
Enriched the realm iniquity put down;
Edgar to Heaven he well deserved is gone.
Our Solomon for laws and lasting peace;
Honoured far more than with a Conqueror's praise;
By whom oppression fell and justice kept her place.)
Churches to god, to churches monks he gave,
To monks possession they should never leave.
Thus for a false, a short, a bounded reign.
He know a true, a vast, an endless one to gain.

17. Pettigrew, Webb

Ailwyn circa 975 (original in Latin)

Here rests Ailwyn, Kinsman of the renowned King Edgar, Alderman of all England, and by miraculous instinct founder of this abbey (Ramsey in Huntingdonshire)

18. Webb

Ailwin - Ramsey - abbey (from Camden)

Here rests Ailwin
Kinsman to the famous King Edgar
Alderman of all England
And the miraculous Founder of this Monastery

19. Howe, Pettigrew

St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Ethelred ob. 1017 (Latin version in Pettigrew)

" ere lies Ethelred, King of the Britons, son of King Edgar, to whom St. Dunstan is said to have spoken thus on the day of his Coronation:-

'Because thou ast aspired to the Kingdom by the Death of thy brother against whom the English and thy ignominious mother plotted; the sword shall not go out of thy house, but it shall rage against thee all the days of thy life, destroying thy seed, till the kingdom go from thee unto a People's whose customs and language thy subjects know not; nor shall the sin nor the sin of thy mother, nor the sins of those who aided thy wickedness, be forgiven, till after many and long punishments. All this as the holy man foretold, came to pass; for Ethelred, vanquished and put to flight, after many battles with swane King of the Danes, and his son Canute, at length shut up in London, died miserably in 1017 after he had reigned 36 years in great troubles."

20. Pettigrew Suffling Webb

Edward the Confessor ob. 1066 (Westminster Abbey. Original in Latin)

The hero renown'd for all his virtue's
Saint Edward, the Confessor, and Venerable!
Dying the 5th of January, he ascended to the skies
Place your hearts on high!
He died the year of our Lord 1065

21. Pettigrew
Suffling
Edmund &
Williams

King Harold on. 1066 written by Lord Byron in Athens

King Reader! Take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here Harold lies - but where's his epitaph?
I f such ye seek, thy Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

22. Mr. Pettigrew
& Howe

St. Stephen's Abbey, Normandy -

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR ob. 1087 (original in Latin)

He that the sturdy Normans ruled,
And over the English reignod
And stoutly won, and strongly kept,
What he had so obtain'd.
And did the swords of those of Mans,
By force bring under awe,
And made them under his command
Live subject to his law.
This great King William lieth here,
Entombed in this grave,
So great a Lord, so small a house,
Sufficed him to have.
When Phoebus in the Virgin's lap,
His circle'd course apply'd,
And twenty three degrees had pass'ed,
Even at that time he dy'd.

23. Another epitaph attirbuted to Thomas, Archbishop of York

Here William; greatest of his princely race,
A home, a tomb, finds in this narrow space.
Him the fierce Normans faithful homage paid,
And lordly Maine his stern commands obeyed;
But mightier still, he England's sceptre swayed,
The glorious prize, when *Senlac's bloody field *battle of
Saw her brave sons before the Conqueror yield. Hastings
When seventeen days his course the August sun
'Mid the bright virgin's stars his course had run,
To Him him who rules on high he bowed his head,
And the proud King was numbered with the dead.

24. Pettigrew Queen Matilda. wife of William the Conqueror ob. 1083

(original in Latin)

1. Original in ordericus vitalis. Translation by Mr. Forester.

This stately monument Matilda's name
In gold and marble gives to endless fame.
High was her birth, sprung from a royal race,
To which her virtue's lent a nobler grace.
Her fair Adele to Flemish Baldwin bore,
The crown of France whose sire and brother bore.
When conquering William made her England's Queen,
'Twas here her noblest, loftiest work was seen,
This fane, this house, where cloistered sisters dwell,
And with their notes of praise the anthem swell,
Endowed and beautified her earnest care,
Nor others failed her liberal arms to share;

24. (con't.)

The sick, the indigent poor took her store,
She laid up wealth by giving to the poor.
To heaven by pious deeds she won the way
Departing on November's second day.

2. Translation by Dr. Pickford.

The structure of a very beautiful sepulchre covers
Matilda, of royal race, illustrious for her morals.
The Count of Flanders was her father, Adala, her mother,
Was daughter of Robert, King of the Franks,
And sister of Henry who afterwards enjoyed the royal seat.
Married to the illustrious King William:
She built this present edifice and this temple,
And when enriched by her both by many lands and by
Many munificent deeds, it was dedicated at her request.
This solacer of the need, this lover of piety,
Poor to herself, but rich to the poor by her great liberality,
Thus sought the fellowship of life immortal
At the early dawn after the first day of November.

25. Pettigrew

Gundrada, fifth daughter of William the Conqueror and William, Earl of Warenne - at Lewes

Stirps, Gundrada, ducum, decus aevi, nobile germen,
Intulit ecclesiis Anglorum balsama norum,
Mart (is or tha) hanc aedem struxit Pancrati in honorem.
Martha fuit miseris, facit ex pietate Maria,
Pars obiit Marthe, superest pars magna Marie;
O pie Pancrati, testis pietatis et equi,
Te facit heredem, tu clemens suscipe matrem.
Sexta Kalendarum Junii lux obvia carnis
Infregit alabastrum, (superest pars optima coelo)

Gundreda, illustrious branch of ducal grace,
Brought into England's church balsamic grace;
Pious as Mary, and as Martha kind,
To generous deeds she gave her virtuous mind.
Though the cold tomb her Martha's part receives,
Her Mary's better part for ever lives,
O holy Pancras! Keep with gracious care,
A mother who has made thy sons her heir
On the 6th calend of June's fatal morn,
The marble frame, by inward struggles torn,
Freed the poor soul, which upward bent its ways
To realms of love, and scenes of endless day.

26. Pettigrew — Henry I ob. 1155. Original in Latin

Once the world's glory, now its bitter woe,
Henry, the King, lies sleeping here below.
Though Hermes he in eloquence surpassed,
Though Phoebus' wisdom in his mind he grasped,
Though he than Jove a mightier sceptre bore
Than Mars more warlike, still they here deplore
England thy king by wisdom's rule and might
Thy glory raised, now sunk in darksome night.
Thou by thy king, and Neustria by thy Duke,
Of valour's high rewards ye both partook.
The former reared the boy from early youth,
The latter gave him back to parent earth.

27. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey.

Queen Maud (Matilda) original in Latin, translation by Dart

Success ne'er sat exulting in her eye,
Nor disappointment heard the troubled sigh;
Prosperity but sadden'd o'er her brow,
While glad in trouble, she enjoyed her woe;
Beauty nor made her vain, nor sceptres proud,
Nor high estate to scorn the meaner crowd;
Supreme humility was awful grace
And her chief charms a bashfulness of face.

28. Pettigrew, Norfolk — Henry II conquered Ireland 1172 ob. 1189 (original in Latin)

Here lies King Henry II, who many realms
Did erst subdue, and was both count and king,
Though all the regions of the earth could not
Suffice me once, eight feet of ground are now
Sufficient for me. Reader, think of death,
And look on me as what all men must come to.

29. Booth — Another epitaph at Font Evraud, Normandy

I f conquer'd realms, or power, from Death could save,
I Henry, might King, had scap'd the grave.
To me, who thought the Earth's extent too small,
Now eight poor feet, a narrow space is all.
Reader, behold! in mine, thy own sure fate,
And curb thy vast desires, and know thy state;
He, whom the globe entire could not suffice,
In this small tomb in smaller ashes lie.

30. Pettigrew — Henry III ob. 1273, aet 65. origin in Latin - translation in Fabian

The frende of pyete, and of almesse dede,
Henry the thyrd wylome of Englande kynge,
Who thys church brake, and after hys mede
Agayn renewed into thys fayre buylding,
Now resteth in her, wkych did so great f'thinge:
He yelde his mede, that Lord in Deyite;
That as one God reyneth in personos thre.

51. Pettigrew. Westminster Abbey. Edward. I. ob. 1307 (original in Latin)

Death is too doleful which doth join
  The highest estate full low;
Which coupleth greatest things with the least,
  A nd last with first also.
No man hath been in world alive,
  Nor any may there be,
Which can escape the dint of death,
  Needs hence depart must we.
O noble and victorious man,
  Trust not unto thy strength;
For all are subject unto death,
  And all must hence at length.
Most cruel fate from worldly stage
  Hath wrest a worthy wight;
To whom all England mourned loud
  To see his doleful plight.

Edward is dead, which was adorn'd
  With divers graces here,
A King, or fragrant Nardus Height,
  A gracious Princely Peer.
In heart the which was Lybard like,
  Right Puissant, void of fear:
Most slow to strife, discreet and wise,
  And gracious everywhere.
In arms a giant fierce and fell,
  Attempting famous facts,
Most prudent, did subdue the proud
  By feat of martial acts:
In Flanders Fortune gave to him,
  By Lot right good success,
In Wales he won the Scottish Rout,
  With arms he did suppress.
The king without his like alive,
  Did firmly guide his land;
And what good nature could conceive,
  He had a plight at hand.

He was in justice, and in peace,
  Excelling; Laws took place:
Desire to chase all wicked works
  Did hold this King's good grace.
He now doth lie intombed here,
  Which furthered each good thing,
But naught he is but dust and bones
  Which was a worthy king.
The very son of God, whom erst
  This kind did love right dear,
Hath given to him immortal bliss
  For his good living here.
Whilst liv'd this king by him all things
  Were in most goodly plight;
Fraud lay hid, great peace was kept,
  And honesty had might.

32. Suffling — Edw. I died July 7, 1307, aged 67 of dysentery at Burgh-on-Sands, Cumberland. Sent for Prince Edw. before his death & requested.

1. Carry his bones thru Scotland until Scots subdued
2. Remove his heart and send to Holy Land with 140 knights (provided £ 32,000 for this)
3. Not to recall Piers Gavestone.

N.B. None of this requests carried out.)

Epitaph: Westminster Abbey
Edwardus primus Scotorum Malleus hic est
A.D. 1308
Pactum Serva.

33. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey. Queen Eleanor. ob. 1298 Wife of Edward I. original in Latin

Queen Eleanor is here intomb'd
A worthy noble Dame,
Sister unto the Spanish king,
Of royal blood and fame.
King Edward's wife, first of that name,
And Prince of Wales by right,
Whose father Henry, just the third,
Was sure an English wight,
Who crav'd her wife unto his son,
The prince himself did go
On that Embassage luckily,
As chief, with ,ay no -
This knot of linked marriage
Her brother Alphonso lik('d
And so 'twoen sist:r and this prince
The marriage was upstrik'd.
The dowry rich and royal was,
For such a prince most meek,
For Pontieve was the marriage gift,
A dowry rich and great.
A woman both in council wise
Religious, fruitful, meek,
Who did increase her husband's friends
And larg'd his honour's Eke

LEARN TO DIE

34. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey. ob. 1377 (original in Latin)

Edward III

Here England's grace, the flower of princes past,
Patterne of future, Edward the third is plaste,
Mild monarch, subjects peace, warres machabee,
Victorious pard, his reigne a jubilee. (translation by speed)

35. Another translation of the above.

Of English Kynges, here lyth the beauteous flowre,
Of all before passed, and myrrour to them shall sue
A mercifull Kynge, of peace conservatour,
The third Edward, the death of whom may rue
Alle Englysshe men, for he by knyghtehhod due
Was lyberd invict, and by feate marciall
To worthy Machabe in vertu peregall.

36. Webb Another translation.

Here lies Edward the third.
The glory of England, the joy of his people,
The flower of the former,
And a patterne to succeeding princes;
He was not inferior to the famous Maccabeus,
Fighting with invincible ardour.
His prosperous government
Was a jubilee to the nation;
And religion flourished
Under his pious patronage.
Such was Edward the III
Who now wears a crown in heaven,
Whilst his reputation fills the earth.
Fight for thy country.

37. Pettigrew Westminster Abbey. ob 1369 Philippa, wife of Edward III

Faire Philip, William Hennaldes child and youngest daughter deere,
Of tosest hue, and beauty bright, in tombe lies killed here.
Edward the third through mother's will, and nobles good consent,
Tooke her to wife, and joyfully with her his time he spent.
His brother John, a martial man and eke a valiant Knight
Did linke this woman to this king in bonds of marriage right.
This match and marriage thus in bloud, did bind the Flemings sure,
To Englishmen, by which they the Frenchman's wrack procure.
This Philip flow'd in gifts rare, and treasures of the mind,
In beauty bright, religion, faith; to all and each most kinde.
A fruitful mother Philip was, full many a some she bred,
And brought forth many a Knight, hardy and full of dred.
A careful nurse to students all, at Oxford she did found
Queen's college, and Dame Pallas choole, that did her fame resound.

The wife of Edward deere;
Queen Philip lieth here
Learne to live.

338. Pettigrew, Pulleyn

Edward the Black Prince (died in 1376) - Canterbury Cathedral

Tu qi passes oue bouche close;
Par la ou ce coyps repose:
Entent ce qe te dirai:
Sicome le dire le say:
Tiel come tues le au tiel fu:
Tu serras tiel come ie su:
De la mort ne pensai ie myc:
Tant come iquoi la vie:
Entre avec grnd richesse:
Dont ie y fis grnd noblesse:
Terre nesons & gtand tresor:
Draps chiaux argent & or :
Mes ore su ieo poures & cheitifs:
Per fond en la t're gis:
Ma grnd beaute est tout gastee: alee:
Ma char est tout gastee:
Moult est estroit ma meson:
En may na si verite non:
Et si ore me veissez:
Je ne guide pas qe vous deissez:
Le ie eusse onques homme este:
Si su ie ore de fant changee:
Pardeu prier, au celestien Roy.
Qe meray cit de Verme de may:
Tous cauly qe pur moy prie ront:
Un a dieu ma corderont:
Dieu les motte en son paray
Un mal ne poet estre cheitifs.

Whoso thou be that passeth bye,
Whre those corps interred lie:
Understand what I shall saye,
As at this time speak I maye.
Such as thou art, some tyme was I;
Such as I am, such shalt thou bee.
I little thought on the houre of death,
See long s I enjoyed breath;
Great riches hear I did possesse,
Whereof I made great noblemesse;
I had gold, silver, wardrobe and
Great treasures, horses, houses, lande
But now a caitiffe, poore am I,
Deep in the ground, lo here I lie!
My beautye greate is all quite gone,
My flesh is wasted to the bone.
My house is narrow now and thronge,
Nothing but truth comes from my tongue,
And if ye shoulde nee mee this daye,
I do not thinke but ye wolde saye,
That I hade never beene a man,
So moch altered nowe I am!

38. (con't)

For god's sake, praye to the heavenly kinge,
That he my soule to heaven wolde bringe;
All theye that praye and make accorde
Fof me unto my God and Lorde;
God place them in his paradice,
Wherein noe wretched caitiffe lies.

39. A more modern version by Mr. J. Gough Nichols in Gentlemann's Magasine

Whoe'er thou art, with lips compress,
That passest where this corpse doth rest,
To that I tell thee can.
Such as thou art I was but now,
And as I am so shalt thou be
Death little did my thoughts employ,
So long as I did life enjoy;
On earth great riches were my fate,
With which I kept a noble state;
Great lands, great houses, treasure great,
Hangings and horses, gold and plate.
But now I am but poor and base,
Deep in the earth is now my place,
My flesh is wasted all away,
Reduced my splendour to decay;
My house is very strait and short.
Forseoth in me is utter nought,
May, such a change has past o'er me,
That, could you now my features see,
I scarcely think you ought could scan
To show that I was once a man.
For God's sake, pray the heavenly king
That to my soul to mercy bring!
All who for me their prayers shall spend,
Or me to God shall recommend,
God make his paradise their home,
Wherein no wicked soul may come.

Pullayn
Here lieth the noble
Prince Monsieur Edward, the oldest
son of the most noble
King Edward III, in
former time Prince of
Aquita in, and of
Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and Earl of Chester, who died on the
feast of Trini tye,
which was the 8th day
of June, in the year
of grace, 1376.
To the soul of whom God
grant mercy - Amen.

40. Webb.

Stow, Buckinghamshire
Edward, Prince of Wales

The terror of Europe,
The delight of England.
Who preserv'd unalter'd
In the height of glory and fortune
His natural gentleness and modesty.

41. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey ob. 1399 (original in Latin, erected by Henry V to this deposed King)

Richard II

Perfect and prudent, Richard, by right the second,
vanquish'd by fortune, lies here now graven in stone
True of his word, and thereto well resound;

Seemly in person, and like to Homer, as one
In worldly prudence, and ever the Church in on
Upheld and favour'd, and casting the proud to ground,
And all that would his royal state confound.

42. Pettigrew, Webb — Westminster Abbey ob. 1394
Queen Anne, wife of Richard II

This stone covers the remains of
Anne Consort to Richarde II
She was greatly respected for her devotion,
Her peaceableness, her affability,
Her ready relief of the poor;
And particularly
Her liberal commiseration of pregnant women,
widows and the sick.
She was of a comely person
And a mild lovely countenance.

Here lies Anne
Who wore the British Crown, as wife to Richard II
Whome her illustrious father
Wenceslaus, Emperor of Rome,
Proud of such a match,
Sent to London with a splendid retinue:
And the arrival of this royal virgin
Was solemnized with shews and magnificent Games:
But worldly enjoyments
Hang on a slender thread!
And the Crown is no security from Death.
Her descent from the Romans
She further enobled by virtues;
which endear'd her to all ranks;
Yet with all that grandeur she so well became,
And with all her bright assemblage of virtues,
She wanted the joy of being a parent,
This excellent Queen dying without an issue.

Another version of 2nd half

Queen Anne, Richard the second's wife
Lieth buried in this place;
Adorned with the British Crown,
With whom she found much grace.
Whose noble sire, of daughter Proud,
Of son in law full glad,
Of Roman thrice happy Emperor was,
And that large empire had
Wenceslaus so call'd by name,
Who thus in joyful plight
Sent her to London guarded well

42. (con't)

With valiant men of might
Against whose coming, plays were made
And sights and shews were seen,
With princely pomp to gratifie
This noble virgin Queen.
But all men's treasures last not long,
They hang but on a twine,
Or slender thread; death Kings and Queens
Doth all catch up in fine.
This Queen was of the Royal race
Of Romans by descent,
Of all belov'd, most dear to most
In honour relucent.
Full liberal and bountiful,
Adorned with virtues rare;
No child she had, but issueless
She lies without such care.
Favour fadeth.

43. Pettigrew Leicester. Richard XXI (original in Latin)

On Richard the third, buried at Leicester, by order, and at the expense of King Henry the seventh.

I who am laid beneath this marble stone,
Richard the third, possess'd the British throne.
My country's guardian in my nephew's claim,
By trust betray'd, I to the Kingdom came.
Two years and sixty days, save two, I reign'd,
And bravely strove in fight; but unsustain'd
My English left me in the luckless field,
Where I to Henry's arms was forc'd to yield.
Yet at his cost my corse this tomb obtains;
Who piously interr'd me, and ordains,
That regal honours, wait a King's remains.
Th' year fourteen hundred ves and eighty four,
The twenty first of August, when its power,
And all its right, I did to the Red Rose restore.
Reader, whoe'er thou art, thy prayers bestow,
T'atone any crimes, and ease my pains below.

43. Graham Westminster Abbey Anne, Queen of Richard III

Anne, Queen of Richard III and daughter of Nevil, the great Earl of Warwick. This lady was poisoned by that monster of cruelty her husband - to make way for his marriage with Elisabeth, daughter of his brother Edward IV and sister of the unhappy youths he had caused to be murdered in the tower, which marriage he never lived to consummate being slain at that battle of Bosworth Field.

44. Howe — Henry IV (N,B. a palindromic recurrent epitaph by Paschasius. Each line can be read the same backward)

Area Soronum no gere regem, munere sacra,
Solem, areas, animos, omina sacra, melos.

45. Pettigrew — Henry V ob 1422 original in Latin

Hora Norman's Duke, so stil'd by conquest just,
True heir of France; great Hector lies in dust.

46. Pettigrew, Webb, Lonring — Toldvarvy version; of Inscription at Westminster Abbey

Here lies Henry
The scourge of France,
1422
Virtue surmounts all opposition!

Here also
with her valiant spouse, lies
The beautiful Katherine
Keep from sloth!

47. Verses on his tomb:

O merciful God, what a prince was this
Which his short time in martial acts spent
I n honour of Conquest what wonder to me itis,
How he might compass such deeds excellent,
And yet for that his mind nothing dent,
Alls ghostly health for his soul to provide,
Out of this world ere he fatally should slide.

So though I had Tully his eloquence
Or of Seneca the grave morality,
Or of Solomon the perfect sapience,
Or the sweet ditties of Dame Calliope;
Yet might I not in prose, or other ditty
Accordingly advance this Prince's fame,
Or with due honour to enhance the same.

Considering his acts, where of parcel appear,
Th this rude work, with many more left out,
That time also was less than ten year,
That he so shortly brought all things about,
By divine Grace furthered out of doubt
That mightful Lord he help his ghostly Knight
With Grace and Honour to pass this world's fight.

And to have reward double, and condign,
And first for martial acts by him done,
To be advan'd amongst the worthies nine,
And for his virtues us'd by hêm oft soon,
With many good deeds which he on earth had done
Above the hierarchies, he is, I trust now stall'd
That was in earth, King of Kings call'd.

43. Pettigrew Westminster Abbey ob 1437 (original in Latin. Supposed to be written by Skelton while he hid from Wolsey's Fury)

Katherine, Queen to Henry V

Here lies Queen Katherine clos'd in grave,
The French King's daughter fair,
And of thy kingdom (Charles the sixth)
The true undoubted heir.
Twice joyful wife in marriage match'd,
To Henry Fifth by name:
Because thro' her he nobled was,
And shin'd in double fame;
The King of England by descent,
And by Queen Katherine's right;
The realm of France he did enjoy,
Triumphant king of might.
A happy Queen to English mien

She ever right grateful here;
And four days space they honour'd God,
With Mough and Reverent fear.
Henry the Sixth this Queen brought forth,
In painful labours plight,
In whose Empire a French man was,
And eleven English Wight.
Under no lucky planet born,
Unto himself nor thrune:
But equal with his parents both,
In pure religion.
Of Owen Tudor after this
The next son Edmund was,
O Katherine, a renowned Prince
That did in glory pass.
Henry the seventh, a Britain pearl
A gem of England's joy.
A peerless prince was Edmund's son,
A good and gracious boy.
Therefore a happy wife this was,
A happy mother pure.
Thrice happy child but Grandma she,
More than thrice happy pure.

49. Pettigrew Westminster Abbey ob. 1483
Edward V and Richard Duke of York original in Latin

Here lie
the reliques
of Edward V King of England, and Richard
Duke of York;
These brothers being confined in the tower
And then stifled with pillows,
Were privately and meanly buried
By order of
Their perfidious uncle, Richard the Usurper.

49. (con't.)

Their bones long enquired after, and wished for,
after 201 years,
In the rubbish of the stairs (i.e. those lately leading
to the chapel of the White Tower.)
Were, on the 17th day of July, 1674, by undoubted
proof discovered,
Being buried deep in that place.
Charles II, a most compassionate Prince,
pitying their severe fate,
Ordered those unhappy princes to be laid
Amongst the monuments of their predecessors.
A nn. Do. 1678, in the 30th ye year of this reign.

50. Pettigrew

Edward V and Richard, Duke of York.

In Londons Toure in one place or anoder,
Intorry'd by King Edward and his broder,
Who by their wicked Ene were guyltles sleyne,
And basely bory'd, yet took up agayne,
And cast in the blacke deepes at tens mouth;
Now whether wreck't or lost from North to South,
Their reliques are, it recks not, their soules rest
In Heaven amongst God's children ever blest.

51. Pettigrew,
Webb, Howe

Westminster Abbey, ob. 1509. King Henry VII

Here lies
Henry the seventh, King of England;
Son of Edmund, Earl of Richmond,
Who being proclaimed King the 22nd of August
Was crowned at Westminster on the 30th of
October following 1485.
He died on the 21st of April, in the 53rd year of this age,
And reigned 23 years, and 8 months wanting one day.
Here lies Henry VII,
Of all the princes of his time, the most celebrated;
Whose wisdom and glorious actions
Received additional dignity from his majestic stature,
His august countenance,
And many other natural advantages.
He was also happy in a consort,
who, besides a compleat beauty,
Excelled in every moral and intellectual quality.
The issue of this illustrious pair
were not unworthy such parents;
For to them, England thou owest
Henry the Eighth.
Within this tomb lies Henry the Seventh,
The glory of the monarchy, and light of the world;
Mild, vigilant, brave and wise;
A promoter of virtue, and of a most comely personage.
, who, by constant and signal successes
in his many wars,

51. (con't.)

Preserved his dominions in an honourable peace;
His two daughters he married to two kings;
A ll princes courted his alliance.
This Chappel and stately tomb,
were erected by his order,
As a repository
For himself, his consort, and issue.
After a prosperous life of 53 years,
And a glorious reign of almost 24
He died in the Christian era 1509.
The fatal day which brought such worth
To its earthly period, was the 21st of April.
England
So excellent a prince stands not upon the former records
Well will it be for thee
If future times produce his equal.

52. Webb — Westminster Abbey — King Henry VIII — by a Spaniard. Translated by James Howell.

O HENRY!
More than this cold pavement covers thy worth -
The love of a woman, and pertinancy of error.
How could it subsist with thy greatness,
Tell me, o cosened Englishman!
To cast thyself at a woman's feet
And yet to be head of the church.

53. Pettigrew, Suffling — Queen Jane Seymour — 1537 - Westminster Abbey 3rd wife of Henry VIII original in Latin. She died in childbed of Edward the VI who died of Tb at 16, bore for her device a Phoenix (her paternal crest) to which in elegant reference made in her epitaph.

Soon as her Phoenix bud was blown,
Root - Phoenix Jane did wither;
Sad, that no age a brace had shown
Of phoenixes together.

54. Pettigrew — Queen Katherine Parr. (wife of Henry VIII) Epitaph in Latin written by Bishop Parkhurst

In this new tomb the royal Kath'rine lies,
Flower of her sex, renowned, great and wise,
A wife by every nuptial virtue known,
And faithful partner once of Henry's throne.
To Seymour next her plighted hand she yields
(Seymour, who Neptune's trident justly wields);
From him a beauteous daughter blest'd her arms,
A n infant copy of her parents' charms.
When now seven days this tender flower had bloom'd,
Heaven in its wruth the mother's soul resumed.
Great Katherine's merit in our grief appears
While fair Britannia daws her cheek with tears,
Our loyal breasts with rising sighs are torn,
With saints she triumphs, we with mortals mourn..

55. Graham — Westminster Abbey — Anne of Cleve

ANN OF CLEVE,
SISTER OF THE DUKE OF CLEVE
who was contracted in marriage to Henry VIII
and received with great pomp at Black Heath, January 3, 1539; married
to the King on the 9th; and in July following divorced, with liberty
to marry again, but being sensibly touched with the indignity put upon her, she lived retired in England with the title of Lady Ann of
Cleve, and saw the rival who supplanted her, suffer a worse fate.
She survived the King four years, and died in 1557.

56. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey — Mary Queen of Scots ob. 1587 (original in Latin)

See Webb's version in his book

If birth illustrious, or if Beauty's pride,
A guiltless mind, and faith scrod try'd;
If wisdom, fortitude and a candid breast,
And hope in him who comforts the distrest;
If probity of heart with patience mild
To bear injurious wrongs, to be revil'd;
If goodness, majesty, a lib'ral will
To raise the wretched, and the poor to fill,
Could 'scape blind fortune's thunders that alike
On good and bad, on low and lofty strike;
Thou hadst not early fall'n by being great,
Nor thy sad image seem'd to weep thy fate.
Scotland by right, by marriage Brance was thine:
To these well founded, Hope did England join;
By triple right, a tripe crown she wears;
But dim its lustre to a crown of stars.
Happy too happy, if, the storm allay'd
Though late, the neighboring Realm had her obey'd:
But see, she falls, to triumph in the grave:
New Vigour thence, and fruits, her branches have,
Conquer'd she conquers; free, tho' close confin'd;
Not dead, tho' slain; the fates her chains unbind.
So the prun'd vine shoots forth with fertile sprays,
And the cut gem reflects its purple rays:
So genial seeds committed to the earth
Rise from the fruitful soil a brighter birth.
With blood, God's covenant with man made;
With blood, the patriarchs his wrath allay'd;
With blood, the first born 'scaped the gen'ral doom:
Oh. Stay thy vengeance, heaven for mercy's sake!
That fatal day be ever mark'd with black:
To murder kings abhorred forevermore.
Nor Britain stain'd again with royal gore.
Let the example perish with the blow;
Accurs'd its author and its actor too.
Since in her better part she triumphs still,
Dumb be her fate, silent ev'ry ill.
Such was her course, as Heaven thought fit to steer:
She had her joys, she knew her sorrows, here
Early to life, the royal James she gave,
Whom ev'ry kinder pow'r in keeping have.
By nuptials great, by birth still greater known;
And greatest in her issue, such a son,
Here Mary lies, of whom we sighing sing;
The daughter, wife and mother of a king.

56. (con't)

Grant Heav'n! that to the latest Time, her Race
Their happy hours without a cloud may pass!

57. Pettigrew

Holy Rood James V of Scotland and His Queen original in Latin

The illustrious King of Scots, James 5th of that name, died in the palace of Falkland, Dec. 14, 1542, is here committed to this sepulchre.

Magdalen, oldest daughter to Francis, King of France, Queen of Scotland, spouse to King James V, died 1537.

58. Pettigrew
Webb, St. Anne's, Bank Friars

Queen Elizabeth died at Richmond, Mar. 24, 1602, age 70,yrs, in 45th year of her reign

To the eternal memory of Elizabeth, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Daughter of King Henry VIII, granddaughter of King Henry VII, Granddaughter to King Edward IV. Mother of her country, a nursing mother to religion and all liberal sciences, skill in many languages, adorned with excellent endowments both of body and mind and excellent for princely virtues beyond her sex; James, king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, hath devoutly and justly erected this monument to her, whose virtues and kingdoms he inherits.

59. Webb

Sacred to the memory

Religion to its primitive. Purity restored, peace settled, money retored to its just value, domestick rebellions quelled, France relieved when involved with intestine divisions; the Netherlands supported, the Spanish Armada vanquished; Ireland, almost lost by rebels, eased by routing the Spaniard; the revenues of both universities much enlarged by a law of provisions; and lastly all and triumphant Queen, most strictly religious , most happy, by a calm and resigned death at her 70th year left her mortal remains, till by Christ's word they shall rise to immortality to be deposited in this Church, by her established, and lastly founded. She died the 24th of March, Anno 1602, of her reign the 45th year, of her age the 70th.

60. Webb

Norwich (She came to Norwich in Aug. 1578, on her mausoleum on east side)

Stay passenger, who e'er thou art, retard thy pace,
View here the mem'ry, of a majestick race,
See here the emblem, of a dying state,
Proves clear, that all alike, most stoop to Fate,
This urn, no common ashes doth contain,
The enclosed majesty, seems still to reign,
Only being wearined, with the world's contest,
Tamely retires, here to take its rest;
And 'tis but just, that she, who made religion shine;
Should in her temple, still retain a shrine
But least this monument, should not display,
The greatness of the Jewels, which doth lay
Within it, stay yet further, and thou wilt see,
The true import of this effigie.

61. Webb — On West Side of Mausoleum

Here lies Elizabeth, whose royal breath
Gave true religion life, and false one death,
Whos zeal and power join'd, alike to advance,
God's honour, Christian's glory, and Church ordinance.
To say no more; she liv'd, she reign'd, she dy'd,
A Christian Queen, fit to be canonized.

62. Graham — Another epitaph to her

Kings, Queens, men's judgments, eyes,
See where your mirrour lyes.
In whom her friends hath seen
A King's state in a queen:
In whom her foes survey'd
A man's heart in a maid;
Whom least men for her piety
Should judge to have been a diety;
Heav'n since, by death, did summon,
To shew she was a woman.

63. Pettigrew, Webb — Uncomplimentary Spanish epitaph Trans. by Howell

Here lies Jezabel,
Here lies the new Athalia,
The Harpy of the Western World,
The cruel firebrand of the sea;
Here lies a wit the most worthy of fame
which the earth had,
If to arrive to heaven she had not missed her way.

64. Graham, Webb — At Tavistock - all Hallows the Great

If ever royal virtues ever crown'd a crown,
If ever mildness shin'd in majesty,
If ever honour honoured true renown
If ever courage dwelt with clemency
If ever princess put all princes down
For temperance, prowess, prudence, equity,
This! this was she, that in despite of death
Lives still admired, ador'd Elizabeth.
Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all
They that trust in the Lord, shall be as Mount Sion, which cann
not be removed.

65. Pettigrew, Webb, Surfling — Another Bombastic Epitaph

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroake the oares teares let fall:
More clung about the barge: fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearly, and swome after
I think the bargemen might, with cadiar thighes,
Have rowed her thither in her peoples eyes.
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have scan'd
She'd come by water, had she come by land.

66. Booth

Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief;
Heaven's gem, Earth's joy, world's wonder, Nature's chief,
Britain's blessing, England's splendor,
Religion's nurse, and Faith's defender.
I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, &
QUEEN ELIZABETH dyed 24th March 1603.

67. Safford

Queen Elizabeth At St. Maryle Bone by Laureate Skelton

Fame blow aloud, and to the world proclaim,
There never ruled such a royal dame!
The word of God was ever her delight,
In it she meditated day and night,
Spain's rod, Rome's ruin, Netherland's relief,
Earth's joy, England's gem, world's wonder, Nature's chief.
She was and is, what can there more be said,
On earth the chief, in Heaven the second made.

68. Pettigrew, Booth

JAMES I ob. 1625

He that hath eyes, now wake and weep;
He whose waking was our sleep.
Is fallen asleep himself and never
Shall wake more, till wake for ever:
Death's iron hand hath closed those eyes,
That were at once, three Kingdom's spies.
Both to foresee, and to prevent
Dangers, so soon as they were meant.
That head whose working brain alone
Thought all men's quiet but his owne,
Is fallen at rest (oh!) let him have
The peace he lent us, to his grave,
If no Naboth, all his reigne.
Was for his fruitfull vine ard slaine,
If no Uriah lost his life,
Because he had too fayr a wife,
Then let no Shemie's curses wound
His honour or phophane this ground;
Let no black-mouthed breathed ranke cur,
Peaceful James, his ashes stir.
Princes are gods (O!) do not then
Rake in their graves to prove them men.

69. Pettigrew, Webb

Westminster Abbey ob 1618 Queen Anne, wife of James I

To the most Mighty James, by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.
The concluded year begins anew!
And Anna's temporal end, begins her eternity.
Here spouse, Father, and brother wore a crown,
And the same Honours wait her issue,
Whilst A nne
Amidst the glories of heaven.
May she still be seen among us in her offspring.
May we see her still happily living in her James.
Forgive, O illustrious Prince! the bold truth
But That fears not to lament of James.
O thou King of Kings!

69. (con't.)

Comfort our afflicted sovereign.
She died in the Lord, A.D. 1618, March 4th
Aged 44 years, 4 months, and 18 days.

70. Pettigrew, Booth

Another epitaph for her:

March with his winde hath struck a cedar tall,
And weeping April mourns that cedar's fall,
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring.
Thus marches winde hath caused April showers,
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers. (Camden's Remains)

71. Booth, Howe

Queen Anne (wife of James I)

Marche with his winde hath struck a cedal tall
And weeping Aprill mournes the cedar's fall,
And May intends no flowers her month shall bring,
Since she must lose the flower of all the spring.
Thus marche's winde hath caused April showers
And yet sad May must lose her flower of flowers.

72. Pulleyn

Henry, Prince of Wales, son of King James I

Reader, wonder think it none,
Though I speak, and am a stone.
Here is shrin'd celestial dust,
And I keep it but in trust.
Should I not my treasure tell,
Wonder then you might as well
How this stone could choose but break,
Having never learned to speak.
Hence amaz'd, and ask not me
Whose these sacred ashes be:
Purposely it is conceal'd;
For, if that should be reveal'd,
All that read would, by and by,
Melt themselves to tears, and die.
Within this marble casket lies
A matchless jewel of such rich prize;
Which Nature, in the world's disdaine,
But show'd, and them put up againe.

73. Booth - supposedly this epitaph was placed on his bedroom door.

Charles I by Howell

So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mongrel shrubs, that underneath him grew;
So fell the lion by a pack of curs;
So the rose withered 'twixt a knot of burs;
So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats;
So the whale perished by a shoal of sprats.

74. Loaring — Charles I

Epitaph from a sheet entitled "A crown a Crime, or the Monarch Martyr" dated Feb. 1648 in British Museum

Behold the mirror of a Prince Pourtrayed
The living emblem of a glorious shede,
Whose Chair of state was late a scaffold made.

One, than whom never any did professe
More zeal to the publique, and received lesse
Of more desert, and brought to more distresse.

That reall lustre to our Royal Garter,
That late in larger of our cities charter,
Whose crown the crime that made this monarch martyr.

Adieu, Dear Prince, Death, like a loving friend
Hath crowned thy sufferings with a peaceful end,
While headless we our ruine must attend.

Nor can we lesse expect, Judgement's at hand
To scourge the follies of a sinfull land,
What Brightman wrote we would not understand.

From the fatall period of a Charlemain,
Waine should a Kingdom in her Charles - Waine,
But prayers nor teares might call him back again.

Lords should resigne their patents to the sword,
Lurdave should equall any English Lord.
O brave Platonick Levell! by Martial Buord.

75. Loaring — Hammersmith Church - on a bust of Charles I

This effigy was erected by the special appointment of
Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet,
as a grateful commemoration of that glorious martyr.
King Charles the First
of blessed memory
(Beneath is an urn with this inscription)
Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight, and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present majesty. He first settled in the trade of Gold from Guinea, and there built the castle of Cormantine.
Died the 26th of February 1665, aged 67 years.

76. Booth — Charles II (from the concluding lines of a poem on his death)

Nor shall oblivion sit upon thy hearse,
Though there were neither monument nor verse.
Thy sufferings and thy death let no man name;
It was thy glory, but thy kingdom's shame.

77. Booth — James II. (a libertine and hater of puritans)

C'est ici Jacques second,
Sans ministres et son maitresse,
Le matin allait a la messe
Et le soir allait au sermon

Translation: Unoccupied with statesman's care
Amused with no intrigues of women,
Here found King James his great affair
Each morn, the mass; each eve a sermon.

78. — On James II

C'est ice que Jaques second,
Sans ministres et son maitresse,
Le matin allait a la messe,
Et le soir allait au sermon.

Translation: Unoccupied with statesma n's care,
Amused with no intrigues of women,
Here found King James his great affair
Each morn, the mass; each eve, a sermon.

79. Pettigrew — Charles II and Lord Rochester

King Charles, once said over his bottle, in his usual lively way, that he supposed some stupid peasant would write a non-sensical epitaph when he was gone. "Now", said his majesty, "I would like to have something appropriate and witty. Rochester, lets have a touch of your pen on the subject." His Lordship immediately composed the following epitaph. For this keen effusion he was in disgrace for sometime.

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King,
Whose word no man relied on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wsie one."

Booth - supposedly this epitaph was placed on his bedroom door

80. Pettigrew — William III ob March 8, 1702

Beneath these honours of a tomb
Greatness in humble ruin lies;
How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies.

Preserve, O venerable pile
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British Isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies;
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head;
Round him his faithful arms shall stand:
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

80. (con't)

Ye sister arts of Paint and Verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her grpans arising o'er the hearse
And Elgin sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave religion set
In solemn guise; pronounce the ground
Sacred to her inhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian virtues round.

Fair liberty in sables dress'd,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
William, the scourge of tyrants past,
And awe of princes yet unborn.

Sweet peace, his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head.
And stretch her wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Bread stars adorn thy brighest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And slander gnaw her forky tongue

Night and the grave, remove your gleam,
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the honors of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To add the triumphs of the day. (Isaac Watts)

81. Pettigrew, Pullayn

Another epitaph on William III Westminster Abbey

Vain Greece consult no more or haughty Rome,
For worth or virtue, view this royal tomb
Beneath whose shade more sacred Dust is wept;
Then on their urns or temples ever slept:
Caesar had courage - but the tyrant's name,
And Rome enslav'd - obscur'd the victor's fame:

Cato had honour - but, the dagger near,
When dangers press'd, betray'd the patriot's Fear;
His triumphs one by dire oppressions gain'd,

And one his virtues by his weakness stain'd/
Britain's lov'd King did with each Roman vie;
As warm for freedom - as resolved to die:

Without his guilt did Caesar's laurels wear;
And boasted Cato's fame without his fear.

82. Pettigrew — Another epitaph to William III

William the Third lies here, th' Almighty's Friend,
A scourge to France, a check t'imperious Rome,
Who did our rights and liberties defend,
And rescu'd England from its threaten'd doom;
Heav'n snatch'd him from us whom our hearts caress'd
And now he's king in Heaven among the blest.
Grief stops my pen; Reader, pray weep the rest.

83. Booth — Mary, wife of William III. died of smallpox 1694 (a Jacobite epitaph)

Here ends, notwithstanding her specious pretences,
The undutiful child of the kindest of princes.
Well, here let her lie, for by this time she knows
What it is such a father and king to depose;
Between vice and virtue she parted her life,
She was too bad a daughter, and too good a wife.

2.Is Willy's wife now dead and gone?
I'm sorry he is left alone.
O, blundering death! I do thee ban
That took the wife and left the man.
Come, Atropos, come with thy knife,
And take the man to his good wife,
And when thou'st rid us of the knave,
A thousand thanks then thou shalt have.

3.The queen deceased, the king so grieved,
As if the hero died, the woman lived;
Alas we err'd i' the choice of our commanders,
He should have knotted, and she gone to Flanders.

84. Booth — On the four Georges, Kings of England

George the First was always reckon'd
Vile - but viler George the Second,
And what mortal ever heard.
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the Fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended. (W.S. Lander)

85. Pettigrew — George II ob. 1760

This marble boasts what once was truly great,
The friend of man, the father of the state.
To check Ambition in its wild career,
To wipe from Misery's eye the startling tear;
By well planned laws oppression to control;
By kindest deeds to captivate the soul.
Stern justice's sword to guide with mercy's hand,
And guard the freedom of a glorious land;
These were his acts - these heaven approv'd, & shed

35. (con't.)

Unnumber'd blessings on his hoary head.
Forc'd into arms, he stretch'd his generous sway,
Wide as the sun extends his genial ray,
Yet saw(blest priWilege) his Britons share
The smiles of peace amidst the rage of war;
Saw to his shores increasing commerce roll,
And floods of wealth flow in from either pole:
Warm'd by his influence, by his bounty fed;
See science raise her venerable head:
Whilst/at his feet expiring faction lay,
No contest left but who should best obey;
Saw in his offsrping all himself renew'd
The same fair path of glory still pursu'd;
Saw too young <u>Georges</u>, Augusta's care impart,
Whate(er could raise or humanize the heart,
Blend all his grandsire s virtues with his own,
And form their ming'd radiance for the <u>throne</u>,
No further blessings could on earth be given;
The next degree of happiness was - <u>Heav'n</u> Porteus

36. Graham

<u>Great Council Chamber - Guild Hall, London.</u> <u>King George III</u>

on his statue is found his inscription
GEORGE III
born and bred a Briton,
Endeared to a brave, free and loyal people,
by his public virtues,
By his pre-eminent example,
Of private worth in all relations of domestic life,
By his uniform course of unaffected piety,
And entire submission to the will of heaven.
The wisdom and firmness
Of his character and councils,
Enabled him so to apply the resources of his empire,
So to direct the native energies of his subjects,
That he maintained the dignity of his crown,
Preserved inviolate the constitution in church and state,
And secured the commerce and prosperity of his dominions,
In which the deadly contagion of French principles,
And the domineering aggressions of French power,
Had nearly dissolved the frame,
And destoyed the independence,
Of every other government and nation in Europe.
The Lord Mayor, Alderman, and commons of the
City of London,
Have erected this statue in testimony
Of their undeviating loyalty and grateful attachment
To the best of Kings
In the fifty fifth year of his reign.

A.D. 1815
Birch- mayor.

87. Howe — George IV

How monarchs die is easily explained,
And thus upon the tomb it might be chisel'd;
As long as George the Fourth could reign, he reigned
And then he mizzeled

88. Unger, Booth (same as Beable's one on son of Hyde, English Chancellor?) in chap. on chil. — H.R.H. Frederick, Prince of Wales, died Mar. 26, 1751, eldest son of George II

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead.
Had it been his father
I had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been his entire generation,
So much the better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

89. Booth — On Queen Anne's Statue in St. Paul's Churchyard

Here mighty Anna's statue placed we find,
Betwixt the darling pa sions of her mind;
A brandy shop before - a church behind.
But why the back turned to that sacred place,
As thy unhappy father's was to grace?
Why, here like Tantalus, in torments placed,
To view those whose waters, which thou canst not taste?
Though by thy proffer'd globe we may perceive,
That for a dram thou the whole world would'st give.
Dr. Garth

90. Booth — On tomb of Queen Anne

A queen, who snatcht from Marboro's hand
The bay girt baton of command,
Lies here; and courtiers now malign
The creature whom they call'd divine;
Yet none among them has denied
That she was sober when she died.

(W.S. Landor)

91. Webb — Oliver Cromwell — Westminster Abbey

This is OLIVER
Protector of the Commonwealth.
of
England, Scotland and Ireland.
Born the 25th of April, 1599.
Inaugurated the 16th December, 1653,
And who died September the 3rd, 1658.

N.B. On taking up the corpse, of Oliver Cromwell, by the command of the government, in order to expose it after the restoration of King Charles II, a plate, whereon were the arms of the commonwealth on one side, and the above inscription on the other, was found in his coffin.

92. Booth

On Oliver Cromwell

Here lies the ravigher of sovereign power,
By fortune favour'd to his dying Hour:
For old, or modern times, was never known
One more deserving of a lawful throne.
Ah, why did heaven this bold usurper grace
With talents worthy of a royal race?

93. Howe
See Webb's version

The Cromwells - buried in Bunhill fields

Henry - Protector
Richard - Successor

Henry Cromwell
Discovered 7 feet
Beneath the surface
and restored by
The Corporation
of London
1869

Richard Cromwell
His vault
Restored by the
Corporation of London

~~94. Booth~~ ~~On Oliver Cromwell~~

FOREIGN RULERS

1.. Louis XV of France (b. 1710, d. 1774)

Ci-gît Louis, dit le quinzième,
Et de bien aimé le douzième,
Dieu nous preserve du troisième.

2. Graham "Maria Antoinette Josepha. Jouma of Austria" (Queen of France)

Widow of Louis XVI
Who when her husband had been murdered,
And she had been bereft of her children
Was thrown into prison,
Where she remained for the space of seventy-six days,
In misery and wretchedness,
But supported by conscious virtue,
Proved heself, alike superior to fortune, in chains,
As upon the throne.
Being at length condemned to die
By the most profligate of mankind;
In the hour of death, she left here a monument
Of piety, of fortitude, and of every virtue,
October 16, 1793.
The monarch being at length restored,
Her prison was converted into a sanctuary
In the year of our Lord 1816
And the 22nd of the reign of Louis XVIII:
Under the inspection of the Prefect and municipal authorities,
The Count de Cazes, being minister of Police -
Whoever thou art,
Stranger!
That treadest this sacred ground,
Admire! Supplicate! and adore.

3. Howe, Pettigrew Norfolk, Booth — Theodore, King of Corsica — 1753 - St. Anne's Churchyard, Soho - erected by Earl of Oxford (Walpole)

Near this place is interred
Theodore, King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish
December XI, MDCCLVI
Immediately after leaving
The King's Bench Prison
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency;
In consequence of which
He registered his kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his creditors!
The grave - great teacher - to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings,
But Theodore this moral learned, are dead:
Fate pow'd its lessons on his living head,
Bestow'd a kingdom, and denied him bread.

4. Joseph II (Germany, 1741-1970) on his deathbed requested:
"Let my epitaph be:
Here lies Joseph, who was unsuccessful
in all his undertakings.

5. Webb, Graham

King Charles of Spain

Here lies the last King Charles of Spain,
Who all his life ne'er made campaign!
He made no children, girl or boy,
Nor gave two wives one nuptial joy.
What has this valiant prince then done,
Who long possest so vast a throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,
Nay, not so much as made his will.

6. Albert. (Francis-Augustus-Charles-Emmanuel, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha). 1819-1861. Married Queen Victoria, his cousin, on Feb. 10, 1840 on his Memorial Cairn on high mountain overlooking Balmoral Castle.

"To the beloved memory of Albert,
The great and good Prince Consort,
Erected by his broken hearted widow,
Victoria. R., 21 Aug. 1862."

on another slab, a few inches above:

"He being made perfect in a short time,
Fulfilled a long time: for his soul
pleased the Lord, therefore hasted he
to take him away from among the wicked".

Wisdom of Solomon
chap. IV? 13, 14.

7. Graham

Peter the Great

Here under deposited
Lies all that could die of a man immortal,
Peter Alexowitz:
It is almost superfluous to say,
Great emperor of Russia:
A title,
which, instead of adding to his glory,
Become glorious by his wearing it,
Let antiquity be dumb,
Nor boast her Alexander,
or her Caesar.
How easy was victory
To leaders who were followed by heroes!
And whose soldiers felt a noble disdain
To be thought less awake than their generals!
But he!
Who in this place knew rest,
Found subjects base and unactive,
Unwarlike, unlearned, untractable;
Neither covetous of fame,
Nor liberal of danger;
Creatures with the name of men,
But with qualities rather brutal than rational;
Yet even these
He polished from their native ruggedness;

7. (con't.)

And breaking out like a new son,
To illuminate the minds of a people,
Dispelled their night of hereditary darkness!
Till by force of his invincible influence,
He had taught them to conquer
Even the conquerors of Germany.
Other princes have commanded victorious armies,
Their commander created them.
Blush, O art!
At a hero who ow'd thee nothing!
Exult, O nature!
For thine was this prodigy.

8. Loaring

<u>St. Mary's Churchyard, Rotherhithe.</u> Prince Lee Boo, aged 20 died Dec. 27, 1784

(Amiable son of Abba Thule Rupack, King of coo-roo-ras, one of Pelew group, of Islands in the Indian ocean. The East India Co. had the following epitaph inscribed as a thestimony of humane and kind treatment given by his father to the crew of the ship "Antelope" wrecked on that shore. Capt. Wilson, commander of the ship brought the Prince to England to be educated but he died at an early age.

Stop, reader, stop,
Let Nature claim a tear.
A Prince of "mine"
Lee Boo, lies buried here.

BRITISH NOBILITY

1. Suffling

Rosmond Clifford - "Fair Rosamund" 1173 Godstow, Oxon. Daughter of Walter de Clifford, Baron of Hereford.
(Favorite or concubine to Henry II. Presumably either poisoned or stabbed by Queen Eleanor at Woodstock) Founded nunnery of Godstow.

Hic-jacet-in-tumbæ- Rosa- mundi - non Rosamunda;
Non- Redolet - sed - olet - quae - Redolare - solet.

This tomb doth encloso
These world's fairest roso;
So sweet and full of flavour;
And smell she doth now,
But you may guess how,
None of the sweetest savour.

2. Northend (Pettigrew - in Admonitory Chap.)

Edward Courtenay Third Earl of Devonshire Tiverton Churchyard, Devonshire, Eng. ob 1419

Hoe! Hoe! who lies here?
I, the good Erle of Devonshire;
With Maud, my wife, to moefull dere,
We lyved together fifty-five yere.
What wee gave, wee have;
What we spent, wee had;
What wee left, wee lost.

3. Howe, Pettigrew

Sir John Wyndham At St. Decuman's, Somersetshire, ob 1574.

Although a man be never so possesto
With all the gyftes that Fortune can bestowe,
And thoughe his mynde be bewtified and blesto
With everye grace that from the heavens do flowe.
Yet at the laste this fickle life we owe:
Perforce must fole the stroke of fatal knyfe,
Such is the fraytie of our present lyfe.

A perfect patterne to approve the same
So here the copys of Sir John Wyndham, Knight
Whose faultless life hathe purchaste such a fame,
As deathe with all his darts shall never frighte,
The sonne itself shall sooner lose his lighte
Then he shall want this well deserved praise,
Such were the deeds of his fore passed dates.

This worthie knight of Kinghtlie parentage
In Norfolk borne, the midle sonne of thre,
Who when he was but yet of sornige age,
Put forthe such buddes of proofe what he woldo be,
As being stirred with zeal to heare and see
The worlde, whereby himself he might advaunce.
He paste the seas to serve the King of Fraunce.

5. (con't.)

Where entertaynde in place of good accompte
Here to the Prince in favour lyved still,
Till care of country soil (which doth surmounte)
Did draw him home, where bending witte at will,
To feates of arms and other warlike skill
His liege in lieu of royal service done
Advaunste him to the suit of knightlie roome

Thus happole led this worthie Knight his life,
And died in faith by Christ of future joye.
How good and virtuous Ladye to his wyfe
He had what seed, hir epitaph doth showe.
To us behinde thereby this fruit doth growe,
First in his death Godes power and praise is knowne,
Then by his life we learn to mende our owne.

4. Sir John Danvers (15.... - 1594)

Father of Henry Danvers, earl of Danby (1573-1644)
On his picture at University of Cambridge, the following is attached:

"Passe not by: Search and you may
Find a treasure worth your stay.
What makes a Danvers would you find?
In a faire bodie, a faire minde.
Sir John Danvers' earthly part
Here is copyed out by art:
But his heavenly and divine
In his progeny doth shine.
Had he only brought them forth,
Know that much had been his worth.
Ther's no monument to a sonne.
Read him there, and I have donne. (written by George Herbert orator at Univ. of Cambridge; also find this epitaph on his tombstone)

5. Howe, Ravenshaw (same under soldiers)

Sir Philip Sidney - St. Paul's Cathedral, London ob. 1586.

Sir Philip Sidney, Knight
Late Governour of Flushing, in Zealand,
who received his death's wound
At a battell neare Zutphen in Gelderland,
and died at Arnhem, 16 October, 1586.
England, Netherland, the heavens and the arts,
The souldiers and the world have made six parts,
Of noble Sidney; for who will suppose
That a small heape of stones can Sidney enclose?
England hath his body, for she it fed,
Netherland his blood in her defence shed.
The heavens have his soule, the arts have his fame,
The souldiers the griefe, the world his good name.

6. Disprove,
T. Webb

Earl of Leicester (from an old manuscript)

Here lyeth the worthy warrior
Who never bloddied sword,
Here lyeth the noble counsellor,
Who never held his word;
Here lyeth his excellencie,
Who ruled all the state;
Here lyeth the Earl of Leicester,
Whom all the world did hate.

Sepultus apud Warwick 10 Octobris, 1588
obiit apud wichwood, com. oxon 4 Septembris

7. Beable,
Pottigrew

Sir Thomas Stanley - Tong, Salop, Eng. ob. 1600

(N.B. - This epitaph is ascribed to Shakespeare)

Ask who lies here, but do not weep:
He is not dead, he doth but sleep!
This stony register is for his b nes,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones,
And his own goodness with himself being gone
Shall live when earthly monument is none.

Not monumental stone pfeserves our fame,
Nor sky aspiring pyramids our name,
The memory of him for whom this stands,
Shall outlive marble and defacer's hands!
When all, to time's consumption shall be given
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in Heaven.

8. Suffling

Earl of Essex, 1601 Nottingham

Here sleep's great Essex, darling of mankind,
Fair honour's lamp, foul envy's prey, Art's fame,
Nature's pride, virtue's bulwark, lure of mind,
England's son, Belgia's light, France's star, Spain's thunder,
Lisbon's lightning, Ireland's cloud,
The whole world's wonder.

9. Howe

Aldershot, Eng. Lady Ellen Ticheborne. ob 1606 aet 27

Who lived (and now is dead)
A life preparod for dying,
Who dide (and now she lyves)
a death prepared for lyving
So well she both profest
That she in both is blest,

10. Sir John Popham (1531-1607)

Lord chief Justice of the King's Bench. Was quite a profligate in his youth. Became eminent barrister and jurist. His epitaph:

Here lies he, who, not long since,
Kept a table like a prince,
Till Death came, and took away.
Then ask't the old man, what's to pay?

Aubrey's "Brief Lives"

"". Sir Henry Lee (1530-1611 (ranger of Woodstock Park)

Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley (com. Oxon) was a gentleman of good estate, strong and valiant. His heir and namesake was disinherited because with six or more fellows he attached his aged uncle and "whip and away" (fled). Consequently he settled his whole estate upon a keeper's son of Witchwood-forest who bore his owne name despite the fact that he was of no kin to him and from whom is descend earle of Lichfield, Lady Norris and Lady Wharton. His namesake had only one eye.

Sir Henry Lee (the elder) never married but kept women to read to him when he was in bed. One of his readers was the wife of Parson Jones of Wotton. His dearest deare was Mrs. Anne Vavasour. He erected a monument of marble whereon his effigies in armour lay: at the feet was the effigies of his mistress Mrs. Anne Vavasour. Which occasioned these verses:

"Here lies good old Knight Sir Harry,
Who loved well, but would not marry." Aubrey's (Brief Lives)

12. Denble Iver, Buck, Eng. 1613 Lady Salter

Here the earthly mansion of a heavenly mind,
A worthy matron's mortal part, is shrined.
More might be said, if any tomb or stone
Were large enough for her inscription.
But words are bottless, more elegies hurled
Upon her hearse were vain, for to the world
Like a vainglorious gamester, 'twould but boast
Not what it hath, but what it hath lost:
And making her life known, would cause my fear
'Twas greater than virtue's strength would bear.

13. Denble, Ravenshaw example of dialogue St. John Zachary, London, Eng. Sir James Pemberton, Knt, died 1615

(Dialogue between vitue and Death)

Vitue and death being both enamoured
On worthy Pemberton in heat of love
To be possessed of what each coveted
Thus did they dialogue, and thus they strove,

Virtue: - What virtue challengeth, is but her right.
Death: - What death lays claim to, who can contradict?
V. - Virtue whose power extends all other might.
D. - Where's virtue's power when death makes all submit?

15. (con't).

V. - I gave him life, and therefore he is mine.
D. - That life he held no longer than I list.
V. - I made him more than mortal, near Divine.
D. - How hapt he ~~immortal~~ could not then Death's stroke resist?
V. - Because (by nature) all are born to die.
D. - Then thine own tongue yields Death the victory
V. - No, Death, thou are deceived, thy envious stroke
Hath given him life immortal, 'gainst thy will
D. - What life can be but vanisheth as smoke?
V. - A life that all thy darts can never kill.
D. - Have I not locked his body in the grave?
V. - That was but dust, and that I bid thee keep.
D. - That is as much as I desire to have
His comely shape in my eternal sleep,
V. - But where's his honourable life, renown, and fame
D. - They are but breath, them I resign to thee
V. - Them most I covet. D - I prefer my claim
His body mine. V - Mine is eternity.

And so they ceased. Death triumph's o'er his grave
Virtue o'er that which Death can never have.

14. Sir Thomas Egerton (Lord Ellesmere) at St. Martin's-in-the-field, Eng.

Lord Chancellor of England (1540-1617) Patron to Ben Jonson)

Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen;
Tuta frequensque licet sit via, crimen habet.
Ovid (ars Amat. i. 565)

Translated by Theophilus Wodinoth:

A safe and common way it is by friendship to deceive,
But safe and common though it be, 'tis knavery, by your leave.

15. Beable Sir Charles Cavendish -,ob. 1617 Bolsover, Derbyshire.

(N.B. This address is found on his tombstone - as advice to his sons)

Sons, seek me not among these polished stones,
Those only hide part of my flesh and bones:
Which they did here so neat or proudly dwell,
Will all be dust and may not make no swell.
Let such as have outlived all praise
Trust in the tombs their careful friends do raise:
I made my life my monument, and yours,
To which there's no material that endures;
Nor yet inscription like it; write one that
And teach your nephews it to emulate:
It will be matter loud enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I lived. Farewell.

16. Graham, Suffling

Sir Walter Raleigh (1552?1618)

This famous knight was educated at Oxford (Oriel College) Married twice. Served in the wars in Ireland and France. Delighted Queen Elisabeth by charming manner etc and became a court favorite and Captain of the Guard. He was first to bring tobacco into England about 1573. He was a great conversationalist. He made many sea voyages including trips to American, Guiana. He also was quite a chemist. He acquired a considerable but ended up in the Tower. He also was quite a writer and composed the epitaph on Robert Cecil (earle of Salisbury) who died about 1656 while traveling from Bathe to London & place of his death was a ditch 5 to 4 miles west of Marlborough.

"Here lies Robert, our shepherd whilere,
Who once in a quarter our fleeces did sheer:
For his oblation to Pan his manner eas thus,
He first gave us a trifle, then offred up us.

177.

Also a favorite of King James but later was disliked and sent to the Tower and beheaded in 1618. Buried in St. Margaret's, Westminister after being beheaded on Lord Mayor's day in Oct. 1618.

The epitaph:

"Here lieth hidden in this pitt,
The wonder of the world for witt.
It to small purpose did him serve;
His witt could not his life preserve.
Hee living was belov'd of none,
Yet in his death all did him moane
Heaven hath his soule, the world his fame,
The grave his corps, Stukley his shame.

16. Graham, Suffling

Stow, Buckinghamshire

A valiant soldier, and an able statesman,
Who, endeavouring to rouse the spirit of his master,
For the honour of his country,
A gainst the ambition of Spain;
Fell a sacrifice to the influence of that court,
Whose arms he had vanquish'd,
And whose designs he oppos'd.

Mt.19. Graham

St. Margaret's, Westminister

Sir Walter Raleigh

Within the walls of this church
Was deposited the body of the great
Sire Walter Raleigh, Knight,
on the day he was beheaded in the old Palace Yard,
Westminster. October 18, 1618.
Reader! should you reflect on his error
Remember his many virtues, and that he was mortal!

20. Pettigrew, Suffling

Sir Walter's epitaph written by himself: 1618 St. Margtet's Westminster

Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth and joyes, and all we have,
And payes us with but age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our wayes,
Shuts up the story of our dayes;
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

21. Pettigrew, Graham, Loering

Mary Herbert, Countess of Penbroke (1555-1621)

She was sister to Sir Philip Sydney. She was a beautiful lady and excellent wit. She was a patroness of wit and learning, and pensioned several writers. She also was an amateur chemist. Her epitaph was written by William Browne who wrote the "Pastoralls".

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sydney's sister, Penbroke's mother
Death! er'st thou shalt kill such another
Fair and good and learn'd as shee,
Time will throw a dart at thee!" Aubrey "Brief Lives"

23. Pettigrew, Webb, Graham

The Earl of Strafford ob. 1641

Here lies wise and valiant dust,
Huddled up 'twixt fit and just;
Strafford, who was hurried hence,
'Twixt treason and convenience;
He spent his time here in a mist,
A Papist, yet a Calvinist.
His Prince's nearest joy and grief,
He had, yet wanted all relief;
The prop and ruin of the state,
The people's violent love and hate,
One in extremes lov'd and abhorr'd,
Riddles lie here, and in a word,
Here lies Blood! and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry. John Cleveland.

24. Webb

Sir Stephen Harvey 1630

Death is the painful way that all must tread,
Joyful to them that are by virtue led;
Then grieve not, friends, because I died so soon,
I my day's journey finished at noon.

25. Howe

Earl of Stirling ob 1640

Heir layes a farmer and a millar
A poet and a psalme book spillar
A purchassour by hook and crooke,
A forger of the service booke
A coppersmith quho did much evil
A friend to bishopes and the devill;
A vain ambitious flattering thing,
Late secretary for a king.
Some tragedies in verse he pen'd
At last he made a tragic end.

26. Arrine, Beable

Sir William Sutton Averham Church, Notts, England. ob 1640

Sir William Sutton's corpse here tomb'd sleeps,
Whose happy soul in better mansions keeps.
Thrice nine years lived he with his lady fair,
A lovely, noble, and like virtuous pair.
Their generous offspring, parents' joy of heart,
Eight of each sex, of each an equal part
Ushered to heaven their Father and the other
Remained behind him to attend their mother.

27, Beable — Lendkey, Devonshire — 1645, Elinor, Lady Vincent

Madame, to say you're dead were but to tell
A lie, or make me Poet Infidel.
You in your virtue live immortal that
Free from the dart of death, or stroke of fate,
You in your children live, your progeny,
And thro' a kind of immortality,
Your body but doth sleep, your grave's a bed
Your stone apillow, whereon to lie your head;
Till virtue, children, body, soul, anon
Shall all meet in the Resurrection.

28. Beable — Sir Shilston Calmedy 1645. Monbury, Devonshire.

This tomb's sublimed to a shrine and doth contain
An holier saint than could all legends feme,
Whose v irtues supersede our spice and balm
Whose name perfumes the breath it sounds the same
As when a fly's involved in amber 'twere
Less gain than pride such sepulchre
So life's not worth such honours as to have
Fame write his epitaph, hearts afford his grave.

29. Howe, Pettigrew — Sir Cope D'oyly Oxfordshire, Eng.

To the glorious memorie of that noble knight, Sir Cope D'oyly, late deputy Lieut. of Oxfordshire & justice of Oyer & terminer. Heir of the A ntient and famous family of the D'oyly's of the same countie, foundere of Noble Abbies of Osney and Missenden, etc.
Who put on Immortality the 14th of Aug. in the year of our Redemption 1655.

Ask not who is burned here
Go ask the Commons, ask the shire,
Go ask the church, they'll tell thee who
As well as blubber'd eyes can do;
Go ask the heralds, ask the poor,
Their ears shall have enough to ask no more,
Then if thine eye bedew this sad urn,
Each drop a pearl will turn
To adorn his tomb, or, if thou canst not vent,
Thou bringst more marble to his monument.

30. Howe — Sir Robert Cholmondley - Westminster Abbey

Founder of Cholmondley Schools at Highato

Robert
Cholmondley
1678

31. Howe — Near Woodbay Church - Sir Benjamin Rudyard ob. 1658, aet 86

Fond world leave off this foolish trick
Of making epitaphs upon the dead,
Rather go write them on the quick,
Whose souls on earthly flesh lye buried.
For in this grave lies nought of me
But my soul's grave - two graves well turn'd to one,
Thus do I live from death made free,
Trust me, good friend, I am not dead, but gone
To goe, and Christ my Saviour lone.

32. Howe — Sir John Lawrence Chelsea Church ob. 1658, aet 50

When bad men dye, and turn to their last sleep,
What stir the poets and engravers keep;
Try a feigned skill to pile them up a name
Alas! poor men! such most have need of stone
And epitaphs; the good, indeed, lack none,
Their own true works enough do give of glory
Unto their names, which will survive all story:
Such was the man lies here, who doth partake
Of verse and stone, but 'tis for fashion's sake.

33. Howe, Pulleyn — St. Dunstan's, Stepney. Dame Rebecca Berry. ob 1697, aet 52.

Come, ladies, you that would appear
Like angels fair, come, dress you here;
Come, dress you at this marble stone,
And make that humble grace your own,
Which once adorn'd so fair a mind
As yet e'er lodg'd in womankind;
So she was dress'd, whose humble life
Was free from pride, was free from strife;
Free from all the envious broils and jars -
Of human life, the civil wars.
She ne'er disturb'd her peaceful mind,
Which still was gentle, still was kind;
Her very looks, her garb and mien,
Disclos'd the humble soul within.
Trace her through every scene of life,
View her as widow, virgin, wife,
Still the same, - humble she appears,
The same in youth, - the same in years.
Go, ladies, now; and, if you'd be
As fair, as great, as good as she,
Go, learn of her, humility.

34. Howe — Fox - Westminster Abbey (northwest tower - a monument by Westmacott with this statesman resting on a mattress falling into the arms of Liberty. Peace, with the olive branche and dove, is reclining on his knee. An African negro is on knee thanking him for his part in the cause of Freedom.)

Charles James Fox
B. 24 Jan. 1749. N:S:
D. 15 Sept. 1806

35. Bemble, Pettigrew — James George, Seventh Duke of Hamilton — At Hamilton

Died 1769 - Aged 14
All the reflected dignity that shines
Through the long annals of two princely lines,
And all that liberal nature can impart
To charm the eye and captivate the heart,
A bosom glowing with fair honour's flame,
A thirst for science and a love of fame,
With every genuine mark that could presage
Intrinsic greatness in maturer age,
Adorn'd the youthful tenant of this tomb,
Torn from his country's hopes in vernal bloom.
Whoe'er thou art that views't this plaintive stone,
If ever thy soul exulted o'er a son,
If public fame, avowing his desert,
Echoed the praises of thy partial heart,
Tho' all may mourn, 'tis thou alone must know
The piercing anguish of a parent's woe.

(Moore)

38. Howe — Sir Robert Peel - Westminster Abbey (great statesmen)

Robert Peel
Born Feb. 5, 1788 Died July 2, 1850

37. Bemble, Pettigrew — Frances Poole, Viscounteas Palmerston, died 1769 - at Nuneham, Eng. on pedestal urn

Here shall our ling'ring footsteps oft be found;
This is her shrine, and consecrates the ground.
Here living sweets around hereafter rise,
And breathe perpetual incense to the skies.
Here too the thoughtless and the young may tread;
Who shun the drearier ,ansions of the dead;
May here be taught what worth the world has known;
Her wit, her sense, her virtue were her own;
To her peculiar - and forever lost
To those who knew, and therefore lov'd her most.
Ol if kind pity steal on virtue's eye,
Check not the tear, nor stop the useful sigh;
From soft humanity(s ingenuous flame,
A wish may rise to emulate her fame;
And some faint image of her worth restore
When those who now lament her are no more.

(by Whitehead)

38. Beable, Howe — Lady O'Looney — Pewsey Churchyard, Wiltshire, Eng.

Here lies the body of Lady O'Looney, great Piece of Durke, commonly called the "sublime". She was blank, passionate; and deeply religious; also she painted in water colors, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones - and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

39. Robert Cecil

Robert Cecil (earle of Salisbury) who died about 1656 while traveling from Bathe to London & place of his death was a ditch 3 to 4 miles west of Marlborough.

"Here lies Robert, our shepherd whilere,
Who once in a quarter our fleeces did shear:
For his oblation to Pan his manner was thus,
He first gave us a trifle, then offred up us.

40. Howe — Sir James Fullerton - at Waltham Abbey

Here lies the remnant of Sir James Fullerton, Knt., first gentleman f the Bedchmober to King Charles the First (Prince and King) a gratious Rewarder of all virtue; a severe reprover of all vice, a profest Renouncer of all vanitie. He was a firm pillar to the Commonwealth. a faithful patron to the Catholique Church. a faire Patterne to the British Court. He lived to the Welfare of this Country, to the honour of his Prince. to the glory of his god. He died Fuller of Faith, than of Feare, Fuller of Resolution than of Paine, Fuller of Honour than of Days.

41. Howe — Lord Norbury (said to have been written by himself) - he was a learned judge.

He's dead! glad, facetious punster,
Whose jokes made learned wigs with fun stir:
From heaven's high court, a tipstaff' s sent.
To call him to his pun -shment:-
Stand to yo r ropes! ye sexton's ring!
Let all your clappers, ding dong ding!
Nor-bury him without his due,
He was himself a Toler too. *Toler was his family name.

42. Howe — Lord Brougham (written by himself while in a playful mood)

Hear, reader, turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one half my speeches.

43. Howe — Sir Henry Wotton - at Eton College - in Latin - over his grave

Here lies the author of this sentence:
An itching for dispute is the scab of the church
Seek his name elsewhere.

44. Howe — Sir Christopher Wren - famous architect of many churches and buildings in London on the north door of St. Paul's cathedral, which he designed.

Si monumentum quaeris circumspice.
(If you seek his monument, look around.)

45. Bombaugh — Sir Thomas Vere

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck, and he died.

46. Beable — Sir T. Gravener by Sir T. Wyatt

Under this stone here lieth at rest
A friendly man, a worthy knight;
Whose heart and mind was every prest
To favour truth, to further right.

47. Diprose — In Chanter House, Chester — Hugh Lupus - Earl of Chester

At the head of his coffin was a stone in shape of a T, with a wolf's head in allusion to his name.

Although my corpse it lies in the grave,
And that my flesh consumed be;
My picture here now that you have,
An Earl sometyme of this cittye:
Hugh Lupe by name,
Sunn to the Duke of Brittany;
Of chivalrie then being flower,
And sisters sonne to William Conqueror.
To the honour of God I did edifie
The foundation of this monastery
The ninth year of this my foundation,
God changed my life to his heavenly mansion,
In the year of our Lord being gone
A thousand one hundred and one,
I changed this life verily
The 17th dale of July.

48. Webb — Sir Anthony Denny

Death and the King did, as it were, contend,
Which of the two here Denny greatest love:
The King, to show his love gan farre extend,
Did him advance his betters far above:
Were place, much wealth, great honour eke hm n gave,
To make it knowne what power great Princes have.
But when death came with his triumphant gift,
From worldly carke he quit his wearied ghost,
Free from the corpes, and straight to heaven it lift,
How doome that can who did for Denny must:
The King gave wealth but fading and undure,
Death brought him blisse that ever shall endure.

Surrey

Henry Earl of

40. Norfolk — Waltham Abbey — Sir Edward Denny

Learn, curious reader, ere thou pass
That once Sir Edward Denny was
A courtier of the chamber,
A soldier of the fielde -
Whose tongue could never flatter,
Whose heart could never yield.

50. Webb — Westminster Abbey — Sir Henry Leigh — epitaph by Sidley

Here Sir Henry Leigh is lying,
With his dony kneeling by him:
When he was alive and had his feeling,
Then she lay down when he was kneeling;
But now he's dead and has lost his feeling,
Now he lyes down, and she is kneeling.

51. Booth — Lord Coningsby (Impeached Harley, Earl of Oxford, Treasurer of Great Britain (1711) in reign of Geo. I) (Friend of Pope)

Here lies Lord Coningsby - be civil -
The rest God knows - so does the devil. (Pope)

52. Arvine, Howe (Double sayscurces of this epitaph is Pinger who wrote a life, of Lord Coningsby)

Pope's Parody on Lord Coningsby

"You know", says Pope, "I love short inscriptions and that may be the reason why I like the epitaph on the count of Mirandola so well, "viz

Johannes jacet hic Mirandola; cetera horunt
Et Tagus, et gangos, forsan et Antipodos.

"Sometime ago, I made a parody on it for a man of the very opposite character:

Here lies Lord Coningsby; be civil;
The rest God knows, perhaps the devil."

(L. Coningsby impeached Horley, Earl of Oxford of "high treason and other crimes and misdemeanors)

53. Howe — Lord Shaftesbury - Westminster Abbey - Indefatigable Christian philanthropist)

Anthony Ashley Cooper
Seventh Earl of Saftesbury
Born, April 28, 1801;
Died, October 1, 1885.
Endeared to his countrymen
By a long life spent in the cause
of the helpless and suffering
"Love - Serve."

54. Safford — Duke of Norfolk (a great whist player)

Here lies England's premier baron,
Patiently awaiting the last trump.

55. Booth — On Colonel Chartres (another epitaph on this infamous man by Dr. Arbuthnot)

Here Francis Chartres lies - be civil!-
The rest God knows - so does the devil! (Pope)

The above two epitaphs is an application of these Latin lines.

Johannes jacet hic Mirandula - caetera norunt,
Et Tagus et Ganges - forsan et Antipodes.

56. Booth — John Graham, Viscount of Dundee - known as Claverhouse (a soldier of distinguished courage & professional skill. Rapacious, profane, violent temper & obdurate heart. Scots regard him for his peculiar energy of heart. Tool of James II, goaded peasantry. Killed at battle of Killiecrankie July 17, 1689.

Oh, last and best of Scots! who didst maintain
Thy country's freedom from a foreign reign;
New people fill the land now thou are gone,
New gods the teples and new kings the throne.
Scotland and thee did each in other live,
Nor would'st thou her, nor could she thee survive.
Farewell, who dying didst support the state,
And coudst not fall, but with thy country's fate.
(Dryden)

57. Booth — Westminster Abbey (translation of part of Latin inscription)

On John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough - ob 1722
(one of English greatest generals and famous statesmen in reign of James II & William.)

In war's dire chance no sad reverse he found,
Fortune the favorite chief for ever crown'd.
His form here yields to Fate! his fame shall grow
When Mosa or Ister cease to flow.
Lo! Kings and bards their ashes round him blend,
Ambitious once the hero to befriend,
That on the Gaulish tyrant vwngeance hurl'd
The soul of Britain, Europe and the world.

58. — Dean Swift wrote this biting epigrammatic elegy

His Grace! impossible! what! dead!
Of old age, too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;

59. (con't.)

And, trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Three score, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time, in conscience, he should die!
This world he cumber'd long enough,
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold, his funeral appears,
Not widows' sigh, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse:
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died.
Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye b bbles raised by breath of Kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let pride be taught by this rebuke
How very mean a thing's a duke,
From all this ill got honours flung
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

59. Booth

Lord Wellesey. on his statue. in Latin translated by Lord Wellesley himself.

Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis
Invictum bello te colvere ducem.
Nunc umbrata geris, civili tepora quercii
Ut desit famae gloria nulla tuae.

Eurpoe and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name.
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine.

60.

On Lord Brougham's Daughter, Buried at Cannes
Another epitaph by Lord Wellesley.

Blanda anima e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo
Inter maternas, heu! lacrymasque patris
Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
Et levis, atque mali vix memor ipsa tui!
I pete celestes, ubi nulla est cura, recessus,
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies;
Donec nostecum, jam optata pace repostos
Jungat in aeterna luce suprema dies. (1839)

Doomed to long suffering from your earliest years,
Amidst your parents' grief and pain alone,
Cheerful and gay, you smiled to soothe their tears,
And in their agonies forgot your own:
Go, gentle spirit, and among the blest,
From grief and pain eternal be thy rest.

61. Booth — <u>Marquis of Winchester</u> (fifth marquis - staunch defender of King in civil war)

He who in impious times undaunted stood,
And midst rebellion durst be just and good,
Whose arms asserted, and whose sufferings more
Confirm'd the cause for which he fought before,
Rests here, rewarded by a heavenly prince:
For what his earthly could not recompense.
Pray, reader, that such times no more appear:
Or, if they happen, learn true honour here.
Ask of this age's faith and loyalty,
Which, to preserve them, heaven confin'd in thee.
Few subjects could a King like thine deserve:
And fewer, such a King so well could serve.
Blest King, blest subject, whose exalted state
By sufferings rose, and gave the law to fate.
Such souls are rare, but mighty patterns given
To earth, and meant for ornament to heaven - (Dryden)

62. Pulleyn — <u>On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke</u> by Ben Jonson

Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sydney's sister - Pembroke's mother -
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee!

63. Pulleyn — <u>On Marchioness of Winchester</u>

This rich marble doth inter,
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A Viscount's daughter, an Earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death.
Yet had the numbers ofher days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.

64. Pulleyn — <u>Countess of Huntingdon</u>

The chief perfections of both sexes join'd,
With neithers vice or vanity combin'd.
Of this ourage, the wonder, love and care,
The example of the following, and despair.
Such beauty, that from all hearts love must flow,
Such majesty, that none durst tell her so.
A wisdom, of so large and potent sway,
Rome's senate might have wish'd her conclave, May.
Which did to earthly thoughts so seldom bow,
Alive, she scarce was less in heaven than now:
So void of th' least pride, to her alone
The radiant excellencies seem'd unknown.

65. Pulleyn

On Lady Gin

To he^{r} eternal memory alone,
A grateful Briton consecrates this stone;
To her's alone, who, living, could import
A patriot's ardour to the coldest heart.
In church or state, who no distraction knew
Friend to all parties - to all parties true.
Oft for her church and king she zealous stood,
But always steadfast for the public good;
For public good she lavish'd out her store.
Her chiefest glory was to cheer the poor;
To glad the heart just breaking with despir,
To banish pain, and poverty, and care;
To soothe in ev'ry breast a various grief,
The maid's, the widow's, and the wife's relief.
In her the imprison'd wretch might comfort meet,
In her the poet find his last retreat,
Partial to none, her bounty unconfin'd,
Generous she liv'd, - a friend to most mankind.
So, in return, she liv'd by most caress'd,
To rich, as to the poor, a welcome guest.
But, when fate longer space of life deny'd,
As lov'd she liv'd - so she lamented died.
She died! Awhile, stop, gentle reader, here,
For such lost virtue drop a silent tear.
It is due to merit; for this faithful stone
Has not record a virtue not her own;
Nor doubt that such a female e'er could be,
When, sighing, you behold that Gin was she.

66/ Pulleyn, Loaring, Graham

Frederic, late Duke of Cumberland

Here lies Fred,
who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his Father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said.

67. Pulleyn, Graham

Litchfield Cathedral Lady Mary Wortley Montague

Sacred to the memory of
The Right Honourable
Lady
Mary Wortley Montague
who happily introduced from Turkey,
into this country,
The solutary art
of inoculating with the small-pox.
Convinced of its efficacy,
She first tried it with success
on her own children,
And then recommended the practice of it
to her fellow-citizens.
Thus, by her example and advise,
We have softened the virulence of this malignant
disease.

67. (con't.)

To perpetuate the memory of such benevolence,
And to express her gratitude
For the benefit she herself received
From this alleviating art,
This monuemnt is erected by
Henrietta Inge,
relict of Theodore William Inge, Esq.,
and daughter of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart.,
in the year of our Lord, 1789.

68. Pulleyn

Earl of Oxford

Athousand schemes, a thousand plots they frame,
To blast his honour, and aspserse his fame;
Food for a day, some new coin'd is found,
And the malicious whisper walks its round.
Loud the sham patriots of their virtue boast,
And talk to gaping crowds of freedom lost;
With blackest crimes the minister is charg'd,
His virtues lessen'd, and his faluts enlarg'd;
Calm and unmov'd, the idle tales he'd hear,
Declin'd to pity whom he seems to fear.

69. Pulleyn

Sir John Roe by Ben Jonson

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,
Glad-mention'd Roe; thou art but gone before,
Whither the world must follow; and I now
Breathe to expect my when, and make my how.
Which, if most gracious heav'n grant like thine,
Who wets my grove, can be no friend of mine.

70. Pulleyn

Wytham Church, Sussex - Charles, Earl of Sussex

Dorset, the grace of courts, the muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature - died!
The scourge of pride, though sanctified or great,
Of fops in learning, or of knaves in state,
Yet soft his nature, though severe his fate,
His anger moral, his wisdom gay.
Blest satyrist! Who touch'd the mean so true,
As showed vice had his hate and pity too,
Blest courtier! Who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendship and his ease;
Blest peer! His great forefather's every grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race,
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.

71. Pulleyn
see Graham version

On Duke of Buckingham

Oft for the King, but ever for the state,
In doubt I liv'd, but liv'd no reprobate;
And as I liv'd in doubts, in doubts I die;
Yet undisturbed, amdist uncertainty.
For to my Christ, I all homage pay.
In God alone my confidence I lay,
That all things does, and shall forever sway,
Being of Beings! Source of entity,
Of all that has been, is, or, e'er shall be,
Have mercy, O great being! upon me.

72. Graham

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham
Died Feb. 24, 1720 in the 74th year of his age.

I liv'd doubtful, not dissolute,
I die unresolv'd, not unresign'd/
Ignorance and error are incident to human nature
I trust in an Almighty and all good God.
O Thou Being of Beings, have compassion upon me.
For my King often, for my country forever.

73. Pulleyn

Sir Wm. Trembel by Pope

A pleasing form, a firm and cautious mind,
Sincere though prudent, constant, yet resign'd;
Honour unchanged, a principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest;
An honest courtier, yet a patriot, too,
Just to his prince, and to his country true;
Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth
A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth.
A generous faith, from superstition free.
A love for peace, and hate for tyranny.
Such this man was; who now, from earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that liberty he loved.

74. Pulleyn

Duke of Marlborough

Here lies John Duke of Marlborough,
Who run the French thorough and thorough;
He married Sarah Jennings, spinster,
Died at Windsor, and was buried at Westminster.

75. Pulleyn

St. Michael's Cemetery Crooked Lane
Sir Thomas Scot

Here lies Sir Thomas Scot, by name,
Oh, hapie Kempe that bore him!
Sir Reynold, with four knights of fame,
Liv'd lineally before him.

His wiefes were Baker, Heyman, Beere,
His love to them unfayned;
He liv'd nine and fyfty yeare,
And seventeen sowles he gayned.

75. (con't.)

His first wiefe bore them ererie one,
The world might not have myst her;
She was a verie paragon,
The Ladie Buckerst's syster.

His widow lyves in sober sorte
No matron more discretor;
She still reteiynes a good reporte
And is a great howsekeeper.

He 'beong call'd to special place)
Did what might best behove him;
The Queen of England gave him grace,
The King of Heaven did love him.

His men and tenants wail'd the daye
His Kinn and cuntrie cried;
Both younge and old in Kent may saye
Woe worthe the daye he died!

He made his porter shut his gates.
To sycophants and briebors
And ope them wide to greate estates,
And also to his neighbors.

His house was rightlye termed hall,
Whose bred and beef was redie:
It was a very hospitall,
And refuge for the needie.

From whence he never stept aside;
In winter, nor in summer.
In Christmastime he did provide
Good cheer for every comer.

When any servis should be donne,
He lyked not to lyngar;
The rich wold ride, the poor wold runn,
If he held up his fingar.

He kept tall men, he rydd great hors,
He did indite most finelye;
He us'd few words, but could discours,
Both wisely and dyvinelye.

His lyving meane, his charges greate,
His daughters well bestowed;
Although that he were lefte in debt,
In fine, he nothing owed.

But died in rich and happy state,
Belov'd of man and woman;
And (which is yeat much more than that)
He was envy'd of no man.

In justice he dyd much excell,
In law he never wrangled;
He loov'd relygion wondrous well,
But he was not new fangled.

76. Graham

Sir William Jones (self composed)

Here was deposited,
The mortal part of a man,
Who feared God but not death;
And maintained independence,
But sought not riches,
Whot thought
None below him, but the base and unjust,
None above him, but the wise and virtuous;
Who loved
His parents, kindred, friends, country with an ardour,
Which was the chief source of
All his pleasures and all his pains;
And who having devoted
His life to their service,
And to
The improvement of his mind,
Resigned it calmly
Giving glory to his Creator,
wishing peace on earth,
And with
Good will to all creatures,
On the (twenty-seventh) day of (April)
In the year of our Blessed Redeemer
One thousand seven hundred and (ninety-four)

OLD ENGLISH EPITAPHS

1. Pettigrew — Thornhill in Yorkshire, Eng. - a member of Saville family early 14th century

Bonyse emongg stonys Iys ful
Steyl qwylst the sawle wan
deris were that God Wylethe

(example of colloquial or vulgar english) (written in old english type)

2. Pettigrew — Wanlip Church, Leicestershire - Sir Thomas Walsh and Lady (from Waller's monumental Brasse)

Here lyes Thomas Walsch Knyght lorde of Anley and Dame Katrine his wife whiche in her tyme made the Kirke of Anley and halud the Kirk yeed first in wurchip of God and of oure ladye and seynt Nicholas that God have her sowles and mercy. anno dui millmo ccc monagesimo tercio. (in old English type)

3. Pettigrew — St. Antholins — Simon and Agnes Street, ob 1400

Such as I am, such sall ye be;
Grocer of London somtym was I:
The King's waigher more than yeres twenty.
Simon Street callyd in my plas,
An good fellowship fayn would tras.
Therfor in heven everlasting lif
Jesu send me and Agnes my wyf.
Kerli merli my words were tho,
And Deo Gratias, I added thereto,
I passyd to God in the yere of grase,
A thowsand four hundred just hit was.

4. Pettigrew — Holm Church, Norfolk, Eng. 1404. Henry de Nottingham and his wife (in old english type)

Henry Notingham and hys wuffe lyne here
Yat maden this churche, stepul, and quere,
Two vestments and belles they made also,
Crist hem save therefore fro wo!
and to bringe ther sowles to bles of heven
Saith Pater and Ave with mylde steven.

Henry de Nottingham was an itinerant judge in reign of Richard II and one of the council of the Duchy of Lancaster, 5th and 6th HenryiV

5. Pettigrew — St. Brides', Fleet Street, London — Wialliam and Elizabeth Wever 1409.

Under this ston William Wever doth ly,
Cityzon and Elizabeth his wyf hym by.
He died the viii and she the vii day of September,
Leving Geffrey, Mary and Ellin, thar children as I remember.
Whos sowls God receyve to favor and pease,
Wyth joyes to lyve that nevyr sal cease.

6. Pettigrew — St. Peter's, at St. Alban's. 1420

In the yere of Crist on thousand four hundryd ful trow
wyth fowr and sixteen
I Rychard Skipwith gentylman in birth, late fellow of
New Inne
On my age twenti on my sowl partyd from the body in
August the sixteenth day
And now I ly her abyding Gods mercy undyr this ston in
clay
Despring yow yt this sal see unto the Meyden pray for mee
that bare both God and man
Like as ye wold yt oder fo ye shold
When ye ne may not can.

7. Pettigrew — Higham Ferrers Church, Northamptonshire, 1425. William Chichele. (brother of celebrated Archbishop) and Beatrice, his wife.

Such as ye be, such wer we
Such as we be, such shal ye be: (old english type)
Lerneth to deye, that is the lawe,
That this lif yow to wold drawe,
Sorroe or Gladnes noughte letten age,
But on he cometh to Lord or page,
Wherfor for us that ben (goo)
(Preyeth as oth) er shall you doo,
That God of his benignyte,
On us have mercy and pite,
And nought rememb'r ou(r wyked)sse
Sith he has brought us of his Goodnesse. Amen.

8. Pettigrew — Arreton Church, Isle of Wight. 1430

Here is ybyried - under this grave
Harry Hawles - his soule god save
Long tyme steward - of the yle of Wyght
Have m'cy on hym - God ful of myght.

9. Pettigrew, Howe — Salle Church, Norfolk. 1454. (Cotman's monumental Brasses- state this was earliest representation of skeleton on a brass)

Here lyth John Brigge undir this marbil ston,
Whos sowle our lorde ihu have mercy upon,
For in this world worthyly he lived many a day,
And here his bodi is berried and couched undir clay,
Lo, frendis, see, whatever ye be, pray for me i you pray,
As ye me see in soche degree so schall ye be a other day.

10. Pettigrew — Stone, Eng. 1459 Richard Bonevant

Preyeth for the sowl in wey of cheritie
Of Richard Bontfant late mercer of London.
For the brethren and sisters of this fraternitie,
Owner of the plas called castle of the ston;
Remember hym that is leyd under ston.
For hys soul, & al christian to prey
To the merciful Jesew, a pater-noster anon,
An ave to his moder, and mak no delay,
In March which decyasyd the XIX dey.
In the year of our Lord God who kepe hym fro pyne
A thousand fowr hundryd fifty and nine.

11. Pettigrew — St. Michael Bassishaw, Eng. 1460 John Burton and his wife (Weever)

John Burton lyeth under here,
Sometimes of London, citizen and mercer;
And Jenet his wife with their progeny,
Been turned to erth, as ye may see.
Frends fere, what so yee bee, (old english type)
Prey for us we you prey,
As you see us in this degree;
So shall you be another dey.

12. Pettigrew — Chearsley, Eng. John and Margaret Franklyn 1462
(On a slab their effigies and their seven children)
Lipscombe, History of Buckingham, Vol. I P. 125

Her' lyth John Ffrenkeleyn and Margarete hys wyff, which ordeyned l leystowe to this chirche, and divine service to be doone every holyday in the yer! An. Mccccl xij on whos' soules God have mercy. Amen.

13. Pettigrew — Thame Church, Oxon

O certeyn deth that now hast outhrow
Richard Quatremayns squyer and sibil his wife that lie here full (Lowe)
That with rial Princes of counsel was true and wise famed
To Richard Duke of York and aftur with his sone King Edward the iiijth named
That founded in the chirche of Thame a chauntrie VI. Pore men and a fraternyte
In the worship of seynt Christofere to be relevid in Ppetuyte
(They) That of ther almys for their soulis a pater noster and (ave) devoutly wul sey
Of holy Ffadurs is granted that pdon of Dayes forty alwey
Wiche Richard and Sibil out of the worlde passid yere of
Oure Lorde A. MccccLX - uppon their soules JHU Have Mercy Amen.

14. Pettigrew (also Howe) — St. Mary's Church, St. Edmund's Bury. John Baret 1463
John (He that will sadly behold me with his ie
Maye see his own merowr and lerne to die) Baret

Wrapped in a schete, as a ful rewli wretche,
No mor of al my minde to me ward wil streche.
From erthe I kom and on to erth I am brought.
This is my natur: for of erth I was wrought.
Thus erthe onto erthe tendeth to knet. (old eng-
So endeth ech creature: doeth John Baret. lish type
Wherefore ye pepil in waye of charitie,
With your goode prayers I praye ye helpe me.
For such as I am: right so shelle ye al bi,
Now God on my sowle? have merci and pitie.
Amen

15. Pettigrew — Broxbourne Church, 1473

Here lyeth Dame Elizabeth sometyme wyf to Sir John Say Knight, daughter of Laurence cheny esguyer of Cambriggeshire, a woman of noble blode and most noble in ode manors which decessed the XXV day of September. The yere of oure Lord A. MCCCCLXXIII and entired in this chirche of Brokesborn abydyng the bodye of hir said husband whose soules God bryng to everlasting blisse
(old english type)

16. Pettigrew — St. Nicholas Acons., Eng. Richard & Elizabeth Payne 1463

O ye dere frendys whych sall here aftyr be,
Of your devotion please ye to remembyr
Me Richard Payne, which of this noble cite
Some tym whylst I liv'd, was citizen and drapier:
And thro Goddys grace buryd am I here
For mercy to abyd aftyr this lyf present;
Trestyng by preyer celestiall, joy to be my judgment.
Wherfor o my frendys dere, my soul ye like assist,
And eke Elizabeth my wyf and chyldren on by on,
And I sall prey God fro peyne yowr sowls to resist,
The sooner by mediation of blessyd St. Albi on,
On whos day in Jun of MCCCCLX and thrice on,
Then being the year of God, as hit him did plese
Out of this present world did I discese.

17. Pettigrew — St. Lawrence Old Jewry, Eng. 1465 John and Elizabeth Pickering.

The honorable merchant Jo'n Pickering,
And Elizabeth, lye undyr this ston:
Of the English merchant venturers undyr the kyng,
In the martis beyond see, governor was this Jon.
Thirty yeere & more that roome he did mantryn,
To his honor & worship, and died in Novembyr,
The XXIX day, MCCCC fourty & eight certyn
Whos soul & al christians for cheritie remembyr.

18. Pettigrew — Standon Church, Hertfordshire 1473

Here lyeth John Feld sometyme Alderman of London a merchant of the Stapull of Caleys the which deceased XVI day of August in the yere of our Lord God MCCCCLXXIII
Also her lyeth John hys son Squire ye whech deceased the IIIj day of May ye yere of —

19. Pettigrew — Colney, Eng. Thomas Bettys 1481

Quan the Belle ys solemplye rownge
And the messe wyth devosyon songe
Ande the mete meryly hete
Sone shall sere Thomas Bettys be forgete
on whose sowle God have mercy. Amen.
Qui obiit 2 die Aprilis, An. D'ni MCCCCLXXXI

20. Pettigrew — St. Alphage, Canterbury: John Caxton 1485

Pray for the sawlys of John Caxton and of Jone,
And Isabel that to this church great good hath done,
In making new in the chancell
Of Dextrys, and Setys as well,
An antiphon the which did bye,
With a table of the martyrdome of St. Alphye;
For thing much which did pay,
And departed out of this life of October the 12th day
And Isabell his second wiff
Passed to bliss where is no strife
The xijth day to tell the trowth
Of the same moneth as our Lord knoweth
In the yeare of our Lord God, a thousand fower hundred fower score and five.

21. Pettigrew — St. Antholin's, Eng. Dr. Lempster - died 1487

Under this black marble ston, lyth the body of Master Walter Lempster, doctor of physick, and also phisition to the high and mighty prynce Hen. VII, whi which Master Lempster gayve unto thys chyrch too cheynes of fyne gold, weying XIIII ounces and a quarter, for to make a certeyn ornament, to put on the blessyd body of our Saviour Jesu. He died the IX of March, Mccccclxxxvij who sowl God Pardon.

22. Pettigrew — Winwick Church, Lancashire - on a brass - 1492 (in old english type)

Here lieth peers Gerard esquyer sŏn and heyre of Sir Thomas Gerard, Knyght of the Bryne whiche maried Margaret, daughter to Sir Willm Starley of Paton, Knyght and oone of the heyres of Sir John Bromley Knyght, which died the XIX day of June the yere of oure Lord Mccccclxxxxij on whose sowle God have mercy. Amen.

23. Pettigrew — Dartford, Kent - Richard Brylton and wife - 1496

O pytefull creatur conceiving erthly sepulture
of Katryn brylton subterrat ix day wt yn June
Thowsand iiij c lxxxxvj yer accurrent
wt rychard brylton Jantilma spows to the Katryn
Expired thowsand Vc - - - -
wt hyer thus cumbent ask criest magee yt is urgent
wher throw y pray our of theys twen schall he be
savyour.

SOME EXAMPLES OF 16th CENTURY EPITAPHS. (on a brass - in old english type)

24. Pettigrew — Stoke Rochford, Lincolnshire - Oliver St. John ancestor of Viscounts Bolingbroke. (1503)

Pray for the soll of Mastyr Olyr Sentjohn, Squier sonne unto ye right excellent hye and mighty prynces duchess of Somsete gndame unto ou soveyn Lord Kynge Herre the VII and for the soll of dame Elizabeth By god his wiff who deptid this trasitore liffe ye XV day of June, ye of ou lord in ccccc and iij.

25. Pettigrew — Over Winchenden Church, Buckinghamshire. 1505 20th Henry VII
John Stedeley, Canon

Syr John Stedeley and hys mother Emmot lynn under thys marbyll stone have wynde of us forgot us nat we pray to you frendys every ehone that our soulis in blys may be say A pater noster with an ave ...

26. Pettigrew — St. Mary, at Tower, Ipswich

Of your charitie pray for the soull of Alys late the wyf of Thomas Baldry merchant some tyme the wyfe of Master Robert Wymbyll notari which Alys decessed the iiij$th day of August the yere of oure Lord thousand cccc VI on whose soul ihu have mercy and on all cristin soullis. Amen.

27. Pettigrew — St. Margarets, Westminster: - John and Agnes Den 1510

Here lyes under this ston,
John Den barber surgeon
And Agnes hys wyf, who to hevyn went,
Mcccc & x that is verament.
For whos soul, of your cheritie,
Say a pater noster & an ave.

28. — St. Michael, Penkivil, near Falmouth

Pray for the soule of Maister John Trembas maister of arte & late p'son of this churche which decessed the XIIj of Septembre in the yere of our Lord God m'l v^{c} & XV on whose soule thu have mercy.

29. Pettigrew — Saffron, Walden - 1511 Thomas Holden

Have mercy good Lord on the soul of Thomas Holden
That hit may rest wyth God good neyghbors say Amen.
He gave the new organs whereon hys name is set;
For bycause only yee should not hym forget;
In your good preyers: to God he tooke hys woy,
On thowsand fyve hundryd and elevin, in Novembyr the fourth dey.

30. Pettigrew — Stoke D'Aubernon, Surrey:

Pray for the sowle of Elyn bray dowghtur of Sir Edmond bray Knight and Jane hys wyfe which elyn dyed ye XVI day of May An. MVXVI

31. Pettigrew — Great Berkhampstedd - Kateryne Incent.

Here lyeth buryed under thys stone the bodye of Katoryne Incent sumtyme the wyfe of Robert Incent gent'father and mother unto John Incent, docto' of ye Lawe, who hath done many benefyt and ornament given unto thys chapell of Seynt John which sayd Katoryne dyed the XI day of Marche ye XII yere of the reygne of King Henry the VIII.

32. Howe — St. Botolp, Harington, Eng.

This is most hartely for to desire
Th redera here of theyr devocyon
To prey for the solle of Laurence Saunders, Esquyer,
Who departyd thys world by Goddes vocacyon
In the year of Chrysty's incarnacyon
A thousand five hundred forty fyve
The fortenth of July he was ded and alyve.

33. Beable — Micklehem, Gloucester 1618 John Bonner

Here lieth entombed John Bonner by name,
Son of Bonner of Pebworth from there he came,
The 17th of October, he ended his days
Pray God that we living may follow his ways
1618 by the year
Scarce are such to be found in the shire
Made and set up by his loving friend
Evens, his kinsman, and so I do end.

34. Howe — Norwich, Eng. Daniel Lattow, ob 1614, aet 29

Whose vertues cause him live, tho' hee,
From mortall eyes, here hidden bee.

35. Beable — Tedstone, De-la-mer - Frances Bateman 1678

Heav'n took her soule; the ~~knnx~~ earth her corpse did seise;
Yet not in fee; she only holds by lease,
With this proviso - when the Judge shall call
Earth shall give up her share, and heav'n take all.

36. Beable — Newport, Mon, Eng. William Morgan, aged 48 - 1678

Stay, gentle reader, stay, drop down one tear
Though heart of flint and eye of pumice were,
Good, just, discreet, strong, debonnaire and wise,
Man at his zenith midst Death's trophies lies,
And bids the bravest at the best beware
Whatere thou art he was, thyself prepare.

37. Beable — Stepney, Eng. - 1683

Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly,
For underneath the saine doth lie
Your honest friend, Will Wheatley.

38. Beable — Braunston, Northants Wm. Borrows 1703

'Tis true I led a single life
And ne'er was married in my life,
For of that sex I ne'er had:
It is the Lord: his will be done.

St. Mary Magdalene, Taunton

Consecrated to the blessed memory of Robert Graye, Esq., and Founder. Aged 65.

Taunton bore him: London bred him:
Pity trained him: virtue led him:
Earth enrich'd him: Heaven caressed him:
Taunton blessed him: London blessed him:
This thankful town; that mindful city
Share his piety and his pity
What he gave, and how he gave it.
Gentle reader, He ven may strike
Thy tender heart to do the like
Now thine eyes have read the s ory
Give him the praise end god the glory.

40. Beable — Saltford, Somerset — 1723 — Frances Flood

Stop reader and wonder! See as strange as e'er was known,
My feet dropt off from my body, in the midst of the bone
I had no surgeon for my help, but God Almighty's aid,
On whom I always will rely and never be afraid
Tho' here beneath interred they lie, corruption for to see;
Yet shall they rise and reuinte to all eternity.

41. Beable — Bwerne Minster, Dorset. — 1716 — Mary Tilly

Reader behold me; I return to dust
Yet at the resurrection of the just,
My body to my soul shall be united,
To love with Christ, in whom I have delighted.

42. Beable — Bwerne Minster, Dorset — 1758 — Jane Wyatt

O thou most beloved sister and dearest friend,
Let me thus bid thee a sorrowful but as my
soul hopes, not an everlasting farewell.

43. Beable — St. Winnion, Cornwall — 1713 — Edmund Stephens aged 72

When he had served his god, his church, his friend,
His family, 'twas fit his life should end:
As then he had no more strength to bestow,
And God for him had no more work to do.
Even as a guest well fed with nature's stores,
Thankful and pleased, steps slowly out of doors,
So did he leave the world, went off the stage
Gently, not cloy'd, but satisfied with age.
More time he asked not, but obey'd the call
That then did him, at last shall summon all.

44. Beable — Wraxall, Dorsetshire — 1672 Elizabeth Lawrence

Goodness in heaven gave a birth
In her to goodness here on earth:
And having time long with her blest
Took her to heaven there to rest.
Goodness on earth doth now in mourning go,
Because she hath no pattern here below.

45. Beable — Caltistocke, Dorsetshire — 1800 Elizabeth Chudleigh

Smitten friends!
Are angels sent on errands full of love.
For us they languish and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful shall we grieve their hovering shades
Which wait the reformation in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayers?

46. Beable — Bishop's Caundle, Dorsetshire — 1798 Susanna Wheffen

Sober, though liberal, and though prudent, just:
Trusty, though cautious whom she ought to trust:
She passed through life respected and admired,
To that blest kingdom she so much desired.

47. Beable — Great Waltham, Essex — 1600 Thomas Wyseman

Who lists to see and know himself
May look upon this glass,
And weighthe beaten paths of death
Which he shall one day pass.

Which was Thomas Wyseman
With patient mind hath gone,
Whose body here as death hath charged
Lieth covered with this stone.

Thus dust to dust is brought again,
The earth she hath her own:
This shall the last of all men be
Before the trump is blown.

48. Beable — St. Helen's, Bishopgate, London — (punctuation inserted by me)

Epitaph
On the lamented death of his honoured friend
William Drax,
Esq., who exchanged this life for immortality Dec. 17, 1699, in the 63 year of his age.

To thy dear memory, blest soul, I pay
This humble tribute though in such a way
As rather doth proclaim my want of skill
Than any want of love or heart or will.
True to thy trust, none in thy memory
Can change thee more or less with treachery.
Bring forth the person, Rich, poor, old or young
That can justly say he ever did them wrong.

48. (con't.)

In others weal or woe, thy heart
Would sympthasize and take its part.
Oh! What's more like the deity
Than blessed hoary piety?
A soul fitted for heaven when Glorious Grace
Triumphs with him in his sure resting place.
But is he dead? Can I believe
That he should die and we should live?
Methinks we may the knot untie;
Better to live, fitter to die.
Now death I see doth wisely choose
The gold but doth the dross refuse.
Sleep not without hope; cry not alas,
He's better where he is than where he was
Hark, is not that his voice? doth he not say
Heaven's meanest mansions, is worth this globe of clay?
Who so doth live and do and die like thee
His fame shall last to all eternity.

49. Beable — Cheltenham, Gloucestershire 1640 the wife and daughter of Dr. English vicar

Dear souls & blest! You both delivered be,
Having exchanged your prison before me:
Whilst I survive to live, and found it true,
That I grieve for myself more than you.
Nor can tears quench my zeal, like funeral fire
That flames for her I loved till I expire.

50. Beable — Banbury, Oxon.

To the memory of Mr. William Whateley, later Alderman and once Mayor of the borough. Died Jan. 24, 1647

He was like Enoch in his walk,
In zeal like Phineas more than talk!
Job-like a perfect upright man,
In mercy the Samaritan.
A foe to error and false ways
& strict observer of God's days.
Called up the account, and when you're done
Say, we have lost many in one.

51. Beable — Chicheley, Oxon. 1640 John Chester, aged 3 years (many similar epitaphs to children based on this one)

Grieved at the world and crimes, this early bloom
Look around, and sighed, and stole into his tomb,
His fall was like his birth, too quick this rose
Made haste to spread, and the same haste to close
Here lies his dust, but his best tomb's fled hence
For marble cannot last like innocence.

52. Beable — Vange, Essex — 1659 Mary Maule and her only male child Charles

Reader, put off thy shoes, thou treadest on Holy
earth,
Where lies the rarest Phoenix & her only birth.
Whom she survived, O strange unheard of wonder
But(alas) now dead, those pavements buried under.
Lament her loss, the world grows worse; of her rare
brood
There is none left, to breed the like; she was so
good,
Blest Saint! once more equal, O might I now adore
thee
My bliss, my love, that thou art gone before me
O let thy cinders warm that Bed of Dust for me
(Thy husband) till I come by thee.

53. Beable — Balquhidder, N.B. — 1680 Isobel Campbell

Stones weep though eyes were dry:
Choicest flowers soonest die:
Their sun oft sets at noon,
Whose fruit is ripe in June.
Then tears of joy be thine,
Since earth must soon resign
To God what is divine.

54. Beable — Kurston, Norfolk — 1665 Anne Derey

Reader, stay, and you shall hear
With your eye, who 'tis lies here:
For when stones do silence break
The voice is seen not heard to speak.

55. Beable — Lenbridge, Herts. — 1666 Edward Pennell

In so little place doth lie,
Virtue, goddness, loyalty,
He who in all relations stood
And basest times, both true and good.
'Tis for no common loss our tears we shed
Here the best husband, father, friend is laid.

56. Beable — Banham, Norfolk — 1685 — Robert Clarke, aged 59

But is Clarke dead? What dost thou say?
His soul's alive - his body here doth lie
But in a sleep until the judgment day
And live he shall unto eternity:
May say he's dead - I say so too,
And ere awhile they'll say the same of yuu.

57. Beable — Fowey, Cornwall — 1655 — Mary Courtney

Near this a rare jewel's set
Closed up in a cabinet
Let no sacrilegious hand
Break through - 'tis the strict command
Of the jeweler: who hath said
(And 'tis fit he be obeyed)
I'll require it safe and sound
Both above and under ground.

58. Beable — Exeter Cathedral — 1614 — Dorothy Doddridge

As when a curious clock is out of frame
A workman takes in pieces small the same
And mending what amiss is to be found
The same rejoins and makes it true and sound.
So God this lady into two parts took
Too soon her soul her mortal corse forsook
But by his might at length her body found
Shall rise rejoined unto her soul new crowned
Till then they rest on earth and heaven sundered
At which conjoined all such as live we the wondered.

59. Beable — Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire — 1617 — John Sherman

Under this monuemnt lies one
Did good to many, hurt to none.
Mended the rich, relieved the poor,
Was kind to all - who can do more?
That loved hospitality,
Yet hated prodigality.

60. Beable — Becton, Devonshire — 1638 — Denys Rolle Age 24

His earthly part within this tomb doth rest,
Who kept a Court of Honour in his breast
Birth, beauty, wit and wisdom sat as Peers,
Till death mistook his virtues for his years;
Or else Heaven envied Death so rich a treasure
Wherein too fine the ware, too scant the measure.
His mournful wife her love to show in part,
This tomb built here, a better in her heart:
Sweet babe, his hopeful heir, (heaven grant this boon
Live but so well; but oh! die not so soon.

61. Beable — Totnes, Devonshire — 1639 — Grace Grylls

Here lieth Grace a flower gay,
Far passing all the flowers of May,
Even at the springtime of the year
Was pluckt, and feicht as fit to be
In hands of the highest majesty.
Then let us praise God for this
That she is crowned with endless bliss.

62. Beable — <u>Colverleigh, Devonshire</u> 1638 George Southcote, Thomas and Mary Southcote and Mary Colman their daughter.

Here in one bed of earth asleep do lie
Three generations, for they did not die
Nor lose a being, but exchanged, and must
At the trumpet's sound awaken out of this dust.
Here's but their corps, in heaven their souls do dwell,
Live here, so to live there with them, Farewell.

63. Beable — <u>St. Saviour's Dartmouth</u> 1637 Gilbert Stapehill, ex-Mayor

Behold thyself by me
I was as thou art now
And thou in time shalt be
When dust as I am now.
So doth this figure paint to thee
The form and state of each degree.

64. Beable — <u>Shayford, Devonshire</u> 1644, Mary Whiddon

Reader, wouldst know who here is laid?
Behold a matron, yet a maid:
A modest look, a pious heart,
A Mary for the better part:
But dry thine eyes, why wilt thou weep?
Such damsels do not die but sleep?

65. Beable — <u>Ashburton, Devonshire</u> 1623 William Burgoin

Here lies Will Burgoin, a Squire by descent
Whose death in this world many people lament:
The rich for his love,
The poor for his alms
The wife for his knowledge
The sick for his balms
Grace he did love and vice cntrol
Earth hath his body and Heaven his soul
The twelfth day of August in the morn died he
One six and two three.

66. Beable — <u>Ashburton, Devonshire</u> 1637 Thomas Harris

Fear not to die,
Learn this of me,
No fear in death
If good thou be.

67. Beable — <u>Weare Giffard, Devonshire</u> about 1625 On a monument erected in honor of the Fortescue family. At top is an eye surrounded by clouds with issuing rays, beneath kneeling figures, and medallions containing busts of several generations of children.

Stay, reader, stay, this structure seems t'invite
Thy wandering eyes, on it to fix thy sight.
In this pile's summit thou mayest descry
Heaven's all beholding and all guiding eye
That sheds his benedictions gracious beams.
Of love and ogoodness on these fruitful streams
Of ~~With~~ various issue, sprung from nupcial ties
With various ancient worthy families

67. (con't.)

The long liv'd race of ancient Fortescue
Combined in holiest rites, on Time's fair scroll
With Chichester, then Speccott; last with Rolle
And lon g and wide may sacred grace and Fame
Produce and propagate this generous name
That it may brook what Honour gave in field
Le fort escue, the strong and lasting shield,
A shield not only their own right to fence,
But also to repel wrong's violence
Which, that it may accordingly be done
Pray! Reader, pray God be their Shield and Sun.

68. Heanton - Punchardon, Devonshire 1651 Sarah Colenore

Thy ashes here; but in my mind
Thy love and worth I have enshrin'd
Sleep dust then fill my soul in state
Descend to fetch hence its old mate
When cloth'd with glory both shall shine
For ever Christ's which once were mine.

69. Bebble Barnstaple 1649 Richard Ferris, twice Mayor od Barum

Reader, if thou wouldst know this gem that lies
Cased in this marble, first ask the poors eyes
Who that they may preserve their dear loss safe
Write in their lasting tears his epitaoh.
Then, read the school by him endowed t'advance
Arts 'bore monster teeming ignorance.
If next you'd learn the prudence of the gown
And whom he held the scales, ask the whole town -
But lastly, view this place, which though it is
God's house by right, his zeal yet made it his
Here would he live - here he full oft hath been
To speak to God and hear God speak to him.
So that to write his epitaph must be
To picture justice, Arts, Faith, Charity
Let marble quarries then elsewhere be spent
Not stones but deeds built up this monument.
Reader, this tomb speaks not unto thy eyes
But to thy hands - go thou and do likewise.

70. Beable Monkleigh, Devonshire 1651 William Gaze

Since epitaphs have given speech to stones,
Their Rhetoric extorted sighs tears, groans:
Some teach Divinity; but this commends:
Dries tears, stop sighs, and strangleth groans of friends
Oxford's academie so prized his parts:
That it did crown him Laureate of Arts:
In country he read men, in Court the laws,
Lived both with sweet contentment and applause:
Expired by degrees: yet our comfort's this
That death his convoy was from pain to bliss:
Since temperance, Prudence, Candour, Pity
Transports from Grace unto Felicity.

71. Beable — Ashburton, Devonshire 1643 Robert Gaunter, Gent.

His pious soul wrapped in distmepered earth
Was now prepared for a second birth;
He straight ascending the celestial spheres,
Cast off her mantle, and hath left it here.

72. Beable (Suffling) denunciatory — Kings Teignton, Devon 1670 Richard Adlam

Damn'd tyrantm can't profaner blood suffice?
Must Priests that offer be the sacrifice?
Go, tell the genii that in Hades lie,
Thy triumphs o'er this sacred Calvary,
Till some just Nemesis avenge our Cause
And force this Kill-priest to reverse good laws.

73. Beable — Morchard Bishop, Devonshire 1690 Hannah Wheeler

Grace, sweetness, beauty - yet not touched with pride
She lived beloved, and much lamented died.

74. Beable — Stoke St. Nectan, Devonshire 1720 Henry Wilcock

Stay awhile you passersby
And see how I in dust do lie
Tho' I lie here in confusing mould
I shall rise up like shining gold.

75. — North Stoneham, Hants 1708 John Vine

I hope, I think, I understand
Here lies the body of an honest man
I trust in Christ and hope that he
The joys of Heaven now do see.

76/ Beable — Oakham, Rutland 1707, James Marshall

Farewell poor world, I must be gone,
Thou art no home, no rest for me,
I'll take my staff and travel on
Till I a better world may see
Put on, my soul, put on with speed
Tho' the way be long, the end is near:
Once more, poor world, farewell indeed.

(The last line is illegible)

77. — Ashton, Gloucestshire Edward Strange

Vain King of Terrors, boast no more
Thine ancient wide extended power,
Each Saint in life, with Christ his head
Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

78. St. Petrock's, Dartmouth 1609 John Roope

'Twas not a winded nor a withered face.
Nor long gray hairs, nor dimness in the eyes,
Nor feeble limbs, nor uncouth trembling pace,
Presaged his death that here entombed lies:
His time was come, his Maker was not bound
To let him live till all these marks were found.
His time was come, that time he did embrace
With sense and feeling, with a joyful heart,
As his first passage to a better place,
Where all his cares are ended and his smart
This Roope was blessed that trusted in God alone:
He lived two lives where others lived one.

79. St. Giles' Shrewsbury

Here Charles Rathbone he doth lie
And by a misfortune he did die
On the 17th of July
1751

80. Hastings, Sussex 1751 Joseph Dain

Good people as you pass by
I pray you on me cast an eye
For as ~~I am so~~ you am so once was I
And as I am so must you be
Therefore prepare to follow me.

81. Beable Melrose, N.B. 1751 James Ramsay

The earth goeth on the earth
Glittering like gold
The earth goeth to the earth
Sooner than it would
The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers
The earth says to the earth.

82. Beable Guildsgeld, Montgomeryshire 1769 David Williams

Under this yew tree
Buried he would be
Because his father he
Planted this yew tree.

83. Beable Ripon, Yorkshire 1770 Jane Shepherd

Short was my stay in this vain world,
Allbut a seeming laughter
Therefore mark well my words and ways
For thou com'st posting after.

84. Beable — Newland, Gloucestershire 1770 George Morgan

Say more I need not, and say less who can
Here lies the generous, humane, honest man.

85. Beable — Hantlep, Essex

I coo and pine and ne'er shall be at rest
Till I come to the dearest, sweetest, best
Rebeka Gregor
daughter of John Osborne, Esqr.
of this parish lies here buried.
1771

86. Beable — North Mimons, Hertfordshire

Thus youth, and age, and all things pass away,
Thy horn is now as his was yesterday:
Tomorrow shall another take thy room,
The next day he a prey for worm's become:
And on your dusty bones shall others tread,
As now you walk and trample on the dead,
Till neither sign or memory appear,
That you had ever birth or being here.

87. Beable — Chipping, Sodbury, Gloucestershire 1642 Elizabeth Oldfield

Here is the wardrobe of my dusty clothes
Which hands divine shall brush, and make so gay
That my immortal soul shall put on
And wear the same upon my wedding day
In which attire my Lord shall me convoy.
Then to lodging of eternal joy.

88. Beable — Strathmarten, N.B. 1690 James Anderson

Among the earth beneath this stone
Doth his forefathers lie
And this hath been their burial place
Since mans rememberie.

89. Beable — St. Leonard's, Shore Ditch 1592 Elizabeth, wife of John Skory, Bishop of Hereford.

Her corpse here lies in chest
Her soul in heaven now lives,
And she enjoys that rest
Which God to his saints gives
For in Christ did she trust,
That he will her restore
Again out of the dust
To live for evermore.

90. Beable — <u>St. Stephen, Coleman Street</u> 1611 Barne Roberts

If human worth could have preserved him still,
He had been much too strong for death to kill
Yet being conquered, he got, by the strife,
A better being in a better life:
So that great victor over nature left him
More happiness tenfold than he bereft him.

91. Beable — <u>All Hallows, Lombard Street, London</u> 1613 Izan Edwards

The soul in heaven, the body here, of Izan lies,
By her John Edwards good, and by her parents both:
She dear to all her three, that living, still cries
Lay me by them, for other grave I loathe
Oh God! That hearst the cry of this thy creature
Make Izans many, in virtue, Grace, and feature
As love (in life) conjoined us ~~mmh~~ once,
And God (by death) disjoined us twain:
So love (by death) rejoined our bones
And God (in joy) joined us again.

92. Beable — <u>St. Swithin, Cannon Street</u> 1632 George Bolles, Lord Mayor

He possessed earth as he might heanen possess
Wise to do right, but never to oppress
His charity was better felt than known
For when he gave there was no trumpet blown
What can more be comprised in one man's fame,
To crown a soul, and leave a living name.

93. Beable — <u>St. Dunstan's in the West</u> 1631 Edward Cordell

He e Edward Cordell, Squire, lies:
Who, hwen he life possessed,
Had place among the learned and wise
And credit with the best.
<u>Abigail Hemingham</u>, his wife
<u>This monuemnt</u> prepared
For love to him, who in his life,
To love her well declared.
God hath his soul, this earth his earth,
Her heart his love still keeps,
The odds 'twixt you and him is breath,
Which gone, all flesh thus sleeps.

94. Beable — <u>St. Bartholomews, London</u> 1641 James Rivers

Within this hollow vault there rests the frame
of the high soul which once informed the same
Torn from the service of the state in's prime
By a disease malignant as the time!
Whose life and death designed no other end
Than to serve God, his Country, and his friend:
Who when Ambition, Tyranny, and Pride
conquered the Age, conquered himself and died.

95. Howe

Taunton Church, Somerset, Eng. - Robert Gray

Taunton bore him, London bred him;
Piety trained him, virtue led him,
Earth enriched; Heaven caressed:
This thankful town, that mindful city,
Share his piety and his pity.
What he gave and how he gave it,
Ask the poor and you shall have it.
Gentle reader, heaven may strike
Thy tender heart to do the like.
And now thy eyes have read this story,
Give him the praise and Heaven the glory.

96. Howe

In churchyard of Areley-Kings, Worcestershire - There is a dial, whose supporting pillar had carved in its four sides figures of Time, Death, etc. and following inscriptions:

On south side - where is figure of Time

"Aspice - ut aspicias"
Time's glass and scythe
Thy life and death declare:
Spend well thy time, and
For thy end prepare.
O! man, now or never;
While there is time, turn unto the Lord,
And put not off from day to day.

On North side - figure of Death, standing upon a dead body, with his dart hour glass, and spade.

Three things there be in very deede,
Which make my heart in grief to bleede:
The first doth vex my very heart;
In that from hence I must departe;
The second grieves me now and then,
That I must die, but know not when;
The third with tears bedew my face,
That I must die, nor know the place.
I.W.
fecit, Anno DMi
1687.

97. Howe

Wortley Churchyard

William Rogers, of Bank.,
died August 29th, 1771
aged 49.
The man that lies here
To pride was not inclined;
Bu endeavours and care
He left something behind.

98. Howe — St. Nicholas, Yarmouth

Here lyeth ye body of
SARAH BLOOMFIELD
Aged 74
Cut off in blooming youth we can but pity.

99. Howe — All Saints' Church, Tottenham

(1) Sacred
To the mortal remains of
WILLIAM HENRY WARREN,
Who departed this life July 20th, 1828, aged 33 years
Tred lightly on his ashes
Ye men of genius:
For he was your kinsman.
Weed his grave clean,
Ye men of goodness
For he was your brother.

100. (2) To the memory of
Henry Hare Townsend, Esq.
OBIIT: 5 Aprilis 1827. Aetatis 61.

Here lies a man who acted well his part
On life's great stage, and own'd a noble heart.
Prompt was his hand the indigent to bless,
The passport to his bounty was - distress,
Clear to the last, his mental vigours shone,
And all he loved were loved till life was flown.
Move, then, with reverence near this mouldering earth.
And think on Townsend, when you think of Worth.

101. Howe — St. Bride's Minor, Glamorganshire. Edward Morgan ob. 1828

O Earth! O Earth! observe this well
That earth to earth must come to dwell
Then earth in earth shall close remain
Till earth from earth shall rise again.

102. Howe — Melrose Churchyard

The earth goeth on the earth
Glistring like gold
The earth goes to the earth
Sooner than it wold
The earth builds on the earth
Castles and towers;
The earth says to the earth
All shall be ours.

103. Beable — Herne, Kent 1637 John Knowles

Here lies a piece of Christ, a star in dust,
A view of gold, a china dish that must
Be used in Heaven when God shall feed the just
Approved by all, and loved so well,
Tho' young, like fruit that's ripe, he fell.

104. Beable St. Benet-sherebog 1613 Anne Ferrar, aged 21

Here was a bud, beginning for her May:
Before her flower, Death took her hence away.
But for what cause? That friends might py the more
Where their hope is, she flourisheth now before.
She is not lost, but i those joys remain
Where friends may see and joy in her again.

105. Howe High Wycombe Churchyard Thomas Aldridge, aged 90 yrs.

Of no distemper
Of no blast he died;
But fell
Like autumn fruit,
That's mellowed long,
E'en wondered at,
Because he dropt no sooner.
Providence seemed to wind him up
For fourscore years; yet he ran on
Nine winters more: till, like a clock,
Worn out with beating time,
The wheels of weary life
At last stood still.

106. Howe Inglishcombe, Eng. John Rosewell, ob. 1687, aet 89

This grave's a bed of Roses; here doth ly
John Rosewell, gent., his wife, nine children by.

107. Howe Westerham churchyard, Kent.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
Into thy arms, my God, I flies

108. Howe Castledon Churchyard, Derbyshire

If all mankind would live in mutual love,
This world would much resemble that above,
And the remains that lie interred here
A loving husband was and Father dear;
No factions he did raise nor any riot,
He did his business, studied to be quiet:
So let him rest in undisturbed dust
Until the resurrection of the just.

109. Howe Bow Cemetery

Oh! the worm, the rich worm has a noble domain
For where monarchs are voiceless, I revel and reign:
I delve at my ease and regale where I may:
None dispute the poor earthworm his will or his way;
The high and the bright for my feasting must fall;
Youth, beauty, and manhood, I prey on ye all!
The prince and the peasant, the monarch and slave,
All, all must bow down to the worm and the grave,

110. Howe — Litchfield, Connecticut

Sacred to the memory of inestimable worth, of unrivalled excellence and virtue (name), whose ethereal parts became seraphic on the 25th day of May, 1867.

111. Howe — In a churchyard near London, Eng.

Stop, reader! I have left a world
In which there was a world to do;
Fretting and stewing to be rich -
Just such a fool as you.

112. Howe — Saffron, Walden, Eng. Thomas Holden ob. 1511

Have mercy good Lord on the soul of Thomas Holden
That hit may rest with God good neyghbors say Amen,
He gave the new organs whereon hys name is set;
For because only yee should not hym forget
In your good preyers; to God he tooke hys wey,
On (e) thousand fyve hundryd and eleven, in Novembyr
the fourth dey.
The bitter cup that death gave me
Is passing round to come to thee.

113. Howe — Inverness, Eng.

Ask thou, who lies within this place so narrow?
I'm here today, thou mayst be here to morrow;
Dust must return to dust, our mother;
The soul returns to God, our Father.

114. Beable — St. Maire's, Sandwich, Eng. 1635 Robert Needler

My resting road is found
Vain hope and hap adieu,
Love whom you list
Death had rid me from you.
The Lord did me from London bring
To lay my body close herein
I was my father's only heir
And the first my mother bare
But before one year was spent
The Lord his messenger for me sent.

115. Beable — Uckfield, Eng. 1610 John Fuller

Now I am dead and laid in grave,
And that my bones are rotten.
By this shall I remembered be,
Or else I am forgotten.

116. Beable — St. Edmund's, Sarum, Eng. 1662

Richard Phelps
Alderman and mayor
And is he dead? And shan't the city weep?
That it no longer such a saint could keep.
Surely when Death shall thus lay hold upon
The Pillars of the house, the Building's gone.
Well may we fear and dread what God is doing
That flames are kindling while our lots are going.
The righteous is taken away
From evil to come.

117. Beable also Northend — Evesham, Oxfordshire, Eng. 1652 John Green, aged 27

Stay reader, drop upon this stone
One pitying tear, and then begone.
A handsome pyle of flesh and blood
Is here sunk down to its first mud,
Which thus in Western rubbish lies,
Until ye Eastern starr shall rise.

118. Beable — Kingston-upon-Thames, Eng. 1655 Thos. Haward, aged 76

Ashes on ashes lie, on ashes tread
Ashes engraved these words, which ashes read,
Then what poor thing is man, when every gust
Can blow his ashes to their kindred dust?
More was intended, but a wind did rise,
And filled with ashes both my mouth and eyes.

119. Beable — Richard Mossock - 1686

God save the King to the Greate Glory of God

120. Beable — Aughton Church, near Ormskirk, Eng. - on a brass

Jesus Salvator
My ancestors have been interred here above 380 years,
This to me by ancient evidence appears;
Which that all may know and none doe offer wrong
It is ten feet and one inch broad, and foure yards
and a half long. Amen!

121. Beable — East Bradenham, 1667

Here virtuous, pious Sarah Townsend lies
Whose soul enamell'd thus, to Heaven flies

122. — Clophill, Bedfordshire, Eng. 1623

Death do not kick at mee
For Christ hath taken
Thy sting away.

123. — St. Katherine's, Eng. Margaret Garret, ob 1683, aet 16

Dear was she living, but dbeing dead more dear,
The grief of very many made this quite clear;
Thus we by want, more than by having, learn
The worth of things in which we claim no concern

STATESMEN

1. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey ob. 1778, aet 70

WM. PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM

Erected by the King and Parliament
as a testimony to
The virtue and ability
of
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham,
During whose Administration
Divine Providence
Exalted Great Britain
To an height of Prosperity and Glory
Unknown to any former age.

Booth
On Pitt, first earl of Chatham

Shall Chatham die, and be forgot? oh, no!
Warm from its source let grateful sorrow flow;
His matchless ardour fired each fear-struck mind,
His genius soar'd when Britons dropped and pined.
D. Garrick

2. At Curry Rivel:

To the memory of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, this marble is inscribed by Hester, his beloved wife, 1781.

Sacred to pure affection, this simple urn stands a witness of unceasing grief for him, who, excelling in whatever is most admirable, and adding to the exercise of the sublimest virtues the sweet charm of refined sentiment and polished wit, by gay and social commerce, rendered beyond comparison happy the course of domestic life, and bestowed a felicity inexpressible on her, whose faithful love was blessed in a pure return, that raised her above every other joy but the parental love - and that still shared with him. This humble tribute is but to soothe the sorrowing breast of private woe.

3. Epitaph by Cumberland

To thee, great orator, whose early mind
Broke forth with splendour, that amaz'd mankind;
To thee, whose lips with eloquence were fraught,
By which the aged and learn'd were taught;
To thee, the wonder of Britannia's isle,
A grateful Senate rears this marble pile;
Convine'd that after - ages must approve
This pious token of a nation's love.
It gives thy titles and records thy fame,
Thy great endowments had we aim'd to trace,
The swelling catalogue had wanted space;

5. (con't.)

Tho' vast the range of thine expansive soul,
Thy God and country occupied the whole;
In that dread hour when ev'ry heart is tried,
The Christian triumph'd while themortal died,
In the last gasp of thine expiring breath,
The prayer yet quiver'd on the lip of death:
Hear this, ye Britons, and to God be true,
For know that dying pray'r was breath'd for you.

4. Pettigrew — Chertsey Charles James Fox

To the
memory of the best of Husbands and
The most excellent of men
CHARLES JAMES FOX,
who died Sept. 13th, 1806,
And is buried in Westminster Abbey
His most affectionate wife
Places this tablet.

5. Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey

Rt. Hon. George Canning
George Canning
Born 11th April, 1770 Died 8th August, 1827
Endowed with a rare combination of talents,
an eminent statesman,
an accomplished scholar,
an orator surpassed by none,
He united
The most brilliant and lofty qualities of the mind
With the warmest affections of the heart.
Raised by his own merit,
He successively filled important offices in the State
and finally became First Minster of the Crown.
In the full enjoyment of his sovereign's favour
and of the confidence of the people,
He was prematurely cut off
when pursuing a wise and enlarged course of policy,
Which had for its object the prosperity and greatness
of his own country,
while it comprehended the welfare
and commanded the admiration
of foreign nations.
This monument is erected
By his friends and Countrymen.

6. Pettigrew — Sonning Church Lord Stowell

Sacred to the memory of
The Right Honourable
William Scott, Baron Stowell,
of Stowell, in the county of Gloucester,
D.C.L., F.R.S.
Born October 28th 1745
Died January 28th 1836
He was one of his majesty's
Most honourable privy council:

6. (con't.)

Many years judged
The high court of Admiralty, in England,
Chancellor of the Diocese of London,
and one of
The representatives in Parliament
For the University of Oxford,
From the year 1796 to the year 1821
When he was raised to peerage.
This eminent person
Was universally and most justly regared
As one of
The principal ornaments of the country
And age in which he lived.
In him were combined
All the talents and acquirements
Of a profound and accomplished scholar:
All the qualities of a wise and upright judge;
Together with an ardent attachment
To the civil and ecclesiastical institutions
of his country
Of which institutions he was
The firm and uncompromising supporter
Throughout his long and
Exemplary life. (Lord Sidmouth)

7. Pettigrew, Booth, Graham

Westminster Abbey. In memory of the Rt. Honourable James Craggs. Secy of State, mixed up with South Sea Bubble. Was made Secretary of War in April, 1717 and one of his Majesty's privy council and Secretary of State in March 1718. Died Feb. 16, 1720, aged 35

Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, yet in honour clear!
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
Praised, wept, and honoured by the Muse he loved.
(Pope)

8. Beable

Charles, Marquis of Rockingham Died 1782 Stoneham, Eng

A statesman in whom constancy, fidelity, sincerity, and directness, were the sole instruments of his policy. His virtues were his arts. A clear, sound, unadulterated sense not perplexed with intricate design, or disturbed by ungoverned passion, gave consistency, dignity and effect to all his measures. In opposition, he respected the principles of government; in administration, he provided for the liberties of the people. He employed his moments of power in realizing everything which he had promised in a popular situation. This was the distinguishing mark of his conduct. After twenty four years of service to the public, in a critical and trying time, he left no debt of just expectation unsatisfied.

8. (con't.)

By his prudence and pttience he brought together a party which it was the great object of his labours to render permanent, not as an instrument of ambition, but as a living depository principle.

Thie virtues of his public and private life, were not in him of different characters. It was the same feeling, benevolent, liberal mind that, in the internal relations of life, conciliates the unfeignedlove of those who see men as they are, which made him an inflexible patriot. He was devoted to the cause of liberty, not because he was haught and intractable, but because he was beneficient and humane.

Let his successors, who from this house behold his monument, reflect that their conduct will make it their glory or their reproach, let them be persuaded that similarity of manners, not proximity of blood, gives them an interest in this statue.

(By E. Burke)

Remember - Resemble - Persevere.

9. Joseph Brotherton (member of Parliament)
Buried in Peel Park, Manchester, Eng.

"My richness consisted not in the greatness of my possessions, but in the smallness of my wants."

10. Arthur MacMurrough Kavanaugh (1831-1889)

He was the son of Capt. Kavanaugh who was a member of the Irish Parliament in the reign of William IV. By marvellous intuitive skill, will power, and a fine dashing sense of life, he learned to do almost everything that the normal man can do and better than most. He had a steel hook attached to his shoulder and used for handling reins, fishing, sailing, writing, etc. He travelled to Egypt and the Holy Land at the age of 15, and thru Finland, Russia, Kurdistan, Persia and India at 18. He married Frances Forde at 25 and settled at the ancestral homr "Borris" at River Barrow in County Carlow. They had 7 children, all born healthy and lived normally. Became patriarchal landlord, later high sheriff of Kilkenny and Lord Lieutenant of Carlow, member of Parliament for Wexford in 1868 and one of two members of Parliament for Carlow. He was an opponent of Gladstone. He died of Pneumonia and is buried in the little ruined church on Bolly Coppigan

Part of the inscription on his grave is:

"Well done! Thou good and faithful servant"

(Mary MacCarthy - Handicaps)

11. Pettigrow

Marquis Wellesley (original in Latin)
Epitaph written by himself & given to Dr. Goodhall, Provost of Eton College. Dated Kingston House, Jan. 5, 1842

Thro' Life on fortune's varied waters cast,
To Eton's bosom I return at last
By her in childhood taught the steep to climb
Of lofty fame - to search the "olden time" -
And, led by virtue's pure and fostering rays,
To tract the ascending path of well-earned praise.
If glory's beams have played around my name,
And made me soar aloft on wings of fame -
Nurse of my youth! the praise be wholly thine!
The peaceful nook of earth and parting tear be mine

12. Pettigrew

Westminster Abbey Charles Buller

Here amidst the memorials of maturer greatness,
This tribute of private affection and public honour
Records the talents, virtues, and early death of
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES BULLER
Who, as an independent member of Parliament
And in the discharge of important offices of the state,
United the deepest human sympathies
With wide and philosophic views of government and mankind,
And pursued the noblest political and social objects,
Above party spirit and without an enemy.

His character was distinguished by sincerity and resolution
His mind by veracity and clearness of comprehension;
While the vigour of expression and singular wit,
That made him eminent in debate and delightful in society;
Were tempered by a most gentle and generous disposition,
Ernest in friendship and benevolent to all.

The British colonies will not forget the statesman
Who so well appreciated their desires and their destinies.
And his country, recalling what he was, deplores
The vanished hope of all he might have become.

He was born August 1806. He died November 29, 1848
(Milnes)

13. Hill

Extracted from suggested epitaph on Lord Westbury (b. 1800, d. 1873) at one time Lord Chancellor

He abolished the ancient method of conveyance,
The time honoured institution of the insolvent Court,
And the eternity of punishment,
Toward the close of his earthly career,
In the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council,
He dismissed Hell with costs,
And took away from the orthodox members of the Church of England
Their last hope of Eternal Damnation.

14.

BRITISH LAWYERS, JURISTS, ETC.

Earl of Mansfield (Lord Chief Justice) - Westminster Abbe

Here Murrey, long enough his country's pride
Is now no more than Tully, or than Hyde,
Fortold by Alexander Pope, and fulfilled in the 1793;
When William Earl of Mnasfield, died full of years and of honours:
Of Honours he declined many; those which he accepted were the following:
He was appointed Solicitor General 1742;
Attorney General 1754;
Lord Chief Justice and Baron Mansfield, 1756;
Earl of Mansfield 1776.
From the love which he bore to the place of his early education he desired,
To be buried in this cathedral (privately),
And would have forbidden that instance of human vanity
The erecting a monument to his memorym but a sum,
Which with the interest has amounted to two thousand five hundred pounds.
Was left for that purpose by A. Bailey, of Lyon's Inn, which
At least well-meant park of esteem he had no previous knowledge or suspicion of,
And had no power to prevent being executed.
He was the fourth son of David Fifth Viscount Stormount and married
The Lady Elizabeth Finch, daughter to
Daniel Earl of Nottingham
By whom he had no issue.

(N.B. On the back of the monument is:
Uni
Aequus
Virtuti
("Equal to virtue only")

15. Howe, Pettigrew

Another epitaph to Earl of Mansfield - site?

Sacred
To the immortal memory of William Murray, Earl of Mansfield
Late Lord Chief Justice of England,
Who, during a course of thirty years and upwards, not only discharged the duties of that high office with unexampled assiduity, and unquestionable reputation, but happily uniting
The wisdom of Socrates,
The eloquence of Cicero,
The Harmony of Virgil, and
The Wit and pleasantries of Horace,
With the beauties of his own unbounded Genius became and was confessedly, the brightest ornament of human nature, that any age or country has hitherto been able to boast of.

The venerable peer having passed the age of four score and finding his corporeal powers too feeble much longer to display his wonderful talents with their wanton energy, withdrew himself from the bench and willing to appear with those talents undiminished at the Throne of his Divine Creator by whom he had been so peculiarly and abundantly endued, shook off the clog od mortality in his 89th year.

And as an Eagle, wing'd his airy flight
Through death's pale shade and all surrounding night,
Up to the happy realms of everlasting light:
Where, welcom'd by the social powers divine,
Freely with them he drinks celestial wine;
While here, philosophy remains to mourn
Her fav'rite fled, fled never to return,
Until his God shall at the Judgment Day,
With his bright soul reanimate this clay
And all will turn to dwell from hence to Heaven Convey.

16. Howe

Sir John Strange - meinent barrister

Here lies an honest lawyer, -
that is strange

17. Bombaugh & Stauffer

Shields - The Irish Orator - self-written

Here lie I. There's an end to my woes.
And my spirit at length at aise is
With the tip of my nose, and the ends of my toes,
Turned up 'gainst the roots of the daisies.

18. Pettigrew (Latin version)

Great St. Helen's Church, Bishopgate (epitaph written during his lifetime)

Sir Julius Caesar ob. Apr. 20, 1639, aet 79 yrs.

To all Christian people to whom this present writing shall come, Know ye, that I, Julius Dalmare, alias Caesar, Knight, Doctor of Laws, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty, and one of the Masters of Requests to Queen Elizabeth; Privy Counsellor to King James, Chancellor of theExchequer and Master of the Rolls, have confirmed or granted by this my personal writing, that I will, with the Divine Assistance, willingly pay my Debt to Nature, whenever it shall please God. In witness whereof, I have set my hand and seal, dated the 27th of Feb., 1635
It is enrolled in Heaven.

19.

The orator's epitaph

Here, reader turn your weeping eyes,
My fate a useful moral teaches;
The hole in which my body lies
Would not contain one-half my speech - Lord Brougham

20. Norfolk
See other by Graham

Stepney, Middlesex, Eng. (self written epitaph)
Henry Marten - pne of the Judges presiding at trial of Charles I

Here Sept. 9th 1680
was buried
A true born Englishman,
who, in Berkshire was well known,
To love his country's freedom like his own,
But being immured full twenty years
Had time to write as doth appears.

21. Graham

Henry Marten, the Regicide
Inscription in apartment in Chepstow Castle where he was imprisoned for thirty years.

For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even trad
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature's fair varieties exist:
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when thro' yon high bars it pour'd a sad
And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebell'd against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! But such
As Plato lov'd; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! a while
From map withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come and all things be fulfill'd.

22. Pulleyn

On Ryen vet - an unpopular Dutch judge at the Cape of Good Hope

Here lies in death, who living always lied,
A base amalgam of deceit and pride;
A wily African of monstrous shape,
The might Quinbus Flestrin of the Cape.
Rogue paramount, ten thousand rogues among,
He rose and shone like phosperous from dung.
The wolf and fox their attributes combined,
To form the odious features of his mind;
Where kennelled deep, by shame, by fear, unawed,
Lurk'd rapine, villainy, deceit and fraud;
Hypocrisy, servility, and lust,
A petty tyrant, and a Judge unjust:
Partial and stern, in every cause he tried,
He judged like Pilate, and like Pilate died.
Urged to despair, by crimes precluding hope,
He chose a bullet, to avoid a rape.
Consistent knave! his life in cheating past,
He shot himself, to cheat the law at last.
Acme of crimes: self murder crowned the whole,
And gave to worms his copse - to fiends his soul.

23. Booth

Rt. Hon. Edmund Burke, M.P. (From "Retaliation")

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend, to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went for refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.
O. Goldsmith.

24. Booth

Sir Cresswell Cresswell. noted English jurist

He oft decreed divorce 'twixt man and wife;
Fate now decrees divorce 'twixt him and life.
(Rev. JHC Wright)

25. Booth

<u>On Pitt, Second Son of the Great Earl of Chatham</u>

With death doom'd to grapple,
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the chapel
Now lies in the abbey.
By Lord Byron who disliked Pitt.

26. Booth

<u>On Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox.</u> (under a bust of him by Nollekins, in a temple erected in his honor at Glasgow by Mr. Todd.)

Champion of freedom! whose exalted mind
Grasp'd, at the gen'ral good of human kind!
Patriot! whose view could stretch from pole to pole,
And, whilst he bless'd his country loved the whole.
(by W. Roscoe)

27. Loaring

<u>Henry Walton</u>, stateman and author; died 1639 - self composed epitaph.

Here lies he who composed this sentence -
"The itch of contention is the plaque of the church!"
Seek his name elsewhere.

28. Graham

<u>Beaconsfield church.</u> Edmund Burke

Near this place
Lies interred
All that was mortal of the
RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE,
who died on the 9th of July, 1797
aged 68 years
In the same grave are deposited:
the remains of
(1) His only son, Richard Burke, Esq.
Representative in Parliament
For the Borough of Malton,
who died on the 2nd of August, 1794
Aged 35
(2) Of his brother, Richard Burke, Esq
Barrister at Law
And Recorder of the city of Bristol
who died on the 4th of February, 1794.

LITERARY CELEBRITIES IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER

1. **A Poet's Epitaph** by Wordsworth

Physician art thou? one all eyes;
Philosopher? a fingering slave,
One that would peep and botanize
Upon his mother's grave!

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece
O turn aside - and take, I pray,
That he may below may rest in peace,
Thy ever-dwindling soul away.

2. Pettigrew, Graham — **Geoffrey Chaucer** - Westminster in Poet's Corner, "Father of English Poetry"

M.S.
Qui fuit Anglorum, vates ter maximus olim
Galfridus Chaucer, conditur hoc tumulo
Annum si quaerus Domini si tempora mortis
Ecce notae subsunt quae, tibi cuncta notant
25 Octobris 1400
Aerumnarum requies mors.
N. Brigham hos fecit musarum nomine sumptus.

3. Loaring, Booth — **On Chaucer** (another translation)

Of English Lords who sung the sweetest strains,
Old Geoffrey Chaucer now this tomb contains:
For his death's date, if, reader, thou should'st call,
Look but beneath, and it will tell thee all.
25 October, 1400

On a brass ledge, no longer there:

If I was you ask, Fame shall declare:
If Fame denies, since frail all glories are,
Those stones shall speak,
inscribed with pious care
N. Brigham placed these in the name of the Muses, at his own expense, 1556.

4. Clinical Excerpts — **Francois Rabelais** - Physician and humorist. 1453-1553 Creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel. Epitaph in Latin verse by Pierre Boulanger, a fellow physician and friend; translation by Anatole France.

Beneath this stone the most excellent of laughing men
Our descendants will seek out the kind of man he was,
For all who lived in his time well knew who he was;
Every one knew him, and more than any other he was dear to all.

4. (con't.)

Perhaps they will believe that he was a buffoon, a clown,
Who by dint of his jokes earned a good meal.
No, no, he was not a buffoon or a public clown.
But, with his exquisite and penetrating genius,
He mocked at the human race, at its insensate desires
and the credulity of its hopes. Undisturbed about his fate, he led a happy life; the winds always blew in his favor. Yet, no more learned man could be found when forgetting his jokes, he was pleased to talk seriously, and to play a serious part....
He knew everything that Greece and Rome have produced, but, like a new Democritus, he laughed at the vain fears and the desires of the common people and of princes, at their cares and at the anxious labors of this brief life in which is consumed all the which a benevolent divinity is willing to grant us.

5. Suffling, Pulleyn Webb

Thomas Churchyard (Court Poet) and poet laureate to Henry VII and Henry VIII. 1570. St. Margaret's, Westminster. ob. June 21, 1570

Come Aleato and lend me thy torch
To find a churchyard in a church porch;
Pverty and poetry this tomb inclose,
Therefore, good neighbours, be merry in prose.
He died in the 11th year of Elizabeth's reign. 1570

6.

Nicolo Franco - Poet and author, protege of Aretino, vilifier of Medicine.

Born 1515 - Died Mar. 1o, 1570.
Hung at the instigation of Pope Pius V for his intrigues against the Carafa family. Published "Hisabella of Capua (Princess of Mafitto) also "Pistole Vulgari". His epitaph is as follows:
Here lieth Franco, granted fame unbounded,
Because to silence once for all his doctrines,
His enemies had need of noose well rounded.

7. Howe, Beable, Ravenshaw

Thomas Tusser St. Mildred's, Poultney ob. 1580
Author of "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie"

Here Thomas Tusser
Clad in earth, doth lie
That sometime made
The pointes of Husbandrie:
By him then learne thou maist;
Here learne, we must,
When all is done, we sleepe
And turn to dust:
And yet, through Christ,
To Heaven we hope to goe:
Who reades his bookes
Shall find his faith was so.

8. Tissington, Howe, Pettigrew, Webb

Edmund Spenser ob. 1596 Westminster Abbey

Heare lyes (expecting the second
comminge of our Saviour Christ
Jesus) the body of EDMUND SPENSER.
The Prince of Poets in his tyme,
whose Divine Spirrit need noe
othir witnesse then the works
which he left behinde him.
He was born in London in
the year 1553 and
Died in the year
1598

9. Booth, Loaring

author of "Faerie Queen" another epitaph written in Latin near chapel of Westminster.

Here plac'd near Chaucer, Spencer claims a room,
As next to him in merit, next his tomb.
To place near Chaucer, Spencer lays a claim;
Near him his tomb, but nearer far his fame.
With this our English verse was rais'd on high,
But now declin'd, it fears with thee to die!

(Edmund Spenser, born in London, and chief poet of our age; which his works, written with a happy spirit, and masterly genius testify. He died by a too early death in the year 1598, and lies buried near Chaucer, who was the first that successfully wrote Poetry in the English language, over whom are written these epitaphs.

10. Suffling

On Passerat - France about 1600 - epitaph writer - (composed epitaph on heart of Henry II who was slain by a Jacobin Friar.

I lived, I lyed, the common lot of all
Light o'er my bones, the flow'ry herbage rest;
And no officious lines the peace molest.

11. Beable

Richard Hooker died 1600, aged 46. at Bishopbourne, Eng.

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker! though the cost be spent
on him that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness.
Church-ceremonies he maintained; then why
Without all ceremony should he die?
Was it because his life and death should be
Both equal patterns of humility?
Or that perhaps, this only glorious one
Wasabove all to ask, why had he none?
Yet he that lay so long obscurely low
Doth now, preferr'd, to greater honours go.
Ambitious men learn hence to be more wise;
Humility is the true way to rise:
And God in me this lesson did inspire;
To bid this humble man, Friend, sit up higher.
(by W. Cooper)

12. Webb

Westminster Abbey Isaac Casaubon

Here lies
Now out of reach of the impotent Rancour of Envy
ISAAC CASAUBON,
(Ye learned, reverance so respectable a name!)
A native of France;
Born
For the advancement of Literature.
The heroic King of France, Henry 4th
selected him
For keeper of the Royal Library at Paris,
And shewed him a particular, esteem.
'Till his atrocious Death,
after which,
James the 1st, King of Great Britain,
The most learned of Princes,
And patron of the England,
And liberally provided for him,
His works will be
The perpetual admiration of Posterity.
He dyed,
In a lively confidence of life in Christ,
on the 1st of July, 1614
Aged 50 years.

To this excellent person
Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham,
who placed a great
(And no more than a proper) value on
His acquaintance
Has set upon this stone. 1634.

It is not the monument inscription
which can fully shew Casaubon;
His works only can do that.
The former time will efface;
These are perennial and will convey instruction
To the latest posterity.

13. Pettigrew, Loaring
Booth

Francis Beaumont ob 1615 aet 29

He that hath such acuteness, and such wit,
As woul ask ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write so well, that no man dare
Refuse it for the best, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whose sole death appears,
Wit's a disease consumes men in few years.
(Bishop Corbet)

14. Pettigrew, Loaring, Graham

<u>William Shakespeare</u> at <u>Stratford-on-Avon</u> ob. 1616 - aet 53

Died April 23, 1616, aged 52. Buried in the chancel of the Church of Stratford. The monument erected to his memory represents the poet with a thoughtful countenance, resting on a cushion and in the act of writing. Immediately below the cushion is the following distich:

"Judice Pylium; genio Socratem, arte Maronem:
Terra tegit; populus moret; olympus habet."

(Translation: A Nestor in discrimination, a Socratesin talent, a Virgil in poetic art, The earth covers him, the people mourn for him, Heaven possesses him)

on a tablet underneath - (North wall of the Chancel), one finds:

Stay Passenger, why goest thou so fast,
Read if thou canst, whom envious Death hath placed
Within this monument, Shakespeare with whom
Quick nature died: whose name doth deck the tomb,
Far more than cost: Since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art one page to serve his wit,
obiit Ano. 1616, aetatis, Die 23 Ap.

on the flat tombstone covering the grave is inscribed in very irregular characters, the following quaint supplication, blessing and curse.

Good Friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg T*E dust encloAsed HERE
Blest bet-E Man I spares T-hs ~~xxxxx~~ stones,
And curst be He Y moves my bones.

(Good Friend, for Jesus sake for bear
To dig the dust enclosed here
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones)

15. at <u>Westminster Abbey</u>

Guielmo Shakespeare.
Anno post mortem CXXIV
Amor publicus posrit.

The cloud-capt Tow'rs,
The gorgeous pdaces,
The solemn Temples,
The great globe itself, -
Yea, all which it inherit,
Shall dissolve.
And like the baseless fabric of a vision
Leave not a wreck behind.

16. Tegg, Loaring — Epitaph to Shakespeare - found under his effigy - composed by Ben Jonson, his friend

The finger that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to outdo the life;
O! could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he has hit
His face, the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ ni brass;
But since he cannot, reader looke,
Not on his picture, but his booke!

17. Tegg, Loaring (Geographic epitaph) — On Shakespeare's monument at Stratford-on-Avon

Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame,
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wondrous worth: what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and ?Asia join'd/
Enlarged the immense expansion of his mind,
Nor yet unrivall'd the Maeonian strain
The British Eagle and the Mantuan swan
Tower equal heights. But happier Stratford, thou
with uncontested laurels deck thy brow;
Thy Bard was thine UNSCHOOLED, and from thee brought
More then all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught
Not Homer's self such matchless honours won,
The Greek had Rivals, But thy Shakespeare none!

18. Loaring — In a small MS. volume of Poems by Herrick and others, in the handwriting of Charles I. Preserved in the Bodelion Library, is an Epitaph inscribed to Shakespeare:

When God was pleased, the world unwilling yet,
Elias James to nature pay'd his debt,
And here repoeth; as he lived, he dyde,
The saying in him strongly verified.
Such life, such death, then the known truth to tell,
He lived a godly life, and dyde as well.

19. Loaring — another epitaph by Shakespeare, according to Sir Wm. Dugdale, noted antiquarian in his visitation book. In memory of Sir Thomas Stanley, Tongue Church, Salop. Died about 1606.

Aske who lyes here, but do not weepe;
He is not dead, he doth but sleep!
This stony register is for his bones,
His fame is more perpetual than these stones,
And his own goodness, with himself being gone,
Shall live, when earthly monument is none.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of him for whom this stands
Shall outlive marble, and defacer hands!
When all to Time's consumption shall be given
Stanley, for whom this stands, shall stand in heaven

20. Pulleyn — Beckington, Somersetcshire — Samuel Daniel - succeeded Spencer as poet laureate.

Here lies expecting, the second coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the dead body of Samuel Daniel, Esquire, thet excellent poet and historian, who was tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford in her youth; she that was daughter and heiress to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland; who, in gratitude to him, erected this monuemnt to his memory a long time after, when she was Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery. He died in October 1619.

21. Aubrey, Tissington — William Laurence - Westminster Abbey (Famous poet. Graduate of Cambridge. At age of 9 he wrote a history of the Saviour's incarnation in verse. He also wrote "Aristippus," and "J vial Peddler," "Cornelianum dolium" - a Latin comedy; "The Jealous Lovers" - a comedy. His poems include the Muse's Looking Glass")

With diligence and trust most exemplary
Did William Laurence serve a prebendary,
And for his apines, now past before, not lost,
Gain'd this remembrance at his master's cost.

O read these lines againe, you seldome find
A servant faithfull and a master kind.
Short hand he wrote; his flowre in youth did fade:
And hasty death short hend of him hath made.
Well couth he numbers, and well measur'd land,
Thus doth he now that ground wheron you stand
Wherein he lies; so geometricall
Art maketh some; but thus will nature all
obiit Dec. 28, 1621
aetatis suae 29.
(by Thomas Randolph)

22. Pettigrew, Loaring, Booth, Graham, Tissington — Westminster Abbey, near chapel of St. Benedict. A memorable Elizabeth poet of his age. Michael Draiton, Esq. Exchanged his laurell for a Crowne of glorye, Ano. 1631

Doe, Pious marble; let thy Readers knowe,
What they and what their children owe,
To Draiton's name, whose sacred dust,
Wee recommend unto thy trust;
Protect his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lastinge monuemnt of his glorye;
And when thy ruines shall disclaime
To be the treasury of his name;
His name, that cannot fade shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.
(Poet Laureate in 1622) (Ben Jonson or Quarles Francis)

23. Graham, Tissington

St. James, Clerkenwell John Weaver (Weever) antiquarian. died 1632, aged 56. credited by John Skillicorn, Esq., his executor.

Weaver, who labour'd in a learned strain,
To make men long since dead to live again,
And with expence of oil and ink did watch,
From the worm's mouth the sleeping corse to snatch,
Hath by his industry begot a way,
Death (who insidiates all things) to betray;
Redeeming freely by his cave and cost
Many a sad herse, which time long since gave lost:
And to forgotten dust such spirit did give,
To make in our memories to live;
For wheresoe'er a ruin'd tomb he found,
His pen has built it new out of the ground;
'Twixt earth and him this interchange we find,
She hath to him, he bin to her like kind;
She was his mother, he a grateful child,
Made her his theme, in a large work compil'd,
Of funerals, reliques, and brave structures rear'd,
On such as seem'd unto her most endear'd;
Alternately to hima grave she lent,
O'er which his book remains a monument.
Lancashire gave me breath,
And Cambridge education,
Middlesex gave me death,
And this church my humation;
And Christ to me hath given,
A place with him in heaven.

24. Beable, Ravenshaw

Thomas Randolph (poet) ob. 1635 Hatherwycke, Northe Hants

Here sleep thirteen together in one tomb,
And all these great, yet quarrel not for room,
The muses and the graces here did meet;
And graved these letters on the churlish sheet
Who, having wept their fountains dry,
Through the conduit of the eye,
For the friend who here doth lie
Crept nito his grave and died,
And so the riddle is untied,
For which this church, prove that the fates bequeath
Unto her ever honoured trust,
So much and that so precious dust,
Hath twined her temples with an ivy wreath,
Which should have laurel been,
But that the grieved plant, to see him dead
took pet and withered.
Author - "The Compleat Angler"

25. Pettigrew, Howe

Ben Jonson - born 1574, died 1637 - Westminster Abbey (buried in upright position)
(1) Oh, Rare Ben Jonson

26. Howe, Fairley, Loaring, Booth

Another epitaph on Ben Jonson by Robert Herrick
Location ?

Here lies Jonson with the rest
Of the Poets, but the best
Reader, would'st thou more have known?
Ask his story, not the stone;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory; so farewell.

27. Beable

Another epitaph on Ben Jonson author and location?

Under this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

28.

Who is buried in Westminster Abbey in England in a sitting position instead of lying down?

There is a legend that King Charles the First promised Ben Jonson, the English poet and playwright, that he could be buried in Westminster Abbey in any unoccupied spot he might choose. When Ben Jonson died, the story goes, it was discovered that the spot he had chosen was already occupied except for a section about eighteen inches square. But King Charles kept his promise and had Ben Jonson buried there in a sitting position.

29. Beable, Suffling, Ravenshaw

Robert Burton. 1639- (author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy") at Christ Church, Oxford, Eng.

Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies Democritus Junior, who lived and died by melancholy. He died the 8th of the Ides of January, 1639.

original in Latin (Pauci notus, paucioribus ignotus
Hic, jacet Democritus, junior
Cui vitam pariter et mortem.

30. Howe

John Taylor - The Water Poet - ob. 1654, aet 74
Convent Garden Churchyard

(N.B. He was a native of Gloucester and died in Phoenix Alley, London, in his 75th year)

Here lies John Taylor, without rime or reason,
For death struck his muse in so cold a season,
That Jack lost the use of his scullors to row:
The chill pate rascal would not let his boat go.
Alas, poor Jack Taylor! This 'tis to drink ale
with nutmegs and ginger, with a taste though stale,
It drencht thee in rimes. Hadst thou been of the pack
with Draiton and Johnson to quaff off thy sack,
They'd infus'd thee a genius should ne'er expire,
And have thaw'd thy muse with elemental fire,
Yet still, for the honour of thy sprightly wit,
Since some o' thy fancies so handsomely hit,

30. (con't.)

The nymphs of the rivers for thy relation
Sir named thee the <u>water-poet</u> of the nation.
Who can write more of thee let him do't for me.
A - take all rimers, Jack Taylor, but thee
Weep not, reader, if thou canst chuse,
Over the stone of so merry a muse.

31. Tegg, Loaring <u>Paul Scarron</u> - (creator of French burlesque - 1610-1660 self composed epitaph. a comic poet who suffered from a complication of diseases all his life.)

Pity, not envy, be the lot
Of him who lieth here! I wot
A thousand deaths he long endured,
Until by death his ills were cured.
Stranger, passion, and make no riot -
Take care he slumbers on in quiet,
Nor break the holy sleep ('tis true)
Unhappy Scarron ever knew.

<u>Wrote his own epitaph</u>

Tread softly - make no noise
To break his slumbers deep;
Poor Scarron here enjoys
His first calm night of sleep.
(Russell: Library Notes)

32. Pettigrew, Tissington <u>Westminster Abbey</u> ob 1667. aet 48 <u>Abraham Cowley</u> (original in Latin)

Near this place lies Abraham Cowley, the <u>Pindar</u>, <u>Horace</u> and Virgil of England. Poet of domestic life. And the delight, the ornament, and the admiration of his age

While, sacred Bard, far worlds thy works proclaim,
And thou survivest in immortal fame,
Here mayst thou blest in pleasing quiet lie,
To guard thy urn may hoary faith stand by;
And all thy favorite tuneful Nine repair,
To watch thy dust with a perpetual care.
Sacred forever may this place be made,
And may no desperate hand presume t'invade
With touch unhallow'd this religious room,
Or dare effront thy venerable tomb:
Unmov'd and undisturb'd till time shall end,
May Cowley's dust this marble shrine defend.

So wishes, and desires that wish may be sacred to posterity, George Duke of Buckingham, who erected this marble monument for that incomparable Man. He died in the 49th year of his age, and was carried from Buckingham House, with honourable pomp, his Exequies being attended by Persons of Illustrious character of all degrees, and buried the 3rd of August, A.D. 1667.

33. Webb, Booth — Another epitaph by himself in Latin translated by Addison

From life's superfluous cares enlrg'd,
His debt of human toil discharg'd,
Here Cowley lies! beneath this shed,
To ev'ry worldly int'rest dead;
With decent poverty content,
His hours of ease not idly spent;
To Fortune's goods a foe profest
And hating wealth by all carest.
'Tis true he's dead; for oh! how small
A spot of earth is now his all;
Oh! wish that earth may lightly lay,
And every care be far away;
Bring flowers; the short lived roses bring
To life deceas'd, fit offering:
And sweets around the poet strow,
Whilst yet with life his ashes glow.

34. Graham — Cowper

Here where thought no more devours,
  Rests the poet and the man;
Life, with all its subtle powers,
  Ending where it first began,
Stranger, if thou lov'st a tear,
  Weep thee o'er his death awhile:
If thine eye would still be clear,
  Think upon his life, and smile.

35. Booth — On Cowper by Wm. Hayley

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here to devotion's bard, devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affections praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

36. Booth, Pulleyn — Moliere pseudonym for Jean Baptiste Poquelin (Franch author) and dramatist. born 1622, ob. 1673, wrote several exquisite plays; while performing part of a dead man in one, was taken ill and died a few hours later.

1. Roscius hic situs est tristi Molierus in urna
  Cui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat.
  Dum ludit mortem, mors indignata jocantem
  Corripit, et nimium fingere, saeva negat.

36. (con't).

Within this melancholy tomb confined,
Here lies the matchless ape of human-kind;
Who, while he labour'd with ambitious strife
To mimic death, as he had mimicked life,
So well, or rather ill, perform'd his part,
That Death, delighted with his wondrous art,
Snatch'd up the copy, to the grief of France,
And made it an original at once.

37.

2.Ci-Dessous qit un grand seigneur,
Qui de son vivant nons apprit,
Qu'un homme peut vivre sans couer
Et mourir sans rendre l'esprit
(Countess de Bregy)

A noble lord here buried is,
The lesson of whose life was this —
Without a heart a man may live,
And die without a soul to give.

38. Tissington

In the year of our Lord Christ
One thousand seven hundred thirty and seven
this bust
of the author of Paradise Lost
was placed here by William Benson, Esq.
One of the two auditors of the imprests
To his Majesty King George the Second
formerly
Surveyor General of the works
to his Majesty King George the first
Rysbrack
was the statuary who cut it

39. Beable, Pettigrew, Graham, Tissington

<u>John Milton</u> at St. Giles', Cripple Gate, England -
on his grave

To the memory of
JOHN MILTON
Author of Paradise Lost
Born December, 1608, died November 1674.
His father, John Milton, died March 1646
They were both interred in this church
Samuel Whitbread posuit, 1793.

40. Graham

<u>On John Milton</u>

<u>Three poets</u> in <u>three distant ages</u> born,
<u>Greece</u>, <u>Italy</u> and <u>England</u> did adorn;
The <u>first</u> in <u>loftiness of thought</u> surpast;
The <u>next</u> in <u>majesty</u>; in <u>both</u> the <u>last</u>.
To make a <u>third</u>; she join'd the <u>former two</u>.

41. Howe, Pettigrew, See Webb's

Andrew Marvell - ob. 1678 aet 57 Kingston upon Hull, Eng

Near this place
Lyeth the body of ANDREW MARVELL, ESQ;
A man so endowed by Nature
So improved by Education, study and travel,
So consummated by Experience,
That joining the most peculiar Graces of Wit and Learning
With a singular penetration & strength of judgment and exercising all these
In the whole course of his life,
With unalterable steadiness to the ways of virtue;
He became the ornament
And example of the Age
Belov'd by good Men, fear'd by bad,
Admired by all:
Tho' imitated, alas!
And scarce paralell'd by any.
But a tombstone can neither contain his character,
Nor is marble necessary to transmit it to poterity;
'Tis engraved on the minds of his Generation,
And will always be legible in his inimitable writings;
Nevertheless
He, having serv'd near twenty years
Successively in Parliament,
And that with such
Wisdom, Integrity, Dexterity and courage,
As became a true patriot,
The town of Kingston upon Hull
From whence he was constantly deputed to that assembly
Lamenting in his death the public loss, have erected
This monument of Grief and Gratitude, 1688.
He dy'd in the 58th year of his age,
on the 6th day of August, 1678.

42. Webb, Graham

Andrew Marvell

Here under rests Andrew Marvell
Who, in his lifetime, reflected
All the lustre he derived fro, his family; e
And recompensed the honour of his descent by his virtu
For being of an excellent nature,
He cultivated it by all the best means of improvement;
Nor left any spot empty
For the growth of pride or vanity:
So that
Altho' he was polished tp the utmost Perfection,
He appear'd only as a mirror for others,
Not himself to look in
Cheerful with/ Gall, Sober without formality,
Prudent without strategem,
And religious without affectation.
He neither neglected nor pretended to Business;
But as he loved not to make work,
So not to leave it imperfect
He understood
But was not enamoured of Pleasure;
He never came before in injury,
Not behind in courtesy;

42. (con't.)

Nor found sweetness in any revenge,
But that of gratitude.
He so studiously discharged the obligations
Of a subject, a son, a friend and a husband,
As if those relations
Could have consisted only on his part.
Having thus walked uprightly
And easily through this world,
Nor contributed by any excess, to his mortality,
Yet death took him:
Wherein, therefore, as his last duty,
He signalized more his former life,
With all the decency, and Recumbence of
A departing Christian.

43. Booth

Thomas Hobbs. (Wrote Leviathan: or the matter, Form & Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiastical. 1558 - 1679 - Philosopher and atheist.

Here lies Tom Hobbes, the bugbear of the nation,
Whose death hath frighted atheism out of fashion.
Here lies the Great - False marble, tell me where?
Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here.
Cowper

44. Pettigrew, Webb, Andrews, see others. See Loaring's version. Graham

Westminster Abbey Samuel Butler ob. 1680 aet 68

Sacred to the memory
of
SAMUEL BUTLER
who was born at Strensham in Worcestshire 1612
and dy'd at London 1680;
A man of extraordinary learning, wit and integrity:
Peculariy happy in his writings, not so in the encouragement of them;
The curious inventor of a kind of satire amongst us,
By which he pluckt the mask from pious hypocrisy,
And plentifully exposed the villainy of rêels:
The first and last of writers in his way.
That he, who (when alive) was destitute of all things,
Should not, (when dead) want likewise a monument,
John Barber, Citizen of London, hath taken care,
By placing this stone over him 1721.

45. Andrews See epitaph "Hudibras"

Samuel Butler (1612 - 1680) at St. Paul's, Convent Garden buried in an unmarked grave.

Butler was the author of Hudibras, the witty burlesque of manners of the Puritans. He expected much from his popularity of his poem at Court, looked in vain for promotion from Charles II. The probability of the non-advancement of Butler's interest at Court lay in his lack of conversational ingenuity and pleasantry It is related that Charles II was charmed with the

45. (con't.)

humor of Hudibras and caused himself to be introduced privately to the author but found him to be of intolerably dull companion. He was confident that so stupid a fellow never wrote a book.

The Earl of Dorset, who sought an interview with the great satirist, was similarly disappointed. Taking 3 bottles of wine with him, he found the poet dull and heavy after the first had been drained, somewhat sparkling after the second bottle, and after the third more stupid and muzzy thanever. "Your friend" said the Earl, after he had left with the introducer, "is like a ninepin - small at both ends and great in the middle."

Butler, at his death was buried at the expense of a friend, Longueville. At a later period, a handsome monuemnt was erected to him, at Westminster Abbey, which gave occasion to the following epigram which is proposed as an epitaph, for him:

"When Butler - need wretch! was yet alive
(No generous patron would a dinner give;)
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."
(by Samuel Wesley, brother of John Wesley)

In the original manuscript of Sam. Wesley, the 2nd line read:
"No purse proud printer would a dinner give."
(by Adam Clarke, Memoirs of Wesley Family)

46. Webb

<u>On Hudibras</u>. On Samuel Butler

Under this stone rests Hudibras,
A Knight as errant as e'er was;
The controversie only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wife:
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So till these questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd Bangs and Drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd,
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest, we'll let them 'scape;
Nor dowe, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.
One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and dy'd a Colonel;
And for the good old cause stood buff,
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff:
But since his worship's dead and gone,
And mouldr'ing lies beneath this stone,
The reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his book,
Which will preserve of Knight the Tale,
Till time and death itself shall fail.

47. Tissington

At Westminster Abbey

Later a plaque erected to Butler by John Barber, a printer, epitaph in Latin:
"Sacred to the memory of Samuel Butler, who was born in Strensham, in Worcestershire 1612, and died at London, 1680; a man of extraordinary learning, wit and integrity: peculiarly happy in his writings, - not so in the encouragmenent of them. The curious inventor of a kind of satire amongst us, by which he plucked the mask from pious hypocrisy, and plentifully exposed the villainy of rebels. The first and last of writers in his way. Lest he, who when alive, was destitute of all things, should (when dead) want likewise a monument, John Barber, citizen of London, hath taken care, by placing this stone over him, 1721.

48.

Epitaph on S. Butler, supposedly by Pope, who disliked Barber who erected another tomb with epitaph.

"Respect to Dryden, Sheffield, justly paid;
And noble villers honoured Cowley's shade:
But whence this Barber? That a name so mean
Should, joined with Butler's, on a tomb be seen;
This pyramid would better far proclaim
In future ages humbler Settle's name;
Poet and Patron then had been well paired -
The city printer, and the city bard.

49. Ahdrews, Graham

St. Paul's, Convent Garden. Samuel Butler

Butler, the celebrated author of "Hudibras was buried in this church. Some of the inhabitants, understanding that so famous a man was there buried, and regretting that neither stone nor inscription recorded the event, raised a subscription for the purpose of erecting something to his memory. Accordingly, an elegant tablet has been put up in the portico of the church, bearing a medallion of that great man, which was taken from his monument in Westminster Abbey.

(Beneath this a medallion bearing this inscription by Mr. O'Brien.)

A few plain men, to pomp and pride unknown,
O'er a poor bard have rais'd this humble stone,
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of zeal! the matchless "Hudibras".
What, tho' fair freedom suffer'd in his page,
Reader, forgive the author - for the age.
How few, alas! disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the syncophant,
But oh! let all be taught from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortunes by the great.
That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
And little faith is due to courts or kings.

50. Pulleyn

St. Martin, Paris. Guillaume Postel, famous wit & writer. died Sept. 1681. Epitaph by Dr. A. Tartier

Postellus postquam peragravit plurima passus
Pro pietate polos parisiis petiit
Obiit sexto Septembris 1681
Maerens ponebat. Adrianus Tartier, medicus

51. Beable

Isaak Walton Author "The Compleat Angler" ob. 1683
Winchester Cathedral supposedly written by Bishop Ken

"The Pixator"

Alas! he's gone before
Gone to return no more
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged sire,
Whose well spent life did last
For ninety years, and past,
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done,
Crown'd with eternal bliss:
We wish our souls with his.

52. Howe

John Bunyan Bunhill Fields

(N.B. He came to London by road on an errand of mercy, but getting wet caught a chill which killed him. Buried at Bunhill fields)

JOHN BUNYAN
author of the
Pilgrim's Progress
Obt. 31st Aug., 1688
aet 60

on the other side of the tomb is the following

Restored by public
Subscription under the
Presidency of the right
Honorable the Earl
of Shaftesbury, May
1862

John Hirst, Hon. Sec.

A small portion of the original tombstone was in the possession of J.H. Lloyd, Esq. of Lime Street and Highgate. and was presented by him to the Congregational Church of Highgate, and at his expense erected in the lobby of that building with a suitable inscription during latter part of 1890.

53. Tissington, Pettigrew — Westminster Abbey. ob 1689 Authoress of 17 plays

Mrs. Aphra Behn
Here lies a proof that wit can never be
Defence enough against mortality.

54. Pettigrew, Webb — See Pulleyn's epitaph

~~Robert Browning Westminster Abbey~~

John Dryden (1631-1700) Westminster Abbey poet-laureate. To which Pope added: This sheffield raised; the sacred dust below was Dryden once - the rest who does not know?

J. Dryden
Notus 1632 Mortuus Maij 1, 1700
Joannes Sheffield Dux Buckinghamiensis posuit 1720

Notus insignis poeta 1631
Aug. 9, 5h, 53 p.m.
Latit. 52 North
(self written)

55. Pettigrew — Aother epitaph on Dryden in Relig. Hearnianae Vol. 1 p. 133.

Here lyes John Dryden, who had enemies three,
Old Nick, Sir Dick[1], "and Jeremy"[2]
The fustian Knight was forc'd to yield,
The other two maintain'd the field:
But had our poet's life been holier,
He had knick'd both devil & the collier.

1. Sir Roderick Blackstone
2. Jeremy Collier

56. Pulleyn, Booth — Epitaph on John Dryden by Bishop Atterbury

This Sheffield rais'd, to Dryden's ashes just, -
Here fix'd his name, and there his laurell'd bust
What else the muse in marble might express
Is know already: praise would make him less.

57. Webb, Graham — Westminster Abbey Charles Denis, de St. Evremond

CHARLES ST. DENIS DE ST. EVREMOND
was of a noble family in Normandy;
And, betaking himself
Very early to a military life,
Served with so much courage and honour
Under Marshal Turenne, the Prince of Conde,
and other captains,
That he was gradually promoted
To the rank of a major-general,
Upon leaving his country, he went to Holland
From whence Charles the Second
Invited him into England.
He was no less a physiologist, than humorist,
And a most elegant writer

57. (con't.)

Both in verse and prose, in the French language;
Which he considered polished and enriched.
Several kings of England
Honoured him with their favours:
He was the delight of the nobility,
And the esteem of all persons
After a life of above 90 years,
He died the 9th of Sept. 1703.
To this celebrated personage,
Who may be justly ranked
Among the best writers of his time,
His friends have erected this monument.

58. Webb

Westminster Abbey - John Phillips (epitaph by Dr. John Friend)

Behold the bust of
JOHN PHILLIPS
To whose reputation no part of Britain is a strange
Whose learning and genius,
Whose candour and simplicity,
Endeared him to all
Who loved what is good and commendable.
His love of polite literature
Shewed itself so early
As when he was at Winchester School;
And being removed to Christ-Church College,
He was continually giving it
The noblest gratification,
In the works of the best masters of writing,
In that seat of the muses it was,
Where, emulation being seconed by nature,
He composed several poems in his native language,
Upon Greek and Roman plans;
But not unworthy of the perusal
Of the authors whom he imitated.
For from the ancients
He had learned to diversify his metre,
And adopt it to the sense;
Avoiding jingle in sounds,
And a sameness in cadence.
In this kind of poetry he was surpassed
By Milton only,
And by him how little!
Whatever was his subject,
Whether sublime or light,
He suited his pen to it in a masterly manner;
As well as in the propriety of the sentiment,
As in the turn of expression,
And the cadence of the metre.
And thou, the father, and founder of English poetry
Energetic Chaucer
Allow him, tho' he departed from thy mode,
A place at thy side;
At least he cannot be held unworthy a figure
Among the poets that stand around thee.
Simon Harcourt, who was a patron of this worthy and most ingenious person when living, in acknowledgment of the delight And advantage of his acquaintance Has caused this monument to be erected to his memory. John, Son of Stephen Phillips, D.D. Archbishop of Salup. was born in Sampton, in Oxfordshire, Dec. 30, 1676. And died at Hereford, where he was buried, 2/15/1708.

59. Pettigrew, Graham

Westminster Abbey. ob. 1710, aet 45.

To the memory of
NICHOLAS ROWE
who died in 1718, aged 45
and of Charlotte, his only daughter, wife of
Henry Fane, Esq. who inheritedher father's spirit,
and aimable in her own innocence and beauty, died
in the 23rd year of her age, 1739.

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honoured bust.
Oh! Skill'd next to him to draw the tender tear,
For never heartfelt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiments to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave!
Peace to thy gentle shade, & endless rest,
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys that, liberty it lov'd.
To these, so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life,
The childless mother & the widow'd wife.
With tears inscribe this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes, and expects her own.

(N.B. Rowe was poet laureate and author of several fine tragedies)

60. Fairley

Thomas Parnell, the poet. Born 1679- Died 1717

This tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude but not his fame.
What art but feels his nightly moral lay,
That leads to truth thru pleasure's flow'ry way?
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below;
Move lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.
(Dr. Goldsmith)

61. Graham

Westminster Abbey Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

whoever thou art
Venerate the memory of JOSEPH ANDISON
In whom Christian faith, virtue and good morals,
Found a continual patron.
Whose genius was shown in verse,
And every exquisite kind of writing;
To gave to posterity the best example
Of pure language,
And the best rules for living well,
Which remain and ever will remain sacred;
Whose weight of argument was tempered with wit,
And accurate judgment with politeness,
So that he encouraged the good,
And informed the improvident,
Tamed the wicked,
And in some degree made them in love with virtue.
He was born in the year 1672
And his fortune being increased, gradually
Arrived at length to public honours
Died in the 48th year of his age,
The honour and delight of the British nation.

62.

Joseph Addison

An elegy serving as an epitaph for Addison written by his friend and coadjutor - Thomas Tickell

That awful firm (which, so ye heavens decree,
Must still be loved, and still deplored by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, roused by fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape overtakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth or raised some serious song;
There patient, showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend severe;
There, taught us how to live, and oh! too high
The price of knowledge - taught us how to die.

63. Pettigrew

Joseph Addison - (in chapel of Henry VII) Placed in 1856. Westminster Abbey
Buried in front of resting place of Charles Montague on a white marble slab c brass letters, donated by Earl of Ellesmere.

Ne'er to these Chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobleer quest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
O, gone forever! take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy loved Montague.
Born 1672. Died 1719.

N.B. Montague was the chancellor of the Exchequer who dissauded Addison from entering the church and to think of politics and literature.

64. Webb, Graham

Matthew Prior Westminster

Whilst he was planning a history of his own times,
A slow fever put an end to his life,
September 18, 1721, in the 57th year of his age
The accomplished person who is here interred,
was secretary to King William and Queen Mary,
At the Congress of the Confederates,
Held at the Hague 1690,
To the British Embassy
At the peace of Ryswick, 1697,
To that in France the year following,
And likewise the same year, in 1698, in Ireland.
In 1700 he was appointed a Commissioner of
Trade and plantations,
And in 1711, of the Customs.
In 1711, he was sent by Queen Anne
(Of glorious memory
As Plenipotentiary
To Lewis the 14th King of France,
For confirming that pace which still continues,
And of which all good men
Wish the continuation.

64. (con't.)

MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

Whose learning, wit and humanity,
Did him more honour than all the posts
Which he filled with so much applause.
His natural inclination to learning
Received its polish in the school near this Abbey:
The superior sciences he studied with distinguished
success
At St. John's - College in Cambridge;
And these advantages were compleated
By the conversation of eminent persons.
With such a genius and education,
He persevered in cultivating the Muses.
And, after the seriousness of politics,
Used to relax his mind
In the amenities of polite literature.
Happy in all kinds of poetry,
In talesunequalled.
And these were rather easy entertainments
Than laboured compositions.
Thus appeared more conspicuous to his acquaintance,
From his facility, copiousness,
And elegancy in conversation
Which was neither stiff nor forced,
But all seemed to flow
From an exuberant natural source;
Which has left it a question,
Whether he was a better Poet or companion.

65. Webb, Graham

Matthew Prior - self composed for his own and intended
for his own monument

As doctors give physick by way of Prevention,
Matt alive and in health of his tombstone took
care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfilled by his heir.
Then take Matt's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own
eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more can be said;
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lye
Yet counting so far to fifty his years,
His vitues and vices were as other men's are,
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great
fears;
In a life party-coloured, half pleasure, half
care.
Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In publick employments industrious and grave;
But alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was
he!
Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would
trust,

65. (con't.)

And whilr'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew Man was but
This verse, littledpolish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merits to view:
It says, that his relicts collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.
Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway;
So Matt may ~~yet chance to~~ be killed, and his bones never found;
Fake witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Matt may yet chance to be hang'd or to be drown'd.
If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not - yet pr'ythee to kind to his fame.

66. Booth

On Matthew Prior, himself

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior
The son of Adam and of Eve
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher.

67. Webb

Westminster Abbey William Congreve

Mr. William Congreve
Died Jan. 19, 1729, aged 50
And was buried near this place.

To whose most valuable memory
This monument is set up by
Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough;
As a mark how dearly she renembers
The happiness and honour she enjoyed
In the sincere friendship
Of so worthy, so honest a man!
Whose virtue, Candour and wit,
Gained him the love and esteem
Of the present age;
And whose writings will be
The admiration of the future.

68. Howe

Daniel Defoe Bunhill Field

DANIEL DE-FOR
BORN 1661
DIED 1731
author of
Robinson Crusoe
This monument is the result of an appeal,
in the 'Christian World' newspaper
To the boys and girls of England for funds
To place a suitable memorial uon the grave
of
DANIEL DE-DOE
It represents the united contributions
of seventeen hundred persons.
Septr. 1870

69. Beable, Pettigrew Booth, Loaring, Graham

Elijah Fenton ob. 1731 Age 47. East Berkshire, Eng.

This modest stone, what few vain marbles can
May truly say, here lies an honest man:
A poet blessed beyond the poet's fate,
Whom heaven kept sacred from the proud and great;
Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease,
Content with science on the vale of peace!
Calmly he looked on either life; and here
Saw nothing to regret, nor there to fear;
From nature's temperate feast rose satisfied;
He lived, respected, and lamented died
(by Alex Pope)

Loaring= last line= thank'd heav'n that he had lived and that he dy'd.

70. Graham, Booth, Howe, Pettigrew, Suffling, Loaring

John Gay - 1732 Westminster Abbey (Gay wrote "The Beggar's Opera" in 1728 as a satire on politicians then in power and also as a burlesque of pretentious opera then in style. He also wrote reams of serious poetry. His epitaph emphasizes the immortality of a jest.
Died December 4, 1732, aged 45

Life is ajest, and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it.
(self composed)

71.

Pope's epitaph on John Gay

Of manners gentle, of affection mild,
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor, temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once, and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And incorrupted, e'en among the great;
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in the end;
These are thy honours! not that here thy bust
Is mixt with heroes, or with King's thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say
Striking their pansive bosoms - Here lies Gay.

72. Pettigrew, Webb, Graham

Another epitaph on John Gay - Westminster Abbey

Here lies the ashes of Mr. John Gay
The warmest friend,
The gentlest companion,
The most benevolent man
who maintained
Independency
In low circumstances of fortune
Integrity
In the midst of a corrupt age,
And that equal serenity of mind,
Which anscious goodness alone can give,
Thro' the whole course of his life.
Favorite of the muses,
He was led by them to ev'ry elegant art;

72. (con't.)

Refin'd in taste,
And fraught with graces all his own:
In various kinds of poetry
Superior to many,
Inferior to none.
His works continue to inspire
What his example taught;
Contempt of folly, however adorn'd,
Detestation of vice, however dignified,
Reverence for virtue, however disgraced.
Charles and Catherine, Duke and Duchess of Queensbury,
Who loved this excellent person living,
And respect him dead,
Have caused this monument to be erected to his memory.
Died 1732.

73. Beable, Pettigrew, Graham, Tissington

THOMAS TICKEL Gasnerin, Ireland ob. 1740, aged 54

Read Tickel's name, and gently tread the clay,
Where lie his sole remains that could decay!
Then pensive sigh, and through fair science trace,
His mind adorn'd with every pleasing grace.
Worth such as Rome would have confessed her own;
Wit, such as Athens would have proudly shown.
Substance for thought, and weight to fancy joined;
A judgment perfect, and a taste refined.
Admired by Gay, by Addison beloved;
Esteemed by Swift, by Pope himself approv'd;
His spirit rais'd by that sublime he knew,
Hence to the seat of bright perfection flew,
Leaving, to sorrowful Clothilda here,
A mournful heart, and never-ceasing tear.
(by Dr. Clancy)

74. Beable, Pettigrew

Richard Savage Died 1743 Aged 46

Whom Phoebus favour'd, on whom favour frowned,
Lies deep, beneath this consecrated ground;
SAVAGE thy name - he was designed by fate,
That err'd at his conception, to be great.
And such he was, in boundless wit and pride,
Title and heir his mother's lust denied.
His life was want, yet could he duteous verse,
The cruel's praise, that help withheld, rehearse
Danger extreme th' unhappy lowless knew,
And woes he felt, as woes were all his due;
Twice sovereign mercy found a queen to save,
From pitying Heaven, to end his cares - a grave.

75. Beable, Pettigrew, Suffling, Booth. (see other epitaphs on Pope)

ALEXANDER POPE Twickenham, Eng.
Died 1744
Alexander Pope
For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbe

Heroes and kings your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flattered folks like you,
Let Horace blush and Virgil too.
(by Bishop Warburton)
Booth says Pope wrote this

76. Booth

Besides the above epitaph, another one written by Pope for himself

Under this marble, or under this sill,
Or under this turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever on heir, or a friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er cared, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the mortal within!
But, who, living and dying, serene, still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

77.

On Pope

Arise, ye glimmering stars of wit!
For, lo! the sun of verse is set.

77. Graham

Pope Stow, Buckinghamshire ?

Sacred to the memory of
ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.
who
as a poet
was the greatest ornament of his country;
and
as a philosopher,
An honour to mankind.
He liv'd in a polite age, when the muses flourished in Britain,
When British arms were dreaded abroad;
And British liberty secured at home;
So that he was revered by many excellent poets;
Esteemed by many illustrious warriors;
And beloved by many glorious patriots.

Among contending factions,
He was like Atticus,
Respected by both parties;
Among his contemporary poets,
He was like Horace;
The polite scholar, and the accomplished gentleman.
His translations of Homer is a glory to Britain!
His own writings are a valuable t easure to the world
He lived beloved by all good men,
Dreaded by some bad ones;
But he died on the 30th of May 1744,
Regretted by all mankind.

78.

Oh! friend of virtue, foe to ev'ry vice,
Corruption now secure may give her price.
No more thy noble verse, with honest rage,
Detects the villain, and reforms the age.
Gives patriots spirit in their glamourous toil;
Praises an Oxford, or laments a Boyle.

79.

Thy noble friends are mould'ring by thy side:
With them, and thee, half Britain's glory dy'd.
When shall she see the happy time again,
When freedom finds new Marchmonts in her reign
When other poets shall renew her smile,
And, like her Pope, adorn the happy isle?

80.

Weep, muses! ev'ry son of Phoebus mourn!
And consecrate, with tears, this sacred urn.
Pope dy'd: "fame bade the muses sound his praise:
They said, "Twas done, in his immortal lays."

80. Tissington — St. John's New Castle-on-Tyne
John Cunningham, the poet

Here lies the remains of John Cunningham
Of his excellence as a pastoral poet,
His works will remain a Monument of the ages
After this temporary tribute of esteem is in dust forgotten.
He died in Newcastle, Sept. 18, 1773, aged 44
Also of his friend and associate, Robert Carr, Printer.
He died June 4, 1783, aged 45
(At the foot of the grave is the following)
He gathered the essence of simplicity
And rang'd it in the pastoral verse.

81. Booth — On death of Dean Swift. J. Nathan 1667-1745
wrote treatise. "A proposal for the universal uses of Irish manufacturers". despised everything wearable from England. Tried and prosecuted by Judges Whitshed and Boate. Wrote funny epitaph on Boate.

When Gay breathed his last, we in silence complain'd
But yet we'd a Pope and a Swift who remain'd;
Pope falls! all Parnassus resounds with our cries,
And prayer's daily made to keep Swift from the skies:
Vain wishes! vain prayers! to the winds they are given;
For death comes relentless, and takes him to heaven
At little misfortunes we're soberly sad,
But it's time, now we've lost all our wits, to run mad.

82. Booth — On Dean Swift

Thy mortal part, ingenious Swift, must die,
Thy fame shall reach beyond mortality!
How puny whirlings joy at thy decline,
Thou darling offspring of the tuneful nine!
The noble lion thus, as vigour passes,
The fable tells us, is abused by asses.

83. Graham

<u>On Dean Swift</u> by <u>R. Bettersworth, esq.</u>

Here lies one Swift, one Harley's master-tool
Spendthrift of wit, who died at length a fool;
Who, for his jest, ne'er spar'd or friends or foes:
He's gone - but where - the Lord of Oxford knows.

84. Howe

<u>The Poet J. Thomson</u> author of "The Seasons", the "Castle of Indolence" died Aug. 27, 1748

Others to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honors sculpture can bestow;
Short lived renown: that every monument must
Sink with its emblem and consume to dust
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave
From dumb oblivion no device to save.
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask,
Nature for him assumes herself a task;
"The Seasons" are his monument of fame,
With t em they flourish as from them they came.

85. Beable, Pettigrew, Loaring, Graham, Tissington

<u>James Thomson</u> - <u>St. Mary Magdalen Church, Richmond, Surrey</u>. (self written poem as epitaph)

In the earth, below this tablet
Are the remains of
JAMES THOMSON
Author of the beautiful poems entitled,
The Seasons, Castle of Indolence, etc., etc.
who died at Richmond on the 27th day of August
And was buried here on the 29th, old style, 1748
The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good
A man
And sweet a poet should be without a memorial,
Has denoted the place of his interment
For the satisfaction of his admirers,
In the year of our Lord, 1792.

"Father of light and life! Thou good supreme!
O teach me what is good! Teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul.
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss."
Thomson
Quotation from his poem "Writer"

86. Tissington, Pettigrew, Graham, Booth

<u>Thomson's epitaph in Westminster Abbey</u> consists of an abstract from his "Summer"

James Thomson
aetatis 48, obiit 27, August, 1748

"Tutor'd by thee, sweet poetry, exalts
Her voice to agree; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought
Never to die" - erected 1762
James Thomson

87. Graham

Location? Henry Fielding, Esq.

The master of the Greek and Roman page,
The lively scorner of a venal age,
Who made the public laugh at public vice,
Or drew from sparkling eyes the pearl of price,
Student of nature, reader of mankind,
In whom the poet and patron join'd.
As free to give applauses, as assert,
And skilful in the practice of desert:
Hence power consign'd the laws to thy command,
And put the scales of justice in thine hand,
To stand protector of the orphan race,
And find the female penitent a place.
From toils like these, too much for eye to bear,
From pain from sickness, and a world of care;
From children and a widow - in her bloom,
From shores remote, and from a foreign tomb.
Call'd b the word of life, thou shalt appear,
To please and profit in a higher sphere;
Where endless hope, unperishable gain,
Are what the scriptures teach and entertain.

88. Pulleyn, Booth

Henry Fielding, Esq. Great grandson of third Earl of Denbigh. Wrote "Joseph Andrews" a novel. "Tom Jones" his best novel, also "Amelia" Byron called him "The Prose Homer of all nature".

Turn hither, man! within this tomb
  In peace doth Fielding rest;
This must in time be Stanhope's doom -
  Know, then, all wit's a jest.

Learning and sense refin'd shall here
  Britannia's loss deplore;
Humour's gay self shall drop a tear,
  And vice shall crouch no more.

Now may she re r her shameless head,
  And throw her lures abroad;
From earth her constant foe is fled,
  To virtue and to God.

89. Tissington

On his tomb in Lisbon Portugal, died 1754 aged 47 years (Fielding died in Portugal)

"Luget Britainnia gremio non dari fovere natum"

Trans:- Britain mourns that the son born in her lap lie not there in death.

Lawrence's Life of Fielding

90. Beable, Graham, Tissington

<u>William Collins</u> died 1756 aged 36 <u>Chichester, Eng.</u>

Ye, who the merits of the dead revere,
Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
Regard this tomb, where Collins hapless name
Solicits kindness with a double claim.
Tho' nature gave him, and tho' science taught
The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought
Severely doomed to pemury's extreme,
He passed in maddn'ing pain, life's feverish dream,
While rays of genius only serv'd to show,
The thickening horror, and exalt his woe
Ye walls, that echoed to his frantic moan,
Guard the due records at this grateful stone;
Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
This fond memorial to his talents raise:
From this the ashes of a Bard require,
Who touched the tend'rest notes of pity's lyre;
Who joined pure faith to strong poetic powers:
Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
And rightly deemed the Book of God the best.
(by Hayley)

91. Loaring

<u>Pennycrick, Mid Lothian</u> Allan Ramsay, Poet (1686-1758)

Here is an obelisk raised to the memory of
Allan Ramsay, the poet.

92. Pettigrew

<u>Little Ilford</u>. ob 1760, aet 59

In memory of <u>Smart Lethieullier</u>, Esq. a
gentleman of polite literature and elegant taste
an encourager of art and ingenious artists;
a studious promoter of literary enquiries;
a companion, and a friend of learned men;
judiciously versed in the study of antiquity,
and richly possessed of the curious productions
of nature; But who modestly desired no other
inscription on his tomb than what he had made
the rule of his life;
To do justly to love mercy,
and to walk humbly with his God.

93. Graham, Pettigrew, Beable, Loaring. Same as Tissington

<u>Halesowen, Shropshire</u> Willian (1763) died Feb. Shenstone. Aged 49

Whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
These sacred mansions of the dead!
Not that the monumental bust,
Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust.
Of rich or great, let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undistinguished in the earth;
This simple urn records a name,
Which shines with more exalted fame.
Reader, if genius, taste refined;
Of native elegance of mind;
If virtue, science, manly sense,
If wit that never gave offence,
The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
In thy esteem e'er claimed a part,
Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear,
For know thy Shenstone's dust lies here.

94. Graham, Howe, Pettigrew

<u>William Hogarth</u> = Chiswick Churchyard ob 1764, aet 67

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art:
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And, thro' the ye, correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.
(by David Garrick)

95. <u>Another epitaph on Hogarth</u>

The hand of art here torpid lies,
That traced the essential form of grace.
Here death has closed the attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face.
(by Dr.S. Johnson)

96. Graham <u>Abbey churchyard, Durham</u>

If you have any respect
For uncommon industry and merit,
Regard this place,
In which are deposited the remains of
MR. ROBERT DODSLEY
who, as an author, raised himself
much above what could have been expected
From one in his rank of life,
And without a learned education;
And who, as a man, was scarce
Exceeded by any in integrity of heart,
And purity of manners and conversation
He left this life for a better
September 25, 1764, in the 61st year of his age.

97. Booth <u>E. Young</u>, by himself ob 1765. Wrote "Night Thoughts" What though we made in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

98. Diprose

Laurence Sterne St. George Cemetery, Uxbridge Rd. (erected by 2 brother masons, altho he was not a mason.)

Near to this place
Lyes the body of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne A.M.
Dyed September 16, 1768
Aged 63 years.

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane
Unsully'd worth, and soul without a stain,
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well won tribute of immortal fame,
STERNE was the man who with gigantic stride
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide,
Yet what the leanest knowledge of mankind;
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind.
What did it boot him, ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd;
In his mild reader, view thy future fate,
Like him despise what 'twere a sin to hate.

99. Booth

Another epitaph on Sterne

How often wrong's our nomenclature!
How our names differ from our nature
'Tis easy to discern;
Here lies the quintessence of wit,
For mirth and humour none more fit.

100. Graham

Another epitaph on Sterne d. 1768

Sterne, rest forever, and no longer fear,
The critic's censure, or the coxcomb's sneer
The gate of envy now is clos'd on thee,
And fame her door shall open free;
Ages unborne shall celebrate the page
Where friendly joins the satirist and sage,
O'er Yorick's tomb the brightest eyes shall weep
And British genius mournful vigils keep;
Then, sighing, say, to vindicate thy fame,
"Great were his faults, but glorious his fame".

101. Diprose

Rev. Laurenc Sterne A.M. Died Sept. 18th. 1768, aged 53.

Yorich, farewell: peace dwell ground thy stone!
Accept this tribute from a friend unknown.
In human breast, while pity has a claim,
LeFevre's story shall enhance thy fame;
Toby's benevolence each heart expand,
And faithful Trim confess the master's hand,
"One generous tear unto the monk you gave:
Oh let me weed this nettle from thy grave.

102. Graham — St. George's, Hanover Square — on Rev. Laurence Sterne

Shall pride a heap of sculptur'd marble raise,
Some worthless unmourn'd titled fool to praise;
And shall we not by one poor gravestone learn,
Where genius, wit, and humour, sleep with Sterne.
(by Garrick)

103. Westminster Abbey ob 1768, aet 44

BONNELL THORNTON
Whoe'er thou art who seest this honoured shrine,
One monument pause and add a tear to mine,
A manly tear, to his fair mem'ry due,
Who felt such feelings as are known to few;
Whose wit (tho' keen) benevolence suppress'd,
Who never penn'd a satire, but in jest.
'Tis now, oh! Death! thy poignant sting we own,
'Tis now, oh! Grave! thy victory is shown;
For lo! herein full prematurely lie
The only part of T ornton wich could die.
(Werton)

104. Suffling — Thomas Chatterton 1770 St. Andrews, Holborn, London

Here Chatterton has found a grave
And pride must find the same
What though the great and vaunting have
On monuments, - a name
Can marble render clay divine?
Green turf best fits the dead.
He only lives to after-time
Whose writings shall be read.

105. Graham, Howe, Pettigrew, Booth — Thomas Gray ob July 30, 1771, aet 74 Westminster Abbey - in poet's corner under Milton and Gray, points up to Milton

Nor more the Graecian Muse unrival'd reigns:
To Britain let the Nations homage pay:
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray
He died July 30th 1771, aged 54.
(by Mason)

106. In churchyard of Stoke Poges - in an adjoining field a monument consisting of a large sarcophagus, on a square pedestal on the sides of which are extracts from his Ode to Eton College and The Elegy & the following inscription:

This monument in honor of
THOMAS GRAY
was erected A.D. 1799
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that lyric and elegiac poet
He died in 1771
And lies unnoticed in the adjoining churchyard:
Under the tombstone
on which he piously and pathetically
Recorded the interment
of his Aunt nad lamented Mother.

107. See epitaph by Jenyns
See Norfolk version

Samuel Johnson St. Paul's Cathedral

Samuel Johnson
Grammatico et critico
Scriptorum Anglicorum Litterati Perito
Poetae Luminibus sententiarum
Et Ponderibus verborum admirabili
Magistro virtutis gravissimo
Homini optimo et singularis exempli
Qui vixit ann LXXV Mens II dieb XIII
Decessit idib Decemr ann Christ cl. iic LXXXIII
Sepuit in aed sanct petr Westmonasteriens
XIII Kal Januar ann Christ cL Lcc LXXXV
Amici et sodales Litterarii
Pecunia conlata
H.M. Faciund curaver

108. Booth

Samuel Johnson

No need of Latin or of Greek to grace
Our Johnson's memory, or inscribe his grave;
His native language claims this mournful space
To pay thee immortality he gave.
(Rt. Hon. H. Flood)

109. Tegg, Booth, Suffling

Here lies poor Johnson. Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear
Religious, moral, generous, and humane,
He was - but self-sufficient, rude and vain:
Ill-bred, and overbearing in dispute,
A scholar and a Christian - yet a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy,
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talk'd and cough'd and spit.
(Soame Jenyns)

110. This epitaph caused Boswell to write the following epitaph on Jenyns himself:

Prepared for a creature not quite dead yet

Here lies a little ugly nauseaus elf
Who, judging only from its wretched self,
Feebly attempted, petulant and vain,
The "Origin of evil" to explain.
A might genius, at this elf displeased, d.
With a strong critic grasp the urchin squeezed
For thirty years its coward spleen it kept,
Till in the dust the might genius slept;
Then stunk and fretted in expiring snuff,
And blink'd at Johnson with its last poor puff.
Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson

111. Howe, see Webb's version. See Graham's translation slightly modified

OLIVER GOLDSMITH b. Nov. 29, 1731- died April 4, 1774 Westminster Abbey

By the love of his associates
The fidelity of his friends
And the veneration of his readers
This monument is raised
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH
A poet, a natural philosopher, and a historian
Who left no species of writing untouched by his pen.
Nor touched any that he did not embellish;
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful yet gentle master
over the affections;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
Equal to every subject.
In expression at once lofty, elegant and graceful
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of Forney,
And county of Longford,
29th November 1731
Educated at Dublin
and died in London
April 4th, 1774.

112. Graham

Westminster Abbey Oliver Goldsmith

This monument is raised
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH
Poet, natural philosopher and historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched,
or
Unadorned by his pen,
Whether to move laughter or draw tears:
He was a powerful master
over the affections,
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
equal to every subject:
In expression at once noble,
Pure and delicate.
His memory will last
As long as society retians affection;
Friendship is not void of honour,
And reading wants not her admirers,
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At Fernes, in the province of Leinster
Where Pallas had set her name,
29th November, 1731
He was educated at Dublin
And died in London
4th April, 1774.

113. On Goldsmith by D. Garrick

Here lies poet Goldsmith, for shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll.

114. Bombaugh (Original is in Greek) Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith:

Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,
Unholy feety nor his ashes tread.
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature and fire,
Mourn nature's priest, the bard, historian, dead.

115. Physic & Physician version of above

Thou beholdest the tomb of Oliver;
Press not, O stranger, with feet of folly, the
venerable dust.
Ye who care for nature for the charms of song,
for the deeds of ancient days, weep for the historian
the naturalist, and the poet.

116. Webb, Graham On Dr. Goldsmith

Here lies the butt of all his betters;
The riddle of the world of letters;
A man of sense of no discerning;
A scholar of no greater learning:
A bard, whose genius soar'd sublime
A whole-half year to tag a rhime.
Made roar Box, Gallery and pit
Without one grain of mother wit;
A man of science so profound,
He'd prove a square to be a round;
Would talk of animated nature,
As if himself had been creator:
Of animation though bereft,
His right hand oft forgot his left;
A mere good natur'd man through meekness,
His moral virtue, natural weakness:
A medicast, whose matchless skill
In working cures was sure to kill:
By his own art who justly died,
A blundering, artless suicide:
Share, Earth-worms, share, since now he's dead,
His megrim, maggot-bitten head.

117. Beable, Pettigrew, Loaring, Booth, Graham Paul Whitehead Poet & satirist. West Wycombe, Eng.
Dec. 30 ob. 1774 aged 64

Here lies a man misfortune could not bend
Praised as a poet, honour'd as a friend;
Tho' his youth kindled with the love of fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame!
Whene'er his friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd had fled,
Whitehead stood forth, the healing balm applied,
Nor quitted their distresses - 'till he died.
(by Garrick)

118. Beable, Pettigrew, Pulleyn, Booth, Graham — Robert Ferguson (poet) Canongate Churchyard, Edinburgh

Here lies
Robert Ferguson, poet
Born 5th Sept. 1751 - Died Oct. 16, 1774.

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn, nor animated bust;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.
(Robert Burns)

on other side of stone is as follows:
By special grant of the managers to Robert Burns who erected this stone, this burial place is to remain
forever sacred to the memory of Robert Ferguson.

119. Graham — On Mr. Burgh author of "The Dignity of Human Nature", died Aug. 15, 1775

Beneath this stone concealed from mortal eyes,
"The dignity of human nature" lies!
What is this dignity the sophists scan?
The noblest work of God, - an honest man. (by Capt. Thomson)

120. Tissington — Bedale, Yorkshire. Dr. Katerfelto, the conjurer, died in Inn at Bedale while on travels with his black cat.

Here lye the remains
of Dr. Katerfelto,
Philospher
who died November 15th, 1799,
aged 56 years.

VOLTAIRE (1694-1778)

He was born of a tuberculous mother. The great forerunner of the French revolution was at one time imprisoned in the Bastile. He complained throughout his life of a formidable list of maladies which he frequently used as a shield against his enemies. He was excessively thin from childhood and was a mere skeleton in old age. Yet he was possessed of untiring energy and an extraordinary capacity for work. He wrote a sever but false diatribe against the Jews. Poet, dramatist, philosopher, Voltaire reamins a commanding figure in literature. When he died, only these three words were placed on the tombstone.
ICI RESTS VOLTAIRE (Here rests Voltaire)

According to Bombaugh, a French theologian the following epitaph for Voltaire:
In poesi, magnus
In historia, pervus,
In philosophia, minimus
In religione, nullus.

121. Diprose — Petrarch at Argua, Italy (translation)

This stone doth cover the cold bones of Franc Petrarch:
Thou virgin mother take his soul;
Thou Christ pardon grant;
Now weary of the earth, he rests in Heaven's Ark.

Aretino (Voltaire) translated

Time, the destroyer, hath, under these stones,
Mingled with dust old Aretin's bones,
Who, when in life, with his infamous pen,
Stain'd all that was noble and great among men;
Darkened the memory of princes whose story
Would have thrown on their graves an aureole of glory
And if on the eternal, has has no blasphemy thrown
It is only because he was to him unknown.

122. Loaring — Peter Aretine - satirist (Voltaire?)

Here Aretine interr'd doth lie,
Whose satire lash'd both high and low:
His good alone it spared; and why?
His God, he said, he did not know.

123. Booth — Voltaire

Plus bel esprit que grand genie
Sana loi, sans mouers, et sans vertu,
Il est mort, comme il a vecu
Couvert de glorie et d'infamie.
(J.B. Rousseau)

No mighty genius, but of talents rare,
Without law, morals, or one virtuous care:
As he had lived, so likewise did he die,
Covered with glory and with infamy.

(New one) — Voltaire's heart is buried in Ferney, Switzerland
On the monument is inscribed

Son esprit est partout
et son couer est ici.

Trans. "His spirit is everywhere
But his heart is here."

124. Bridgman — Danvers, Mass.

This humble stone in memory of
ELIZABETH WHITMAN,
is inscribed by her weeping friends.
To whom she endeared herself by uncommon tenderness and affection. Endowed with superior genius and acquirements she was still more endeared by humility and benevolence. Let candour throw a veil over, for greatness her charity for others.

124. (con't.)

She sustained the last painful scene far from every friend,
And exhibited an example of calm resignation.
Her departure was on the 25th of July A.D. 1788,
in the 37th year of her age.
And the fears of strangers watered her grave.

Note: She was better known to readers of romance by the name of "Eliza Wharton."

125. Fairley, Loaring

Francis Grose - author of some topograhical works

Here lies Francis Grose
On Thursday, May 12, 1791.
Death put an end to
His views and prospects!

126. Graham, Diprose

Robespierre (Maximillian Francis Robespierre 1758-1794)

Passenger, weep not at my fate,
For were I living, thou wouldst soon be dead.

127. Andrews

Greyfriars' Churchyard, Edinburgh

Mary Pyper author and poet - called a "Poet of the Poo

By admiring friends
Erected in memory of
Mary Pyper,
who amidst
untoward surroundings
cherished her gift
as a writer of sacred verse.
Born 25th of May 1795
She died at Edinburg 25th May 1789

Let me go! The day is breaking; } from her poem
Morning bursts upon the eye; } "The Christian's
Death this mortal frame is shaking, } view of Death"
But the soul can never die! }

128. Beable, Pettigrew See Pulleyn's epitaph

Robert Burns canongate churchyard, Edinburgh, age 37 yrs (left a widow and four sons)

To the memory of
Robert Burns, the Ayrshire Bard;
who was born at Doonside
on the 29th of January 1759
and died at Dumfries
On the 22nd of July 1796.

O Robbie Burns, the Man, the Brither,
And art thou gone - gone for ever;
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find anither
the world around?
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash of state;
But by thy honest turf, I'll wait;
Thou man of worth.
And weep the sweetest poet's fate.
E'er lived on earth.

129. Booth, Howe, Pettigrew, Fairley

Another epitaph on Burns

Consigned to earth, here rests the lifeless clay,
Which once a vital spark from heaven inspired!
The lamp of genius shone full bright as day
Then left the world to mourn its light retired
While beams that splendid orb which lights the spheres
While mountain streams descend to swell the main,
While changeful seasons mark the rolling years -
Thy fame, O Burns, let Scotia still retain.

130. Pulleyn, Booth

A Bard's epitaph

By Burns - supposed to have been written in allusion to himself

Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blote to seek, owre proud to snoot,
Let him draw near,
And owre this grassy heap sing dool
And drop a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song
Who nottess steals the crowds among
That weekly this area throng,
O pass not by.
But with a frater feeling streng,
Here heave a sigh.

Is there a man whose judgment's clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career,
Wild as they wave;
Here pause, and throug h the starting tear
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stain'd his name.

Reader, attend! wither thy soul
Soars fancy's flight beyond the pale,
Or darkly grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.

131. Booth — On Burns himself

O, Robbie Burns! the man, the brither!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find anither,
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash of state!
But by the honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the sweetest poet's fate
E'er lived on earth.

132. Cansick — St. Pancras churchyard, Middlesex

Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.
Author of
A Vindication
of the rights of woman;
Born 27th April 1759
Died 10th September 1797.

William Godwin
author of political justice
Born March 3rd 1756
Died April 7th, 1836
Aged 80 years

Mary Jane, second wife of
William Godwin
Died June 17, 1841
Aged 75 years.

She was a teacher at early age; exceptional religious social and suffragetic views. Had contempt for marriage. Lived with an American merchant Mr. Imlay whom she met in Paris 1792 & toured Northern Europe, & wrote her experiences. Deserted by this man she despaired & jumped from Putney bridge in Oct 1795 but was rescued by fisherman. In 1796, she took house at Somers town, formed union with Wm. Godwin but when she became pregnant she married him, with ceremony but died 11 days after birth. She was the mother of the future wife of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet.

133. Beable, Pettigrew, Fairley, Andrews, Graham. — William Cowper ob 1800 Aged 69 St. Edmund's Chapel East Dereham, Norfolk.

In memory of William Cowper, Esq.
Born in Hertfordshire in 1731, Buried in this
church in 1801.

Ye who w th warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's band devoutly just,
Pay your fine tribute due to Cowper's dust.
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise.
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His ~~xtiur~~ virtues formed the magic of his song.
(by Hayley)

134. Beable, Pettigrew

James Beattie - died 1803 Aged 68 written by himself

Escaped the gloom of mortal life, a soul
  Here lies his mouldering tenement of clay,
Safe, where no cares their whelming billows roll,
  No doubts bewilder, and no hopes brtray.

Like thee, I once have stemm'd the sea of life;
  Like thee, have languish'd after heavy joys;
Like thee, have laboured in the stormy strife;
  Been grieved for trifles and amused with toys.

Yet for awhile 'gainst Passion's threatful blast
  Let steady Reason urge the struggling oar;
Shot through the dreary gloom; the morn of last
  Gives to thy longing eye the blissful shore.

Forget my frailties, thou art also frail;
  Forgive my lapses, for thyself mayst fall:
Nor read unmoved my artless tender tale,
  I was a friend, O man! to t ee, to all.

135. Beable, Pettigrew, Booth

Henry Kirkewhite (poet) died 1806 Aged 21 All Saints, Cambridge

Warm with fond hope, and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers this youthful poet came;
Unconquer'd powers, th' immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought the frame decay'd,
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retir'd,
The martyr student faded and expir'd.
Of genius, taste and piety sincere,
Too early lost, 'midst duties too severe;
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen
He told the tale, and show'd what White had been,
Nor told in vain, for o'er the Atlantic wave,
A wanderer came and sought the poet's grave,
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.
(by W. Smyth)

136. Cansick

St. Pancras Churchyard, Middlesex, Eng.

Here lies the remains of
Mr. John Walker
Author of pronouncing Dictinnary
  of the English language,
And other valuable works on
  Grammar and elocution,
of which he was for many years
  a very distinguished
    Professor.
  He closed a life
devoted to piety and virtue,
on the 1st of August, 1807
    aged 75.

137. Howe
See story
in Petti-
grew - 210

Joseph Blackett, shoemaker and poet - Seaham churchyard Sunderland, Eng. ob. 1810

Stranger! behold interr'd together
The souls of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his awl,
You'll find his relics in a stall.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitched, and with morocco bound
Tread lightly - where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made,
Yet he is happy in his hole
With verse immortal as his sole.
But still to business he held fast
And stuck to Phoebus to the last
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only leather and prunella?
For character, he did not lack it
And if he did, 'twere shame to Black-it

Ltr Byron suggested the following 2 lines be added:
"But spare him, ye critics, his follies are past,
For the cobbler is come, as he ought, to his last!"

138. Suffling,
Howe

Charles Dibdin Poet & Composer - 1814 St. Martin's Church, St. Pancras (playwright, actor, sea-song writer. Epitaph is 1st verse of his "Tom Bowling")

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful on earth he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

139. Beable, Petti-
grew

William Hayley (poet and epitaph writer) died 1820, aged 75. Felpham, Eng.

Hayley! beloved friend! though round thy head
The Muses' wreath its graceful foliage spread;
Though Fame was long thy talent's rich reward;
And fashion smiled upon Serena's bard;
Tho' thou wast formed in polished courts to shine,
And learning's stores and playful wit was thine;
And praised the poet while the man he loved;
Cowper, who lives in thy recording page,
To interest, charm, and teach the future age;
Oh, not on these alone thy honours rest,
But that thy name pale want and misery blest!
That such thy glowing zeal for all mankind,
So vast thy charity, so unconfined,
Thy hand had spread a scene of blessing round,
If ample wealth thy ardent hopes had crowned,
That whatsoe'er thy bounty could impart
Was given to teach the mind and cheer the heart;
Neglected talents dropping head to raise,
And lead young genius on by generous praise.

139. (con't.)

Yet, Bard Beloved! this higher need be thine,
Faith in thy Saviour cheered thy life's decline;
Nor by that God on whom thy hopes relied,
Was the sweet recompense of faith denied.
He gave thee strength to smile 'midst torturing pain,
And even the slightest murmur still restrain;
He cheered with pious hope thy dying bed,
He on thy soul the Christian's sunshine shed;
And crowned, to prove his favour's best increase,
A life of kindness with a death of peace.
(by Mrs. Opie)

140. Beable

John Keats

A few days before he died in Rome, he said to a gentleman who was sitting at his bedside and asked about an inscription to his memory. Keats desired that there should be no mention of his name or country. "If there be anything," he said, "let it be:

"Ø' Here lies the body of one whose name was writ in water.'"

In the old Protestant cemetery in Rome:

"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English Poet who on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone:
~~writxinxwatar~~' Here lies one whose name was writ in water' February 24, 1821.

141. Beable, Pettigrew

Elizabeth Inchbald died 1821, aged 69.

Lo! the white tablet, emblem of the mind
Of infant purity, below enshrined,
Marked by the tribute of parental signs -
Here too at rest lamented Inchbald lies.
The child presag'd, in time's maturing hour,
To rise a beauteous intellectual flower!
Yet, ah! while Hope indulged a fond delight,
The cherished blossom felt Death's fatal blight!
Thus Inchbald's youthpresag'd a future claim
To moral dignity and mental fame,
But Time, what nature form'd with powers so rare
Touched with prophetic zeal, was proud to spare;
Proud to prolong her useful mortal state,
E'en to the verge of our allotted date,
To spread the works of her creative mind
That while amusing , meliorate mankind.
Her life was just, benevolent and sage,
As truth proclaims in her instructive page!
Religion consecrates her honour'd bier,
And a true Christian waits for mercy here.
(by J. Taylor)

142. Suffling, Loaring, Beable, Pettigrew, Tegg

Robert Bloomfield - 1823 Compton, Bedfordshire
(He was a shoemaker, son of a tailor. Wrote "The Farmer's Boy")

Here lies the remains of Robert Bloomfield
He was born at Honington in Suffolk,
Dec. 3, 1766; & died at Sheffield Aug. 19, 1923
"Let his wild native wood notes tell the rest".
By Hanry Kaye Benney, D.D.
Archbishop of Bedford

143. Loaring

On Poet Bloomfield

Humble, he enter'd in the world of strife;
Humble he lived, and humble was he bred;
Poverty awaited on his steps through life,
And in adversity's sad page he deeply read.

No stately monument for him attracts the eye,
No flattering epitaphs pronounce his fame;
His mould'ring form beneath the sod doth lie;
His works alone must tell his humble name.

144. Howe

Lord Byron Hucknall Church on his monument

In the vault beneath,
Where many of his ancestors and his
mother are buried
lie the remains of
George Gordon Noel Bryon,
Lord Byron of Rochdale
in the county of Lancaster:
The author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"
He was born in London on the
22nd of January, 1788;
He died at Missolonghi, in Western
Greece, on the
19th April 1824,
Engaged in the glorious attempt to
restore that country to her ancient
freedom and renown.
His sister, the Honourable
Augusta Maria Leigh,
placed this tablet to his memory.

145. Howe

Robert Southey Westminster Abbey (Born Aug. 12, 1774 Died Mar. 21, 1843)

Robert Souhtey
Born August P, 1774; Died March 27th, 1823.

146. Beable

Epitaph to Southey by W.S. Landor

Few tears, nor these too warm, are shed
By poet over poet dead.
Without premeditated lay
To catch the crowd, I only say,
As over Southey's tomb I bend,-
The best of mortals was my friend.

147. Beable, Pettigrew

Sacred to the memory of Robert Southey whose mortal remains are interred in the adjoining churchyard.
He was born at Bristol
August XII, MDCCLXXIV
and died, after a residence of nearly XL years, at Greta Hall, in this Parish, March XXI, MDCCCXLIII
This monument was erected by friends of Robert Southey.

Ye hills and vales, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes are closed! And ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore.
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own.
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal,
For the state's guidance or the church's weal,
Or fancy, disciplined by studious art
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished as a cloud
From Skiddow's top, but he to Heaven was vowed.
(by Wordsworth)
(location? - Newbridge Churchyard in Ireland?)

148. Pettigrew

Clifton, ob 1833, aet 88

Hannah More
Endowed with great intellectual power
And early distinguished by the success of her literary labours,
She entered the world under circumstances
Tending to fix her affections on it vanities;
But, instructed in the school of Christ,
To form a just estimate of the real end of human
Existence, she chose the better part,
And consecrated her time and talents
To the glory of God and the good of her fellow creatures
in a life of practical piety
and diffusive benevolence.
Her numerous writings in support of Religion & order,
At a crisis, when both were rudely assailed,
Were equally edifying to readers of all classes,
At once delighting the wise
And instructing the ignorant and simple.
In the eighty-ninth year of her age
Beloved by friends, and venerated by the public
She closed her career of usefulness.
In humble reliance on the mercies of God,
Through faith in the merits of her Redeemer.

149. Booth

Felicia Hemans, poetess wrote "Early Blossoms" ob 1833

Calm in the bosom of thy god,
Fair spirit, rest thee now.
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

150. Howe

Samuel Taylor Coleridge ob July 24, 1834, aet 61
on monument at St. Michael's Church, Highgate.

Sacred to the memory of
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
Poet, Philosopher, Theologian.
This truly great and good man resided for
The last nineteen of his life
In this hamlet.
He quitted "the body of this death"
July 25th, 1834
In the sixty-second year of his age.
Of his profound learning and discoursive genius
His literary works are an imperishable record.
To his private worth,
His social and Christian virtues,
James and Ann Gillman
The friends with whom he lived
During the above period, dedicate this tablet
Under the pressure of a long
And most painful disease,
His disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic.
He was an ever enduring ever loving friend:
The gentlest and kindest teach:
The most engaging home companion.
"O! framed for calmer times and nobler hearts,
O studious poet, eloquent for truth!
Philosopher! condemning wealth and death,
Yet docile, childlike, full of life and love,"
Here, on thy monumental stone, thy friends inscribe
thy worth;
Reader, for the owrld, mourn!
A light has passed away from the earth,
But, for this pious and exalted Christian,
"Rejoice and again, I say unto you rejoice!!"
U B I
THE SAURUS
I B I
C O R
S.T.C.

151. Beable, Pettigrew, Loaring, Booth

Another epitaph on Coleridge at Highgate

Stop, Christian passer-by; stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast, Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he!
O! lift a prayer in thought for S.T.C.!
That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found death in life - many here find life in death!
Mercy for praise, to be forgiven, for fame!
He asked, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same
1834. Samuel Taylor Coleridge Aged 61
(written by himself)

152. Howe, Beable, Pettigrew, Andrews

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB All Saints Churchyard, Edmonton, London N.

To the memory of
CHARLES LAMB,
Died 27 Decr. 1834, aged 59
Farewell, dear Friend! that smile, that harmless mirth
No more shall gladden our domestic hearth;
That rising tear, that pain forbid to flow,
Better than words no more assuage our woe;
That hand outstretched, from small but well-earned store,
Wield succour to the destitute, no more,
Yet art thou not all lost; thro' many an age
With sterling sense and humour shall thy page
With many an English bosom, pleased to see
That old and happier vein revived in thee.
This for our earth! and if with friends we share
Our joys in Heaven we hope to meet thee there.
H.F. Cary

Also Mary Anne Lamb,
sister of the above,
Born 3rd Decr. 1767, died 20th May 1847

153. Andrews

Edmonton Church, London on church wall - memorial placques

1. Left Panel
In memory of
Charles Lamb
"The Gentle Elia" and author of
Tales from Shakespeare, etc.
Born in the Inner Temple 1775
educated at Christ's Hospital
died at Bay Cottage Edmonton 1834
and buried beside his sister Mary
in the adjoining churchyard

At the centre of his being lodged
A soul by resignation sanctified
O! he was good if e'er a good man lived!
Wordsworth

2. Right Panel
In memory of
William Cowper, the poet
Born in Berkhampstead 1731
Died and buried at East Dereham 1800
He was the author of
The Diverting history of "John Gilpin"

John Gilpin was a citizen
of credit and renown
A trainband captain eke washe
of famous London towne.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

153. (cOn't.)

Tomorrow is our wedding day
And we will then repair
"Unto the Bell" at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair, etc.

(along the base of the design)
This monument to commemorate the visit of the London and Middlesex Archeological Association to Edmonton Church and parish on 26th July 1888 was erected by the President of meeting.
Joshua W. Butterworth, F.S.A.

154. Booth

George Colman, the younger (1836) quit law for drama. Wrote "Jealous Wife" "Clandestine Marriage"

Colman, the muses! child, the drama's bride,
Whose works now waken joy, or grief impart;
Humor with pathos, wit with sense allied;
A playful fancy and a felling heart,
His task accomplish'd, and his circuit run,
Here finds at last his monumental bed;
Take then, departed shade, this lay from one
Who loved thee living, and laments thee dead.
(James Smith)

155. Booth

Westminster Abbey ob 1844, aet 47 (written by himself)
Thomas Campbell

This spirit shall return to him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet, think not, sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity
Who robb&d the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death.

156. Loaring

Kensal Green Cemetery Thomas Hood 1798-1845

"He sang the song of the shirt"

156. Howe

William Wordsworth Westminster Abbey ob 1850, aet 80

Blessings be with them - and eternal pr aise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares.
The poets - who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!
Born April 7, 1770 Died April 23, 1850
Buried in Grasmere Churchyard.

157. Pettigrew, Booth

Wordsworth's epitaph at Grasmere (written by himself)

Blest be the church, that watching o'er the needs
Of infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower,
A growth from sinful nature's bed of weeds!
Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministrations; while parental love
Looks on, and grace descendeth from above.
As the high service pledges now, now pleads,
Should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs which hear and answer that brief cry,
The infant's notice of his second birth,
Recall the wandering soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from earth.

158. Howe

Samuel Rogers - St. Mary's, Hornsey (poet)

in this vault lies the remains of
Henry Rogers, Esq. of highbury Terrace,
Died Dec. XXV, MDCCCXXXII, aged 58
also of
Sarah Rogers of Regent Park, sister of the above
Died Jan XXIX, MDCCCLV, aged 82
also of
Samuel Rogers.
Author of the "Pleasures of Memory"
Brother of the above named Henry and Sarah Roger
Born at Newington Green XXX July, MDCCLXIII
Died at St. James' Place, Westminster, XVIII, Decr., MDCCCLV

159. Booth

John Gibson Lockhart, ob. 1854 (contributor to Blackwood's Magazine & Quarterly Review. Wrote Lives of Scott & Theodore Hook.

Take time, while time doth serve; 'tis time today,
For secret dangers will attend delay;
Do what thou canst - today hath eagles wings;
For who can tell what change tomorrow brings?

161. Howe

George Darnell Highgate Cemetery
author of Darnell's copy books

In memory of
George Darnell
For thirty years principal
of the Theberton School, Islington:
A most skilful and loving instructor of the young;
A zealous friend to the cause of popular education.
Author of several works, designed
To render easy the beginning of knowledge;
His earthly life marked by active
Goodwill towards men,
By generosity and sacrifice, ended serenely,
On the 26th day of February, 1857, in the 59th year
of his age
Reader, so live; that - by God's grace - so thou
mayst die.

162. Loaring

Walter Savage Landor 1795-1864 (elf-composed)

I strove with none, for none were worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and after nature, Art.
I warm(d both hands, before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart;

163. Howe

John Kemble Westminster Abbey

In memory of
John Kemble
Author of the "Christian Year"
Born 1792; died 1866
"In quietness and in confidence"
Shall be your strength" (Isaiah xxx.15)
He rests in peace at Hursley,
Of which he was vicar 30 years.

164. Howe

Charles Dickens At Westminster Abbey

Born 9th February, 1812
Died 9th June, 1870

164. Howe

Bulwer Lytton Westminster Abbey (Chapel of St. Edmund)

Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer
Born 25 May 1803. Died 18 January 1873.

1831-1841	Member of Parliament for St. Ives and for Lincoln
1838	Baronet of the United Kingdom
1852-1856	Knight of the Shire for the county of Hertford
1858	One of Her Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State
1866	Baron Lytton of Knebworth

Laborious and distinguished in all fields of intellectual activity.
Indefatigable ~~and author was displayed~~ and ardent in the cultivation and love of letters
His genius as an author was displayed in the most varied forms which have connected indissolubly with every department of the Literature of his time the name of Edward

Bulwer Lytton

166. Charles Reade 1814-1884 author of 'Peg Woffington', "The Cloister and the Hearth" "Very Hard Cash" "Griffith Gaunt", "Put Yourself in His Place". Self composed epitaph

"Here lie,
By the side of his beloved friend,
The mortal remains of
Charles Reade
Dramatist, novelist and journalist.
His last words to mankind are on this stone

"I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created me out of nothing, which nature could not do. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot.

And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and meditation of Jesus Christ.

He has promised his intercession to all who seek him, and he will not break his word; that intercession once granted, cannot be rejected: for he is God and his merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite.

'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out'
'If only man sin, we have an advocate with the father, Jesus Christ and Righteous, andhe is the propitiation for our sins."

167. Howe Robert Browning Westminster

Robert Browning
1889

168. Robert Louis Stevenson (Nov. 13, 1850 - Dec. 3, 1894)

Author of "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," "Treasure Island", "Kidnapped", etc. He suffered and died of pulmonary tuberculosis. He spent the last four years of his life at Upolu, the most beautiful of the Samoan Islands. He purchased 400 acres of land under Mt. Vala and built his home "Vailima" (meaning Five Waters in Samoan language). He was called "Tusitala" (teller of tales) by the natives.

In compliance with hi request, he was buried on a wide ledge of rock just under the summit. It was a formidable ascent up the steep face of Mt. Vala to this ledge of rock. The various friendly chieftains sent 40 Samoans to cut a winding path up the mountains and to dig his grave o the heights.

The servants laid their master in a Samoan coffin of their own making and slowlt and with difficulty made the long ascent. His wife and stepson together with about 20 personal friends from the Island also made the ascent. Mr. Clarke, a lay missionary friend, read the burial service.

168. (cOn't.)

Im front of the grave, lies the vast ocean and the turf swept the coral reef; to the right and left green mountains rise, densely covered with primeval forest. A plain tomb in Samoan fashion was later placed on the grave bearing the words in Samoan:

"THE TOMB OF TUSETALA"

and upon a panel in English is engraved the "Requiem" one of his own poems written when he was in California at the thirty:

"Under the wide and starry sky
Big the grave and let me lie
Glad did I live and gladly die.
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you 'grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter from the hill."

From "Handicaps" - Sex Studies - 1936. by Mary McCarthy (Longman, Green & Co.)

169. <u>Thomas H. Huxley</u> (1825-1914)

"Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep,
For God still giveth his beloved sleep
And if an endless sleep he wills - so best".

N.B. These lines are the last three lines of his wife(s poem "Browning's Funeral" Dec. 31, 1889. by Henrietta A. Healthborn Huxley. They were carved on his tomb stone at his request.

170. <u>Sholem Aleichem</u> - 1859-1916 <u>Yiddish poet and author</u>
epitaph written by himself and translated by Hnery Goodman

Here lies a very simple Jew
Whose tales in Yiddish made life brighter
For common men and women who
Enjoyed the humor of the writer.
He laughed at all the shows of life
Andearthly pomp - those empty bubbles;
The world marched forward, drum and fife,
And he, alas, was drowned in troubles.

And strangely, when his readers roar
Of jubilation rang most gladly
None knew that he was stricken sore
Save God, who kept his secret sadly.

171. Booth — Robert Aiken, Esq. of Ayr Poet and friend of Robt. Burns

Know thou, O Stranger to the fame,
Of this much loved, much honour'd name,
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. (Robert Burns

172. Northend — Samuel Beasley, noted dramatist and architect

Here lies Samuel Beasley,
Who lived hard and died easily.

172. Fairley — Rochdale, Eng. John Collier alias Tim Bobbin, Lancashire poet

Here lies John, and likewise Mary
Cheek by jowl and never weary;
No wonder they so well agree,
John wants no punch, nor Moll no tea.

173. Booth — Tom D'Urfy - Buried in porch of St. James Church, Westminster - with simple epitaph:

"Tom D'Urfy died"

Another epitaph:
Here lies the lyric, who, with tale and song,
Did life to threescore years and ten prolong.
His heart was cheerful - but his thirst was great
Grieve, Reader, Grieve that he too soon grew old.
His song was ended, and his tale is told.

174. Bombaugh — To Robert Freind, writer of long epitaphs - epitaph by Pope

Freind, for your epitaps I'm grieved,
Where still so much is said
One half will never be believed
The other never read.

175. Booth — On Herrick, by himself

As wearied pilgrims, one possest
Of long'd - for lodging, go to rest.
So I, now having rid my way,
Fix here my button'd staff and stay;
Youth, I confesse, hath me mislead,
But age hath brought me right to bed.

176. Historical Magazine 1875 p.299

Miss Hannah Gould - well know epitaph writer of Boston, Mass. (epitaph by herself)

Now Hannah has done
With her rhyming and fun;
When her course from the world she was shaping,
The bells would not toll
For so little a soul
From so mighty a body escaping.

Ebenezer Bailey, graduate of Yale College in 1817, author of treatise on algebra, and principal of the Young Ladies' High School in Boston - composed the following epitaph on her - It is also claimed that Caleb Cushing wrote this in retaliation for one she wrote on him.

Here lies one who wit
Without wounding could hit,
And green grow the grass that's above her;
She has sent every beau
To the re ions below,
And now she's gone there for a lover.

177. Webb

"Trotplaid John" - a name assumed by the author of the paper called The Jacobite Journal

Beneath this stone lies Trotplaid John,
His length of skin and nose.
His crazy brain, un hum'rous vein
In verse and eke in prose.
Some plays he wrote, sans wit or plot,
Adventures of inferiors!
Which with his Lives of Rogues and Thieves
Supply the town's posteriors!
But, ah, alack! he broke his back
When politics he try'd:
For like a fart he play'd his part,
Crackt loudly, stunk, and died.

178. Booth

York Cathedral - Masoh, the poet

Father supreme, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide:
In life our Guardian, and in Death our friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

179. Booth

T. Maude, author of poem: "Wensleydale" North Riding, Yorkshire

How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour, with an age of ease;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes away.
(Goldsmith's Deserted Village)

180. Booth

Metastasio wrote verses. at 14; tragedy "Il Giustino"

Avec l'esprit fecond du Dante et de Voltaire,
Dans un siecle affaire d'ecrits licencieux;
Etranger aux auteurs qui se faisent la guerre,
Il honora les moeurs et respecta les cieux -
Caracciolo.

As Dante disdainful, fluent as Voltaire,
Midst readers all agog for filth and libel,
From authors' noisy feuds he kept him clear
Respected virtue, nor abused the Bible.

181. Booth

Thomas Moore. wrote "Lalla Rookh" poem. the Epicurean, The History of Ireland, The Life of Lord Byron.

epitaph paraphrased from inscription on tomb of Anacreon, famous Greek lyric poet.

O, stranger, if Anacreon's kindly shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,
And drop thy goblet's richest tear,
In exquisite libation here.

182. Booth

Alexis Piron (famous 18th century French poet and dramatist - self written epitaph - sarcastic! Wrote Metro-Maria. a comedy.

"Here lies Piron, who was nothing
Not even a member of the French Academy."

"Ci-git Piron, qui ne fut rien
Pas meme Academician"

183. Loaring

Pomponazzi, Philosopher of Mantua (self composed epitaph)

Here I lie entombed; wherefore I know not,
Nor do I care whether thou knowest:
If thou art well, it is well; while living, I was
well,
And mayhap, I am well even now;
But be it so or not; I cannot tell thee.

184.

John Rankine Poet. epitaph by Robert Burns while on his death bed.

He who of Rankin sang lies stiff and dead,
And a green grassy hillock haps his dead;
Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed!

185. Pulleyn — Alysham Church, Norfolk, Eng.

Humphrey Repton - author of "Landscape Gardening and Landscape Architecture" - self-written epitaph

"Not like the Egyptian tyrants - consecrate,
Unmixt with others shall my dust remain;
But mouldering, blended, melting into earth,
Mine shall give form and colour to the rose;
And while its vivid blossoms cheer mankind,
Its perfum'd odour shall ascend to heaven."

186. Tombstone & Twilight — On Peter Robinson by Lord Jeffrey

Here lies the preacher, judge, and poet, Peter,
Who broke the laws of God, and man, and metre.

187. Beable, Pettigrew — Rev. Thomas Seward, (M.A., poet) Lichfield Cathedral.

Amid these aisles, where once his precepts showed
The heavenward path which in life he trode,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier;
And those he lov'd in life in death are near,
For him, for them, a daughter bade it rise
Memorial of domestic charities
Still would you know why o'er the marble spread
In female grace the ~~mxxxx~~ willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp, is emblematic hung,
What poet's voice is smothered here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,
Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, belov'd, and mourn'd, here Seward lies.
Her worth, her warmth of heart, our sorrows say -
Go seek her genius in her living lay.
(By Sir Walter Scott)

188. Webb, Graham — John Tissey, a great Punster

Merry was he for whom we now are sad;
His jokes were many, and but few were bad;
The gay, the jocund, sprightly, active soul
No more shall pun, alas! no more shall bowl,
Now at his tomb methinks I hear him say,
I never lik'd to be in a grave way;
Then by and by he cries, for all your scoffing,
Thy passing bell with heavy hearts we hear,
For thee each passing belle shall drop a tear;
That sable hearse which drew thy corpse along,
Shall be rehears'd in dismal poet's song;
Ah, how unlike! Yet this is he, we're sure,
Who once in Grafton's coach sat so demure.
Many a ball he gracefully began,
Well may we bawl to lose so great a man:
Thy friendly club their mighty loss deplore,
Their faithful secretary now no more!
Thou never shalt secret tarry, though in death,
While puns are puns, or punning men have breath.

183. (con't.)

His epitaph

Beneath this Gravel and those stones
Lie poor Jack Tiffey's skin and bones;
His flesh, I oft have heard him say,
He hop'd in time would make good hay.
Quoth I, how can that come to pass?
And he reply'd "All flesh is grass."

189.

Oscar Wilde's Epitaph

A good many readers succeeded in identifying the lines used for Oscar Wilde's epitaph and queried by F.E.S. (April 8). One of the first letters to reach us was that from Laura Rilander at Cornell University, who writes: "The source of the epitaph on the Paris tomb of Oscar Wilde is, with ironic fitness, Wilde's "Ballad of ReadingGaol," published anonymously in 1898 shortly after Wilde's release from prison. The verse from which the epitaph was taken is the last verse of the fourth section and consists of the following six lines, the last four of which comprise the epitaph:

Yet all is well; he has but passed
To life's appointed bourne;
And alien tears will fill for him
Pity's long broken urn,
For his mourner's will be outcast men,
And outcasts always mourn.

Mrs. Frederick W. Harnwell, Frederick, Md., submitted the following information: "About 20 years ago I was ar Pere la Chaise and saw the tomb of Oscar Wilde. It was new then, and I was told it had been put up by some Eglishwoman who wished to remain anonymous. On one side was a high bas-relief of a male Sphinx. On the other was a list of Wilde's honors, beginning with the Newdigate Prize. Below this were the lines taken from "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

190. Pettigrew

Here lies the water poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the stream's of Helicon,
Where having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the Haven of Heaven arriv'd at last.

191. Fairley, Unger

On a Poet - location?

Here let a bard unenvied rest,
Who no dull critic dares molest;
Escaped from the familiar ills
Of threadbare coat and unpaid bills;
From rough bum-bailiff's upstart duns,
From sneering pride's detested sons,
From all those post'ring ills of life
From, worse than all, a scolding wife.

192. Webb — <u>On a Poet</u>

Here lies a poet - where's the great surprise?
Since all men know - a poet deals on lies.
His patrons know - he never meant it in his lays!
Knows - where promises, he never pays.
Verse stands for sack - his knowledge - for the scor(
Both out - he's gone - where poets went before:
And at departing - let the waiters know
He'd pay his reckoning - in the realms - below.

193. Unger — <u>On an author.</u> <u>Location?</u>

Here lies an author - pray forgive
  The work that fed his pride;
Long after death he thought to live,
  And long before he died.

194. Norfolk — <u>On a poet</u>

Good people draw near,
There is no need of a tear,
  Merry L ——— is gone to his bed,
I am placed here to tell
Where now lies the shell,
If he had any soul it is fled.
Make the bells ring aloud,
  And be joyful the crowd,
For mirth was his favorite theme,
Whih to paise he turned poet,
It fits you should know it,
  Since he has left nothing more than his name.

HISTORIANS

1. Bombaugh — David Hume (famous historian) Colton Hill, Edinburgh

He was the "classic" historian of England; also author of "An Ideal System of Ethics". He denied the existence of matter and held that the whole congeries of material things are but impressions and ideas in the mind, distinguishing an impression from an idea by its stronger effect on the thinking faculty. Dr. Beattie sufficiently exposed the absurdity , but his famous essay has nothing more pointed than the witty epitaph that somebody wrote on the marble shaft that stands over this infidel's grave which is in the form of a circular tomb:

Beneath this circular idea, vulgarly called a tomb,
Impressions and ideas rest, which enstituted Hume.

Hume's version:
Within this circular idea, called vulgarly a tomb,
The ideas and impressions lie, that constitued Hume.

2. Howe — Henry Hallam St. Paul's Cathedral, London

To
Henry Hallam
The historian of the middle ages,
Of the constitution of his country,
And of the literature of Europe,
This monument is raised by many friends,
Who, regarding the soundness of his learning,
The simple eloquence of his style,
His manly and capcious intellect,
The fearless honesty of his judgments
And the moral dignity of his life,
Desire to perpetuate his memory
Within these sacred walls,
As one who has best illustrated
The English language, the English character,
And the English name.

Born July 9th, 1777 - Died Janary 21st, 1859.

Fairley - at Clevedon, Somersetshire. When the remains of this historian were conveyed from Clevedon Court the seat of his nephew, Sir Arthur Hallam, M.F. to a grave, which thru a mysterious inversion of common order of succession, had already been occupied by ashes of two gifted sons. Funeral was strictly private and oldest son wrote this epitaph.

Vale,
Dulcissime, dilectissime, desideratissme,
Hic, post hoc Pater ac Mater
Requiescamus tecum
Usque ad Tuham.

3. Howe — George Grote — Westminster Abbey

George Grote
Historian
of
Greece
born
17 Nov., 1794
died
18 June, 1871

4. Howe — Lord Macaulay, Westminster Abbey author of "History & Essays", "Lay of Ancient Rome".

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay
Born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire,
October 25, 1800
Died at Holly Lodge, Campden Hill
December 28, 1859
His body is buried in peace
But hi name liveth for evermore.

5. Booth — To the memory of T.B. Macaulay, Historian and Prophet
For the Central Arch of London Bridge

Till the New Zealander, from distant home,
The ruined fane of Paul to sketch shall come,
Cocksure of all he ever wrote or said
To praise a rebel or defame the dead;
Infallible Macaulay's soul shall skeep,
And London Bridge from dull oblivion keep:-
This keystone falling, he amazed shall wake
To view the ruin whigs alone could make,
And own at last, Thames' waters swimming through,
His "History" was false, his "vision" only true.
Rev. P. Hale

6. Pettigrew — Edward Gibbon the Roman Historian, ob. 1794, aet 52

Formed for the studious and the cheerful hour,
Here, Gibbon, rest! thy course of honour run;
Few thy compeers in literary power,
Thy works immortalize th' historian's fame,
To fond remembrance let this verse commend
Worth, that delighted, by a dearer name,
The sprightly guest, or sympathetic friend,
He, in whose joy, and grief 'twas thine to share,
Sheffield, thro' life to all thy merit just,
Pays, while he mourns a loss without repair,
These dues of friendship to thy hallow'd dust.
Lord Sheffield.

7. Beable, Pettigrew — Southwold, Eng. — on a local historian

Thomas Gardiner
Historian of Southwold and Denwich, buried
With his two wives, Honor and Virtue.
Between Honor and Virtue, here doth lie
The remains of "Old Antiquity."

PUBLISHERS & BOOKSELLERS

1. Howe — William Spottiswoode Westminster (Scientific printer & President of the British Association)

William Spottiswoode
D.C.L., L.L.D., etc.
President of the Royal Society,
Printer to her Majesty,
Corresponding Secretary of the Institute of France.
Whose remains were laid to rest
In this Abbey.
At the request alike of the foremost of
His country men in Church and State,
In Science, Art, and Literature,
And of his own workmen
To whose best interests
His life has been devoted.
"In thy light shall we see light."
Born 11th January, 1825
Died 27th June, 1883.

2. Howe, after Douglas Jerrold — Charles Knight (Author-Publisher)

After an evening of friendly talk with a party that included the late Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, between whom a close friendship had sibsisted for many years, they walked homewards together. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned upon epitaphs; and Knight, half in jest, half in earnest, had asked the great wit to write his epitaph for him. The incident has escaped Knight's recollection, but ~~it was recalled to his memory~~ on arriving at the point where they were to part, each for his own house, it was recalled to his memory by Jerrold himself. "I've got the epitaph for you," said he, "Well, what is it?"
"GOOD KNIGHT"!
And with that they parted.

3. Davis "Travels in America" — Jacob Tonson London Bookseller

His epitaph is in Latin and is presumably one source of Franklin's epitaph. English translation in Gentleman's magazine in Feb. 1736.

When Heaven reviewed the original text.
'Twas with erratas few perplexed:
Pleased with the copy 'twas collated,
And to a better life translated.
But let to life this supplemented
Be printed on thy monument,
Lest the first page of death should be,
Great editor, a blank to thee;
And thou who many titles gave
Should want one title for this grave.
Stay, passenger, and drop a tear;
Here lies a noted bookseller
This marble index here is placed
To tell, that when he found defaced

3. (con't.)

His <u>book of life</u>, he died with grief:
Yet he, by true and genuine belief,
A new <u>edition</u> may expect
Far more enlarged and more correct.

Webb - Latin Version

Vitae Volummae peraeto
Hic finis Jacobi Jonson
Perpolitii socierum principis.
Qui, velut Obstetrix musarum,
In lucem edidit Felices Ingenii Partus.
Lugeto, Scriptorum Chorus, et Frangite Calamos
Ilte vestris qui chartis vitam dedit,
E vitae margine erasus, deletur.
Sed haec postrema Inscriptio
Huic primae mortus paginae, Imprimatur,
Ne Praelo sepulchri commissus
ipse editor careat titulo;
Hic jacet Bibliopola,
Folio Vitae delapso,
Expectans nevam editionem
Auctiovem et Emendatiorem.

4. Andrews, Loaring — Version in concise form of Latin epitaph in Gentlemen's Magazine. Said to serve as origin of Benj. Franklin

The volume
o f
his life being finished
here is the end of
Jacob Tonson.
Weep authors and break your pens;
Your Tonson effaced from the book
is no more,
But print the last inscription on the title
page of death,
For fear that delivered to the press
of the grave
The editor should want a title:
Here lies a bookseller,
The leaf of his life being finished
Awaiting a new edition,
Augmented and corrected.

5. Andrews — <u>Bnejamin Franklin's epitaph for himself</u>

The body
of
Benjamin Franklin,
(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
And stript of its lettering and gilling)
Lies here, food for worms
But the work itself shall not be lost,
But it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In an new and more elegant edition,
Revised and corrected
by
The author.
(He was born Jan. 6th 1706, died April 17th, 1790

LUCAS BROS
INC.

219-21-23 E. BALTIMORE STREET
BALTIMORE 2, MD

No. B118